

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 1, Coming Home

Deep in the bottom of the sea, with Beirut in the lead, the experts began to fly towards that interdimensional door.

“The Necropolis of the Gods...” Linley turned to glance at it.

Although they had flown tens of kilometers away from it, that twenty thousand meter tall structure, the Necropolis of the Gods, was still as visible as ever. The side currently facing Linley was still that carving of a coiled, serpent-like wingless dragon. Upon seeing that enormous dragon sculpture, Linley’s heart naturally surged with a familiar feeling.

“No matter what it is that is within the Necropolis of the Gods calling to me, I can’t just throw my life away. At home, I have Delia, Taylor, and Sasha.” Linley couldn’t help but suddenly think of his wife and children, his heart filling with warmth.

Within the boundless South Sea. Although the ocean winds weren’t very strong, waves still rolled gently over the ocean’s surface. The scorching noonday sun shone down upon the surface of the sea, causing it to reflect with dazzling light.

“Drip, drip...”

The waves of the sea suddenly bizarrely split apart, and the black-robed Beirut was the first to fly out from the bottom of the sea. Behind him was the War God O’Brien, the High Priest, Dylin, Cesar, and Tarosse, the five Deities. Behind them were those nearly thirty lucky survivors of the Necropolis of the Gods, the remaining Saints.

“Whew!” After arriving on the surface of the sea, Linley took a deep, greedy breath of air.

“This is the taste of the air of the Yulan continent.” Linley raised his head, staring at that scorching sun. His face couldn’t help but have a hint of a smile on it.

“The feeling of coming home is wonderful.” Linley murmured to himself.

Not just Linley. Even Barker, Olivier, Fain, Desri, and the other experts all had smiles on their faces. The Yulan continent was the plane which had given birth to and nurtured them. In this plane, their souls felt extremely comfortable and at ease.

“Lord Beirut, I’ll only escort you this far, then.” Tarosse said respectfully.

Beirut glanced at him, then nodded. “Fine. But Tarosse, you should know my rules. I trust you won’t violate them again.” Beirut gave Tarosse a cold glance, and Tarosse immediately squeezed out a smile.

“Lord Beirut, don’t worry. The current Tarosse is no longer that Tarosse of ten thousand years ago.” Tarosse said respectfully.

“Mm. Let’s go.” Beirut ordered calmly.

The other experts followed Beirut and flew towards the north at high speed. Only Tarosse was left behind, staring at the endless sea. He murmured, "I'm finally back..." And then Tarosse dove down into the sea.

Linley and the other experts continued to fly north in the air above the sea.

"Lord Linley, when we returned from the Necropolis of the Gods to the Yulan continent, it was Tarosse who opened the interdimensional gateway. It seems that one needs to be at the full God level of power to activate it." Barker and Linley were engaged in a quiet conversation.

Linley nodded.

"That should be the case. But that Tarosse spared your life...we owe him a debt."

"Right." Barker nodded. "But I don't understand why he did that."

Linley laughed. "Enough, don't worry about it. You should celebrate your survival instead. But it really is quite odd. I didn't imagine that the divine beast, the 'Ba-Serpent', belonged to our Yulan continent plane, and was a magical beast of the South Seas."

"Linley." Cesar, who was flying up ahead, suddenly slowed down his flying speed. Flying next to Linley, he laughed and whispered, "Are you discussing Tarosse? This Tarosse...ten thousand years ago, he was extremely famous. Back then, he was known as the 'King of the South Seas', and only Dylun was comparable to him. But of course, Lord Beirut doesn't count."

"Oh?" Linley was secretly astonished.

This Ba-Serpent truly was extraordinary.

"Linley, I have to thank you." Cesar continued.

"Lord Cesar, what do you mean?" Linley was startled. Cesar lowered his voice still further. "Thank you for saving Rosarie's life. Alas...Rosarie, that woman, is simply too stubborn. She insisted on heading to the Necropolis of the Gods on her own. Good thing you were there, as otherwise, this time..."

Linley only now understood what Cesar meant.

Cesar said resignedly, "It's unfortunate. If we Deities are to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, we must start from the twelfth floor. It would be very hard for me to acquire a Demigod's divine spark for Rosarie."

"Start from the twelfth floor?" Linley was somewhat surprised.

"Right. After all, those Saint-level creatures don't pose any threat to us at all." Cesar laughed calmly. "Oh, we're at the Burning Desert now. We're back to the Yulan continent."

Linley also saw the boundless Burning Desert.

"We're at the Yulan continent now. Everyone, go back to your own places." Beirut said.

"Yes, Lord Beirut." The experts all replied respectfully, and then all of them separated. The magical beasts either flew back to the Forest of Darkness or the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, while the humans flew in all directions. As for Beirut, standing there alone, he quickly disappeared from everyone's vision in a flash.

"What incredible speed." Linley's heart shook.

Even though his power had increased dramatically, compared to Beirut, the difference was as great as that between the heavens and the earth.

“Whew. Heading home.” Bebe was on Linley’s shoulders now, extremely excited. Linley and Barker both had smiles on their faces. Clearly, they both were thinking of home as well.

Flying past the Burning Desert, traversing the Rhine Empire and the Rohault Empire. As the centrally located empires of the Yulan continent, the air above the Rhine Empire and the Rohault Empire was now fairly warm, and green leaves and vegetation could be seen growing luxuriantly everywhere.

After passing through the territory of these two Empires, Linley’s group finally arrived at the Baruch Empire’s territory.

The Baruch Empire was located in the northern part of the continent. Although it wasn’t like the Eighteen Northern Duchies, a place of perpetual cold, it was still much colder than the south. Right now, although it was March, many of the trees below only had bare branches, and some areas were even covered with snow.

After Desri’s group left, only a few people continued to fly north alongside them.

“Ten years. The ‘Anarchic Lands’ have transformed so much.” Flying at high speed and staring at the cities on the boundless earth below, Linley had a hint of pride in his heart.

Ten years ago, the Baruch Empire had only just been established after twelve years of consolidation, allowing the region to catch a breather after ending the countless years of war. But now, the Baruch Empire’s population had increased dramatically, and the cities had become more graceful, comparable to the previous Holy Union.

Below, an ancient, plain and simple castle appeared within the wilderness.

The eaves of the castle were covered with a layer of thin snow, and many guards were currently patrolling atop it. This castle was the legendary ‘Dragonblood Castle’ of the Baruch Empire. It had been constructed after the former magicite mine had been completely emptied out, and was the place where Linley’s family lived.

“Linley, let’s part ways here. If you want to find me in the future, you can come to the Arctic Icecap.” Olivier gestured courteously as he spoke.

“Definitely.” Linley laughed and nodded.

Olivier immediately left, along with the remaining lucky survivors of the Arctic Icecap as they flew north at high speed. As for Linley, Barker, and Bebe, they flew down towards Dragonblood Castle.

Dragonblood Castle, the place where the spiritual pillar of the Baruch Empire, Linley, lived. According to legends, this Dragonblood Castle would often have massive dragons patrol about it. In addition, the guards of Dragonblood Castle were all the most talented warriors of the Baruch Empire. Nobody dared to invade this place.

Three streaks of light shot down from the skies towards the castle, while an enormous aura suddenly spread out, encompassing the entire Dragonblood Castle.

“Lord Linley?” That familiar aura...instantly, many of the experts of the Dragonblood Castle immediately reacted to it. Whether Zassler, Gates and his brothers, or Linley’s children, all of them ran towards the rear gardens of Dragonblood Castle.

Because Linley and the others were currently landing within the rear gardens.

The previous day's snow had yet to melt completely, and thus clumps of snow could still be seen amongst the flowers.

"Linley's back?" Housekeeper Hiri and Hillman, who were currently enjoying the sun in the center of the rear gardens, immediately turned to stare from afar. Linley, dressed in a sky-blue robe, and Barker, dressed in a brown robe, were standing shoulder to shoulder, while the adorable Bebe was currently standing on Linley's shoulder.

"Uncle Hillman. Grandpa Hiri." Linley immediately went over to greet them.

"Wonderful. Wonderful." Housekeeper Hiri was extremely excited. "Over ten years. Ten full years. Linley, I, an old fellow, thought I might not have the chance to see you return." Housekeeper Hiri had accompanied many generations of the Baruch's clansmen. He was over a hundred years old now.

After all, in terms of age, Linley was over fifty years old.

However, amongst Saints, compared to those experts who had trained for thousands of years, Linley was just a young fellow.

"Lord Linley. Oh! Big brother!" Gates and Ankh, those two huge fellows, immediately charged forward, their faces covered in excitement.

"Father!" A deep voice rang out.

Still covered with sweat and wearing just a simple cloak, a sturdily built youngster rushed forward. This youngster was over two meters tall, and as he ran over, he excitedly looked everywhere before his gaze locked on Linley.

"Father." The sturdy youngster immediately ran towards Linley.

This sturdy youngster's features seemed to have 70% similarity with Linley's. Only, he was physically larger than Linley. Linley immediately recognized him. With surprised joy, he said, "Taylor?"

"Father, it's been ten years." Taylor immediately embraced Linley.

When Linley had left his home, Taylor had only been twelve, and was just a child. But ten years later, Taylor was already twenty two years old. If he were to stand side by side with Linley and someone were to claim that Linley and Taylor were siblings, many would probably believe it.

After all, Linley's appearance was virtually unchanged.

"Father, you look exactly like you did ten years ago." Taylor was so excited that his eyes were turning red. After all, to the twenty two year old Taylor, ten years was indeed an extremely long period of time.

Linley patted Taylor on the head, a smile on his face. Linley had always felt a hint of guilt towards Taylor. A person's childhood... was the most important period to them in their development, but he, Linley, had never had much time to spend with his son.

"Where's your sister, Sasha?" Linley asked.

Taylor shook his head. "Sis isn't at home. She went to the imperial capital. Most likely, she'll only come back some time later."

"Your mother?" Linley noticed that Delia hadn't come out yet.

Right at this moment, a beautiful young lady holding an infant walked out. The beautiful young woman, upon seeing Linley, had a hint of worship in her eyes. Linley glanced at this young lady, puzzled. "Taylor, who is this?"

"Jenny, quick, come on over." Taylor immediately called to her.

The beautiful young woman walked over, then said, somewhat nervously, "Father!"

"Father?" Linley was somewhat astonished.

Taylor immediately chortled, "Father, come, this is your precious grandson. He was born just three months ago." Taylor immediately took the infant from the arms of the young lady, then held him out in front of Linley. "Father, look at how cute he is."

"Grandson?" Linley was rather flabbergasted.

He hadn't come back in ten years. Not only had his son grown up, he had a son of his own now.

"Haha...Boss. That look on your face...so funny." Bebe was laughing loudly now, and the others began to laugh as well. Only, they didn't dare to laugh as wildly as Bebe did.

Linley couldn't help but clout Taylor on the head. "Taylor, you little rascal. You got married and had a kid without even waiting for your father, me, to come back." Linley didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. He just stared at his grandson in front of him, with his tender, watery skin, and those adorable, pure, pitch-black eyes staring at Linley in confusion.

As soon as Linley had seen his grandson, he immediately took a liking to this adorable kid.

Linley immediately reached out to hold the infant. Linley was extremely careful. Even when he was picking up those three divine sparks in the Necropolis of the Gods, he hadn't been as careful as he now was.

"Oh...what a good boy..." Linley held his grandson, a smile blossoming on his face.

Taylor and his wife, 'Jenny', glanced at each other, smiles appearing on their faces as well. Jenny whispered into Taylor's ear, "Taylor, didn't you say that your lord father ripped a Hellfire Phoenix apart with his bare hands? But your lord father doesn't seem as terrifying a person as the legends make him out to be."

Taylor looked at his father, Linley. Right now, Linley looked as though he were holding the rarest of treasures in his arms.

"Taylor, have you picked a name for the child yet?" Linley raised his head to look at Taylor.

"I have. His name is Arnold [A'nuo]." Taylor said.

"Arnold?" Linley lowered his head, looking into Arnold's pure, jet-black eyes. He said softly, "Arnold, Arnold..." This was his first grandson, and this feeling of holding him filled Linley's heart with satisfaction and fulfillment.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 2, Becoming a Deity?

After spending ten years in the Necropolis of the Gods, he came back to a grandson.

This truly caught Linley somewhat off-guard, but while holding Arnold in his arms, Linley still felt very happy.

Within the main hall of the castle.

“Taylor, where is your mother?” Linley asked.

Taylor immediately began to laugh. “Father, two years after you left, Mother reached the Grand Magus Saint level...”

“What? Two years?” Linley wasn’t only overjoyed; he was also shocked.

In the Necropolis of the Gods, he had finally broken through to the Grand Magus Saint level on the tenth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods. That was the ninth year in the Necropolis of the Gods. Compared to Delia, Linley had actually reached the Grand Magus Saint level much slower.

“Delia really is amazing.” Linley secretly said to himself while grinning.

Taylor continued, “After reaching the Grand Magus Saint level, she went to the underground training room you always used. A while ago, when Arnold was born, Mother had come out of seclusion, but after his first month, Mother went back to continue training.”

“Oh?” Linley nodded slightly.

Turning, he glanced at the others. “Everyone, wait here for now. I’ll bring Delia out soon. We’ll have dinner together.”

Deep within Dragonblood Castle was that mysterious dimensional gateway. Only, compared to the dimensional gateway beneath the South Sea, this one was much smaller. Linley’s body was already covered with a ‘Pulseguard Defense’ layer, and he walked in.

“Ten years.”

Linley stood in the pocket dimension. Outside of that membrane was chaotic space, and within it, Delia was seated cross-legged, meditating. Her face was covered with a holy light, and she seemed like a goddess.

“Hrm?” Linley suddenly frowned in confusion.

While she was training, the aura which Delia was emitting was actual capable of causing Linley’s heart to clench.

Delia opened her eyes, turning her head in puzzlement. But when she saw Linley, she immediately stood up in surprised joy. “Linley!” Delia’s eyes instantly turned red. The feeling of being separated for ten years truly had been hard to endure.

Delia threw herself into Linley's arms, clutching Linley tightly.

Linley also tightly held Delia, saying softly by her ear, "Forgive me, Delia."

"Linley, I've been so afraid. I was afraid that you wouldn't be able to return from the Necropolis of the Gods." As Delia spoke, Linley suddenly felt that his clothes were growing wet. Delia was already crying!

Delia lifted her head to look at Linley, a mixture of laughter and tears on her face, with tears glistening on her eyelashes. "Linley, you won't leave now that you are back, right?"

"I'm not leaving, I'm not leaving," Linley reassured her.

Linley and Delia walked towards the stone bed, sitting down while holding each other.

"Right, Delia. Why is it that I have the feeling as though you are rather different compared to the past?" Linley asked questioningly.

Delia looked at Linley, intentionally putting on a mysterious air. "Linley, guess why I am different from before?"

"Is it because you have reached the Grand Magus Saint level?" Linley asked.

Delia shook her head.

"Hrm?" Linley couldn't understand it.

Delia smiled, then said softly, "Linley, I'll tell you big a secret. I. Have already...become a Deity!"

Linley instantly was utterly stunned. It was as though he had been struck by a bolt of lightning. He was speechless for a long time.

"What did you just say? Delia, did you say you've become a Deity?" Linley stared disbelievingly at Delia. How could one become a Deity so easily? The likes of Desri and Fain had trained for so many years without success. Even Linley himself had experienced countless life and death battles before, out of a lucky happenstance, he had broken through on the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods."

But despite that, Linley would still need around ten years to become a Deity.

Delia had become a Deity?

"It's true." Delia nodded.

"Delia, stop joking around." Linley began to laugh. "If you really want to become a Deity, that's not a big deal. This time, I acquired divine sparks in the Necropolis of the Gods, one of which is a wind-style divine spark of a Demigod. You can use it to become a Deity."

Delia gently shook her head.

"Linley, watch carefully." Delia said softly to Linley.

Suddenly....

A strange presence suddenly filled the area. Linley felt as though he had suddenly come under tremendous invisible pressure, binding him and causing him to be unable to move.

“Godrealm?” The experienced Linley instantly understood.

But Linley’s layer of Pulseguard Defense over his body shuddered and broke free of the ‘binding’. Linley couldn’t help but feel astonished. How could a so-called ‘Godrealm’ be broken through so easily?

Linley stared at Delia in disbelief.

Delia said, somewhat embarrassed, “I’ve only been fusing with this divine spark for eight years, and I’ve only gained insight into a small part of the Laws held within it. I haven’t even finished absorbing the divine spark. I can only use this ‘Godrealm’ for scaring people. After I completely absorb the divine spark, my ‘Godrealm’ will become a true ‘Godrealm’.”

Hearing Delia say this, Linley stared at her in astonishment.

“Delia, what is this all about?” Linley spoke.

Linley was truly stunned.

He came back after ten years and found a grandson, fine. But his wife was becoming a Deity?

“Linley, do you still remember how on the day of our wedding, Bebe said that the Violet-Gold Rat King friend of his had given him a black stone? And then, Bebe had given that black stone to me as our wedding present.” Delia said.

Linley’s mind suddenly shook.

“Delia, are you saying that the black stone...” Linley was no fool. Now that Delia mentioned it, he instantly understood.

“Right. That black stone was a wind-style Demigod divine spark!” Delia said.

“So it really was the case...” Linley felt that this was simply too ridiculous.

It was all too ridiculous.

There was no need to describe how important a divine spark was. Desri and the others had pursued godhood for thousands of years, and even Linley had only acquired these three divine sparks through experiencing countless dangers and near-death situations. But now he suddenly learned...that on the day of his wedding, the wedding gift he had been presented with was actually a divine spark!

“I couldn’t believe it either, but after I began to absorb this divine spark...I knew that it couldn’t be fake, right?” Delia said honestly.

Linley nodded slightly.

“At first, during our wedding, although I had bound the black stone by blood and absorbed it into my body, I couldn’t sense it at all...only, from that day onwards, my spiritual energy and mageforce both increased at a ridiculously fast rate.” Delia said.

Linley laughed. “With a divine spark in your body, how could you possibly not train quickly?”

“But I was never able to sense the presence of the divine spark. Only roughly two years after you left, when I reached the Grand Magus Saint level and my soul began to change, did I clearly begin to sense the existence of the divine spark. At that time, I totally understood.”

Linley nodded. "Right. Only after reaching the Saint-level can one's soul truly be able to fuse with a divine spark."

The reason why she had never been able to sense it in the past, and why she had trained so rapidly, had all become clear. Now Linley fully understood the reason of her 'rapid improvement'.

"Delia, according to what you said, you have already spent eight years fusing with this divine spark, but you've only absorbed part of it?" Linley asked. Linley himself knew that if he didn't train and instead used a divine spark to become a Deity, he would still need a very long period of time.

"Right." Delia nodded. "It might be because in the past, I didn't have any insights into the Elemental Laws at all. So, just like reading a book, I had to slowly begin understanding the most basic, elementary aspects of the Laws within this divine spark. Most likely, only after I finish understanding everything it contains will I be able to completely absorb this divine spark, and only then will it completely belong to me."

Linley nodded.

To ordinary people, becoming a Deity was something that required constant experiments, and which had to be taken one step at a time.

But with a divine spark, it was as though all of the profound truths of the Laws were laid bare before you, allowing you to peruse them at your leisure. After you understood them, that was enough.

"I expect that it will take at least ten or twenty years of hard work before I'll be able to completely absorb this divine spark and understand the profound mysteries of the Laws it contains." Delia said rather resignedly. "However, although I do understand some of the profound truths of the Elemental Laws of the Wind, I have no idea how to actually use them..."

Linley was stunned.

"Delia, what do you mean by saying that?" Linley didn't understand.

"I mean, I have some insights into the Laws, but I don't know...how to use them to attack." Delia said, embarrassed.

Linley suddenly understood.

"Hahahaha..." Linley began to laugh loudly.

This logic was actually quite simple. For example, if a divine spark contained the profound truths of the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World', a Saint who fused with the divine spark would also understand the profound truths within the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'...but he wouldn't actually know how to use it.

For example, using the vibrations of the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World' to attack was what Linley had developed into his own special attack, the 'Profound Truths of the Earth'.

When utilizing it for his defense, it became the 'Pulseguard Defense'.

Understanding the profound truths of the Laws was nothing more than understanding a theory. If you actually wanted to use it to kill someone, you still had to understand how to put that theory into practice.

For example, if someone gained insight into the 'Fast' aspect and you then asked them to utilize the 'Myriad Swords Converge', would they be able to do so?

This was a form of application!

This was the problem with absorbing someone else's divine spark. The divine spark only contained the insights into the mysteries of the Law, but didn't include the special techniques which the original owner had used to actually apply and utilize the Laws.

"The question of 'application' is indeed a tricky one. Right, Delia. This divine spark of yours which possesses mysteries regarding the Elemental Laws of the Wind...what type of mysteries does it contain?" Linley asked. "If it has to do with speed, I might be able to give you some pointers."

Delia shook her head. "I don't know how to explain it clearly. I've only managed to understand a small part of it. Okay, I can put it to you like this. The mysteries contained within this divine spark which I am fusing with is somewhat similar to the wind-style spell, 'Void Extermination'."

"Void Extermination?" Linley nodded slightly.

"I truly don't know anything about that at all." Linley wanted to help but couldn't.

Linley then laughed. "Enough. Delia, for now, just work hard on training. After you fully understand the mysteries of this divine spark, come up with ways of applying what you have learned. Actually, the control over wind elemental essence which the divine spark confers upon you will allow you to form a 'Godrealm', and within that realm, Saints won't be able to move at all."

Delia laughed as well. This was the biggest difference between a Saint and a Deity.

The divine spark, in and of itself, represented a type of authority.

Actually, the Sovereigns and the Highgods weren't necessarily that different in terms of their level of understanding of the Laws. Only...with but a thought, a Sovereign could kill a Highgod. This was the unparalleled authority which a 'divine Sovereign spark' conveyed. And in the countless planes of the multiverse, the number of Sovereigns was fixed.

"Delia, it is wonderful that you are going to become a Deity. But you have to work hard. Most likely, in another ten years or so of training, I'll reach the Deity-level as well, on my own." Linley laughed.

"Huh?" Delia stared at Linley. "You'll become a Deity yourself, after training for ten years? Aren't you going to fuse with a divine spark? Don't you have a divine spark?"

Linley shook his head. "No need. It takes a fairly long period of time to fuse with a divine spark, and in terms of effect, fusing with a divine spark isn't as good as gaining one's own insights." Linley shook his head and laughed. "In the Necropolis of the Gods, I acquired three divine sparks, one of which, a wind-style divine spark, I was planning to give to you. But now it seems...that won't be necessary."

"Three divine sparks?" Delia was surprised.

Delia, as well, understood what a divine spark represented. These three divine sparks could produce three Demigods. On the Yulan continent, Demigods were the most powerful creatures in existence.

"Three divine sparks isn't too much." Linley sighed. "This time, on my trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, I went to the most dangerous of the three Necropolis of the Gods. In the past, not a single person had ever succeeded. In such a dangerous place, it is only fair for the reward to be three divine sparks."

If there had only been a single divine spark, Linley would have felt it quite unjust.

"Dangerous?" Delia said hurriedly. "Linley, tell me about what happened in the Necropolis of the Gods."

Linley nodded, then immediately began to tell her about this trip to the bottom of the South Seas.

Only, Linley remained puzzled about something. There was no question that the divine spark he had received on his wedding came courtesy of Lord Beirut via the Violet-Gold Rat King. What was Lord Beirut's intentions in giving Delia a divine spark? Could it be that he didn't care about divine sparks? But it seemed that his three children were still Saints.

Linley truly couldn't understand it.

The three Violet-Gold Rat King brothers were all Saints, and yet they never entered the Necropolis of the Gods. Seemingly, they didn't care about becoming Deities. Towards the King of the Yulan continent, Beirut...Linley was beginning to feel that he was more and more mysterious.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 3, Dividing the Treasures

Dragonblood Castle. Within the underground pocket dimension.

Linley's wife, Delia, was listening to him talk about the events of the Necropolis of the Gods. As she listened, she felt fear for him as he described encountering the Ba-Serpent on the third floor...

Felt worry for Barker's near-death experience.

Felt shock at the frightful power of the Flame Tyrant on the sixth floor.

Felt terror at how Linley had nearly died under the tendrils of Queen Mother Lachapalle.

"A million Abyssal Blade Demons!" Delia, hearing what Linley had encountered on the eleventh floor, was totally petrified. "When we sent our army to fight against the Radiant Church and the Cult of Shadows who had joined forces against us, I saw an army of five hundred thousand. Five hundred thousand soldiers already composed a sea of people, endless and uncountable."

"Right. They were boundless and inexhaustible in number."

Linley couldn't help but think back to that scene. At that time, as soon as the experts had exited from the underground area, nearly a million Abyssal Blade Demons, covering the skies, had simultaneously charged down while chopping down with long range energy blades. What an apocalyptic scene that had been. That was what had caused the second of the three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions to die.

"Continue telling me more. How did you escape, and how did you manage to acquire divine sparks in that sort of environment." Delia was nervous.

Delia knew very well that right now, having only partially begun to fuse with the divine spark, she could only be considered a half-god. Even her 'Godrealm' was incomplete, and she wasn't able to actually apply any of the profound mysteries in the Elemental Laws at all. If she had been on the eleventh floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, most likely those massed Abyssal Blade Demons would have slaughtered her.

Linley immediately continued, describing how the experts had risked everything to charge towards the tunnel. He described how in the end, he had gone to block those Abyssal Blade Demons, and then how he had been pursued underground before finally coming to understand the 'Profound Truths of Velocity'.

"Whew." After Linley finished his story, Delia finally dared to let out a breath and relax.

Delia raised her head to look at Linley.

Delia still remembered how, those years in the past, Linley had been the indomitable young genius magus of the Ernst Institute. And now, Linley was an ultimate expert who was capable of dominating a million Abyssal Blade Demons. Delia couldn't help but feel proud of her husband.

"What are you looking at?" Linley laughed.

"Looking at you." Delia's current expression was like that of an innocent young girl.

Linley began to laugh. "Right, Delia. What do you think I should do with these three divine sparks? All of those experts had hinted interest towards me. But of course, after having been lectured by Lord Beirut, perhaps they have changed their minds."

Linley had to admit that Delia was much stronger than him in terms of managing human relations.

"Linley, jeeze..." Delia couldn't help but laugh in resignation, shaking her head. "You really...I don't even want to lecture you any longer. In the Necropolis of the Gods, of the humans, Desri, Olivier, Fain, Rosarie, and Tulily remain. Of these five, Desri has the best relationship with us, right? And according to Beirut, Olivier's potential is very high!"

"But think about it. Fain received a Pearl of Life, while Tulily and Rosarie each received a divine artifact. Olivier and Desri, on the other hand, received nothing."

Delia laughed as she looked at Linley. "Olivier's potential is high, while Desri is on good terms with us. Both are worthy of being pulled closer to us. But...neither of them received anything."

Linley opened his mouth, but didn't know what to say.

"Linley, your status is now different compared to the past. You are the pillar of our Baruch Empire. You can't make decisions so casually any longer." Delia said. "Look, right now, in the human societies of the Yulan continent, the two most powerful are the Yulan Empire and the O'Brien Empire, because they possess the War God and the High Priest."

"Only with a Deity will an Empire have longevity."

"Even if you become a Deity, Linley, most likely, compared to the likes of the War God, it will still be hard for you to overcome them. After all, they have been Deities for a long time."

Linley nodded slightly.

The power of the War God and the High Priest was indeed far greater than he could hope to fathom for now.

Delia sighed. "Desri himself lives in the borders of our Baruch Empire, and his daughter has married your good friend, Reynolds. You should pull Desri closer to our side and let us all become one family."

"But of course, while pulling others close is important, strengthening our own people is even more important." Delia said. "Thus, I think that of the three divine sparks, one of them needs to go to your little brother Wharton, or to one of the Barker brothers."

"The second divine spark should be reserved for Desri."

"As for the third divine spark, for now, just hold on to it, in case we suddenly need it. For example, if the War God or the High Priest were to come and ask for it on behalf of a disciple. Or for example, if Dylin or Cesar came. Both are possible. Dylin has his sons, while Cesar has that Rosarie. For them to owe us a debt is a good thing for us."

Hearing Delia's analysis, Linley felt as though the mystery bedeviling him had suddenly been resolved.

"Alright, Delia. We'll just do what you said." Linley nodded.

Delia continued, "Linley, as for your ten divine artifacts, three red warblades, and a thousand regular Abyssal Blade Demon blades...as I see it, the thousand Abyssal Blade Demon warblades should temporarily be stored. They can be considered the guardian treasures of our Empire. After all, every single one of them

is comparable to your adamantine heavy sword. In addition, if we were to take them all out at once, a great tumult would be caused in the continent.”

Linley nodded.

“As for the thirteen divine artifacts, including those red warblades, that’s much easier to dispose of. Divide them out within the family, or perhaps you can give one or two of them to Desri. The divine artifacts are easy to divide up.” Delia said.

Linley began to laugh. “Alright. However, there is one item amongst the thirteen which you have to take.”

“What?” Delia asked curiously.

Linley, with a flip of his hand, retrieved a set of divine battle armor from his interspatial ring. “Delia, this divine battle armor is yours.”

“Uh?” Delia was stunned momentarily, then she immediately said, “Linley, you are the pillar of our Empire. You should be the one to wear this divine battle armor.”

Linley began to laugh. “No need, Delia. First of all, I already have a Pearl of Life. Secondly...once I reach the Deity-level...you need to understand that the ‘Earth Saint Armor’ spell can be used at the Deity-level as well. At that time...the defensive power of my ‘Divine Earth Armor’ will definitely be on par with your divine battle armor.

“Then give it to Wharton. After all, I’m fusing a divine spark.” Delia said.

Linley shook his head. “No need. Didn’t you say it yourself? One of the three divine sparks will be reserved for our own people. In a few days, I’ll go ask Wharton if he is willing to fuse a divine spark. If he is willing, then he will become a Deity. If he isn’t willing, then after I finish a final matter, I will give my Pearl of Life to him.”

“A last matter?” Delia started. “Linley, are you saying...?”

Linley nodded slightly. “I have been looking forward to this for a long, long time. Although right now, I don’t have complete confidence, they definitely don’t have the ability to injure me.” Linley’s eyes flashed with a hint of fierce light.

.....

Wharton had already retired and given up the throne to his son, Cena Baruch, who was the new Emperor of the Baruch Empire.

After learning that Linley had returned, Wharton had immediately flown back and returned to Dragonblood Castle, and Linley’s daughter, Sasha, had returned as well. All five of the Barker brothers reunited here, and now, all of the people who had followed Linley so many years ago were together in the hall.

Linley asked Wharton if he was willing to absorb the divine spark to become a Deity. After all, Wharton was himself already a Dragonblood Warrior Saint.

But Wharton’s response made Linley feel resigned.

“Big bro, if I were to fuse with the elemental divine spark you want to give me, after I become an earth-style Demigod, would I still be able to continue training in the Elemental Laws of Fire?”

“You cannot. Once you become an earth-style Demigod, your ability to sense other elements will drop greatly, while your ability to sense earth elemental essence will greatly rise. Earth-style Demigods will find it virtually impossible to gain insights into the Elemental Laws of Fire.”

“Big bro, do you have a fire-style divine spark?”

“I do not.”

“Then I won’t use it.”

Wharton’s response had been very simple and blunt. As it turned out, upon reaching the Saint level, Wharton had begun to walk on the path of the Elemental Laws of Fire. Although Wharton had just begun to gain insights, he truly enjoyed the sensation of understanding the Elemental Laws of Fire.

Linley didn’t argue with him.

He understood his little brother, because he, too, liked the feeling of his soul becoming one with the earth or with the wind. He liked feeling the wind’s freedom and the earth’s vastness. To Linley, training in the Elemental Laws of Wind and Earth was a sort of spiritual relaxation and enjoyment.

If someone were to give Linley a fire-style divine spark and then tell him to go fuse it, Linley wouldn’t be willing to do so either.

Because...

Once the fire-style divine spark was fused, he would immediately become a fire-style Demigod, which would make it virtually impossible for him to gain any more insights in the other Elemental Laws.

“To become a fire-style Demigod and to give up the Profound Truths of the Earth and the Wind?” Linley shook his head.

In addition, there was a big difference between becoming a Deity through using a divine spark and between achieving it on one’s own.

Linley then went to ask the Barker brothers.

Gates and the other three insisted that their boss, Barker, be the one to fuse with the divine core, while Barker himself just so happened to like the earth-style. Thus, Linley gave the earth-style Demigod divine spark to Barker, who began to fuse with the divine spark and train in seclusion.

In the rear gardens of Dragonblood Castle.

Four young men were seated around a round table, laughing loudly and drinking loudly. These four people were: Linley, Reynolds, Yale, George.

“It has been over ten years since we four bros have met. Come, cheers, everyone!” Yale laughed loudly as he spoke. Right now, the weakest of the four of them was Yale, but even he was a magus of the seventh rank by now and possessed a lifespan of centuries.

Their appearances still seemed very young.

“Boss Yale, congratulations on becoming the Chairman of the Dawson Conglomerate.” Linley laughed.

Linley was incomparably delighted to be together with his closest friends of his youth.

“Haha, Third Bro, I can’t compare to you at all.” Yale chortle, and then slapped George on the shoulders. “Second Bro, the two of us have been out-competed by Third Bro and Fourth Bro. Third Bro goes without saying; he reached the Saint-level long ago. After founding the Baruch Empire and getting married, it’s been, what, twenty four years, right? In the past twenty four years, our Fourth Bro, who was previously a magus of the seventh rank, is now a magus of the ninth rank. But the two of us?”

George began to laugh as well. “Boss Yale, don’t group me in with you. Two years ago, I finally became a magus of the eighth rank. I’m a level higher than you.”

This year was year 10034 of the Yulan calendar. Linley’s wedding had been on year 10010.

Twenty four years.

Of course, for ultimate experts, they might go into seclusion for training for a century at a time. A few decades was nothing.

“I’ve been busy and haven’t had enough time to train. Fortunately, I’ve finally reached the seventh rank as a magus, at least.” Yale let out two laughs.

George was an important minister of the Yulan Empire, while Yale was busy managing the affairs of the Conglomerate. Indeed, they hadn’t spent enough time on their training.

“Third Bro.” Yale clapped Linley on his shoulders twice. “Life truly is interesting for someone like you. You founded a massive Empire and became one of the ultimate experts of the continent. There are so many hot-blooded youths of the continent who have set you as their goal. Those hot-blooded youths are just like how we four bros were in the past!”

Linley, George, Yale, and Reynolds fell silent for a time.

They couldn’t help but think back to the events of their youth.

Reynolds suddenly laughed. “Boss Yale, you are now the Chairman of one of the three great trading unions of the Yulan continent. Your wealth rivals that of an Empire. According to what you say, you should be satisfied as well, right?”

“Not yet. There’s still two other trading unions.” Yale’s eyes were shining. “I really want to swallow up both the ‘Snow Island Syndicate’ and the ‘Gere Group’. Unfortunately, it’s too hard. Still, that just makes it challenging and interesting.”

Linley stood up.

“Right. Only something hard is challenging.” Linley raised his head to look at the sky.

The Yulan continent was just a material plane. In the boundless universe, there were countless planes, and above the ordinary planes, there were Four Higher Planes and Seven Divine Planes.

He himself was nothing more than at the top of the Yulan continent.

“Walk to the ultimate peak of training! Only that is interesting and challenging.” Linley had a hint of a smile on the corner of his lips.

“But before that, there’s still something I have to do.” Linley couldn’t help but turn to stare into the west, in the direction of the ‘Sacred Isle’ of Radiant Church.

Linley still remembered the death of Grandpa Doebling. Still remembered the oath he had sworn when he had left the city of Hess and entered the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. “Radiant Church, just wait. There will come the day when I will destroy you all and pull you up by the roots!”

“It’s about time.” Linley murmured to himself.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 4, A Major Event

Dawn. Sunlight illuminated the rear garden of Dragonblood Castle. For the first time in a long time, Linley had the desire to go to the rear garden and devote himself to stonesculpting. While sculpting, Linley couldn't help but think back to one scene after another of himself with Grandpa Doehring.

"A stone's appearance, quality, grains, and coloration impact not only its appearance, but its entire potential and true form. We use chisels to remove the excess parts and allow its natural beauty to be revealed. This is stonesculpting."

"The stonesculpting way is really a way of controlling space and appearance. When stonesculpting, one must..."

The scene of Grandpa Doehring teaching him about stone sculpting was still so fresh, so vivid in Linley's mind.

After understanding the 'Profound Truths of Velocity', Linley's straight chisel moved even more gracefully and agilely, sometimes transforming into countless blurs while at other times, moving so slowly and gently...the human-shaped stone in front of him slowly took form. Linley's carving attracted the attention of Hillman, Taylor, and many others, who watched from afar.

"Father's sculpting method is so strange." Taylor said in surprise.

Hillman sighed in surprise as well. "Right. Your father's stone sculpting gives me the feeling...as though the sculpture itself already exists. All he is doing is removing the excess stone and dust that is covering it up."

The straight chisel flashed, and flecks of stone flew about.

Indeed, it was as Hillman had said. Linley was truly just removing a layer of useless stone atop the sculpture, and as the flecks of stone flew off, the sculpture slowly began to reveal its true appearance.

"Shedding the shell. This is the feeling known as 'shedding the shell' which stone sculptors talk about." Jenny sighed in amazement. "Only, I have never realized that someone could be able to sculpt in such a natural manner." Jenny herself had learned stone sculpting, but what she learned was the normal type of sculpting which required many tools.

"Hrm..."

To Linley, a single straight chisel was enough.

He started sculpting at dawn, and continued until dusk. Only then did Linley finally set aside his chisel, reaching out with a hand to gently stroke the sculpture.

"Grandpa Doehring." Linley murmured to himself. "In the past, I promised that there would come the day when I would utterly destroy the Radiant Church and pull them up by their roots. Soon, very soon...I will be able to accomplish this."

The sculpture in front of him was that of 'Doehring Cowart'. Doehring Cowart's face had that ever-present hint of a benevolent smile on it.

“Linley.” Suddenly, a voice came from behind him.

Linley turned and saw that the speaker was actually Fain. Next to him, Hillman immediately said, “Linley, Mr. Fain has been waiting here for quite some time now. But when he saw that you were sculpting, he didn’t want to disturb you.”

“It truly looks as agile and real as a spirit.” Fain sighed in amazement as he stared at the statue.

The statue seemed to be alive, and for a moment, it was as though a real person was standing there.

“Linley, who is this person that you sculpted?” Fain asked curiously.

Linley didn’t respond. “Fain, you came because...?”

Fain hurriedly said, “Oh, this time, I’ve come to invite you to make a trip to War God Mountain. Tomorrow, which is to say April 6th, all the various Deities will be convening at War God Mountain, while a few Saints have also been invited to attend.”

“Oh?” Linley was suddenly intrigued; a gathering of Deities, with only a few Saints being invited? Clearly, this meeting was of great importance.

“Might I ask what this is about?” Linley asked.

Fain shook his head. “I’m not sure either, and Master didn’t tell me. But if you go, you’ll definitely find out.”

“Alright. I’ll definitely go tomorrow.” Linley nodded as he spoke.

Yulan calendar, year 10034, April 6th. The O’Brien Empire. Outside the imperial capital. On War God Mountain.

Within the quiet, secluded courtyard of War God O’Brien, four Deities, including the War God, the High Priest, Dylin, and Cesar, along with four Saints, being Fain, Linley, Desri, and Tulily, all casually sat down.

“So only the four of us came.” Desri also felt rather curious. “Linley, do you know what is going on?” Linley and Desri were engaging in a mental conversation.

“I’m not sure either. They are all Deities. We shouldn’t have anything to do with their affairs.” Linley was puzzled as well.

At this time, all four of the Saints were maintaining their silence.

The War God and the High Priest exchange a meaningful glance, and then the War God turned his razor-sharp gaze towards Linley and the other three. In a sonorous voice, he said, “Today, the primary reason the four of you have been summoned is because the High Priest and I have come to an agreement. There are too many nations in the Yulan continent. It is time to reduce the number.”

Linley and the other three were shocked.

“Is the War God preparing to incite a major war?” Linley wondered secretly to himself.

The masked High Priest said in a gentle voice, “The War God and I have come to an agreement. There should only be three Empires that will remain here in the Yulan continent; the O’Brien Empire, the Yulan Empire, and the Baruch Empire. In other words...it is time to start a war that will cover the entire Yulan continent.”

Linley, Fain, Desri, and Tulily, although inwardly shocked, still managed to appear calm on the outside.

“Linley, do you have any thoughts? You can be considered the representative of the Baruch Empire.”

Linley paused for a moment.

“This is good news. I naturally won’t object.”

Linley immediately continued, “If our three major Empires join forces, it won’t be hard to destroy the other nations. Only, I trust that if you, War God, and you, High Priest, join forces, you can accomplish these things easily. Why have you invited us Saints to come? I do not understand this.”

The War God and the High Priest might have simply wanted to give him face and invite him, but why did they invite Desri, Tulily, and Fain as well?

“It is very simple.” The nearby Cesar had a playful, teasing look in his eyes. “The War God and the High Priest don’t want to act. They want you to act.”

The War God couldn’t help but glance sideways at Cesar, but Cesar only snickered.

“We won’t get involved in this battle.” The War God’s firm, forceful voice rang out. “We have to tell you something. Per the orders of Lord Beirut, in three days time, we four Deities will all head towards the Necropolis of the Gods.”

“To the Necropolis of the Gods?” Linley, Desri, and the others all knew that last time, only the Saints had entered the Necropolis of the Gods, while the Deities had not entered it.

What Saints wanted to acquire was Demigod divine sparks, while what the War God wanted was full God divine sparks.

“Three days later? Why didn’t Lord Beirut have you enter the Necropolis of the Gods along with us? Was there a special reason?” Linley asked.

The nearby Dylin snorted. “No special reason. The only reason was because Lord Beirut so ordered it.”

Linley was amazed.

Just because Lord Beirut had ordered it?

“Enough about that.” The War God said calmly. “Eliminating the other nations is only a small matter. I trust you four are completely capable of handling it. How about this...Linley, Tulily, Desri, you go lead your forces to the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church and destroy it.”

“As for the personal disciples of my War God’s College, as well as the personal disciples of the High Priest, they’ll go together to destroy the headquarters of the Cult of Shadows.”

The War God glanced sideways at Linley. “Don’t tell me you can’t do it.”

“I would be very much delighted to deal with the Radiant Church.” Linley frowned as he spoke. “But on the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church, there is a large-scale, powerful magical formation, the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’. I imagine that just relying on Saint-level power alone, we will find it very difficult to break through it.”

The nearby Dylin said disdainfully, “The Glory of the Radiant Sovereign? Yes, the power of that large magical formation isn’t bad. Back then, it was able to block a blow from me. Just a single Saint won’t be

able to break it. But Linley, if ten of you Saints attack it at full strength simultaneously...maybe not the first time, maybe not the second time, but eventually, you'll be able to destroy the 'Glory of the Radiant Sovereign'."

Linley laughed as well.

Previously, the Radiant Church had also feared that Linley would lead a square of Saints to attack the Sacred Isle. Thus, they had Linley sign the agreement that if he were to ever go to the Sacred Isle, he would go alone.

But that agreement, ever since Linley, the Radiant Church, and the Cult of Shadows had their falling out, had been destroyed.

The High Priest, 'Catherine', spoke. "Actually, if three wind-style Grand Magus Saints were to simultaneously cast the 'Dimensional Edge' and attack the same location, that should be enough to break the 'Glory of the Radiant Sovereign'."

"If you can destroy the opponent's Saint-level combatants, the results of the battle will be a foregone conclusion, even before it starts." The War God said coldly. "In this sort of nation-destroying war, when the time comes, directly utilize your Saint-level forces and threaten the opponents. I trust that this battle will be concluded very quickly."

Linley, Desri, Fain, and Tulily could only laugh ruefully in their hearts.

To Deities, the battles of the Yulan continent were indeed nothing more than children's games, especially when the War God and the High Priest joined forces.

And indeed, once the highest level experts of the Radiant Church and Cult of Shadows were destroyed, the results of the war would be plainly obvious to anyone.

"Lord War God, I am a bit confused." Linley spoke out. "Why did you drag this out for so long instead of starting it long ago? I think that if you and the High Priest were to join forces, you would have been able to divide up the other two Empires long ago and split the world up for yourselves."

The War God and the High Priest glanced at each other.

Dylin laughed wickedly. "That's simple. At that time, I hadn't arrived at the Yulan continent, and Cesar hadn't made his breakthrough. In the human societies of the Yulan continent, the only Deities were the two of them. The two of them were always opponents; how could they possibly join forces?"

"As for why they are joining forces now, the first reason is because they both now have the feeling that unifying the Yulan continent under their rule is now hopeless, and so they have divided the world into three parts instead. The second reason is because they now feel pressured. As to why they feel pressured...go figure that out yourself." Dylin said.

Linley suddenly had a thought. "The War God and the High Priest...feel that unifying the continent is now hopeless? Because of me?"

Linley instantly understood.

First of all, he was about to become a Deity. The War God and the High Priest should be aware of this. Secondly, he had acquired divine sparks within the Necropolis of the Gods, and was capable of cultivating a crop of Demigods....and most importantly of all, thirdly, the relationship between Bebe and Beirut. These three points made it impossible for the War God or the High Priest to treat Linley as an enemy.

“The Eighteen Northern Duchies and the Holy Union will belong to my O’Brien Empire.” The War God said calmly.

The War God looked at Linley. “The Rohault Empire and the great plains of the far east will belong to your Baruch Empire.”

“As for the remainder, the Dark Alliance and the Rhine Empire, they will belong to the Yulan Empire.” The nearby High Priest nodded slightly.

“Linley, do you have any objections?” The War God and the High Priest looked towards Linley.

Linley could only laugh helplessly in his heart.

From the words and attitude of the War God and the High Priest, he could completely sense...that the War God and the High Priest didn’t treat the upcoming war in the continent as a major affair at all. And indeed, this was a war without any possible alternate outcomes. Experts on their level didn’t need to worry about it.

“No objections. Of course I have no objections.” What else could Linley say?

And so, according to this arrangement, the Yulan continent had been divided into three parts.

“Right.” The War God nodded with satisfaction. “Linley, you should know that actually, to the likes of us, worldly power is meaningless. The most important thing is your own level of training. Linley, I have heard that you will become a Deity in around ten years or so.”

Linley could tell that the War God’s attitude towards him was now clearly one where he considered Linley as someone on the same level.

After all, in but ten short years, by the time the War God returned, Linley would most likely be a Deity already.

The nearby Dylin said solemnly, “But before that happens, I have to remind you of a few things. Otherwise, if you were to make a foolish mistake, it would be terrible for you.”

Linley immediately listened carefully, and even the nearby Desri and the others paid close attention.

“Relying on your own power to become a Deity and fusing with a divine spark to become a Deity are completely different. Once your level of understanding of the Laws has reached a certain level, the universe will naturally create a divine spark based on the nature of your soul, and this divine spark will completely be as one with your soul.”

“Once your divine spark is created, you will face a choice.” Dylin looked solemnly at Linley. “After the divine spark is created, you have two options. The first is to absorb the divine spark into your mind and make it become one with your soul. At that time, your body will naturally transform into a divine body.”

“The merging of your soul with the divine spark will cause your body to transform into a divine body. If that divine spark was of the earth-element, then in the future, you would only be able to train in the Elemental Laws of the Earth and be unable to train in any others.”

“But of course, after the birth of the divine spark, there is still the second option!”

“That option is to not absorb the divine spark into your body, and to instead, leave it outside. If you do so, then the universe will itself, according to the nature of the divine spark, generate a second body. Your original body won’t change at all. In other words...you will essentially have a clone of yourself. This clone

of yourself will be a Demigod, while your original body will still be able to train in the other Elemental Laws!”

Dylin said seriously, “However, there is a price for the second choice as well. Your soul will be divided into two. Now, during the process of becoming a Deity, the strange energies of the universe will protect you during that instant, and thus your soul being split in half will be a controlled process, and you won’t die from it. However, it will still be rather harmful to your soul.”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 5, The Apocalypse War of Ten Thousand Years Ago

“What the right choice is, only you can decide.” Dylin said seriously.

The choice people made upon the moment when they became Deities by their own power would determine their future accomplishments and developments.

Linley didn’t have to think about it at all; his heart automatically inclined towards the second choice. He had walked on the path of understanding the wind and the earth, two different elements, this entire time. He truly would be unwilling to give up any one of those two elements.

“Lord Dylin, if one makes the second choice, for example, if I become a wind-style Deity, then the moment I become a Deity, if I put the divine spark outside my body, then the universe will naturally form a divine body around that divine spark, right? And my soul will be divided as well. In other words, there’s no difference in the soul between the original and the clone, right?”

“Right.” Dylin nodded.

“Then I want to ask, if the clone becomes a Deity, what about the original? Will it advance in power?” Linley held this in great importance.

If his clone became a Deity, but his original body remained at the Saint level, wouldn’t that be a huge weakness?

“There is an increase in power, and your original body will be able to borrow divine power from your clone.” Dylin shook his head as he spoke. “But unfortunately, that’s just borrowed divine power. Although you can borrow a great amount of it, since the original body has no divine spark, it will be much weaker than true divine power, due to the fact that there is no divine spark to merge with that ‘divine power’.”

The nearby Cesar laughed, “Linley, you should know that some of the Saints of the various religions can also sometimes borrow a bit of divine power.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Cesar continued, “You would be like them, except you’ll only be able to borrow divine power from your divine clone. But of course...there’s no need for you to offer tributes to yourself before borrowing a large amount of energy. However, without a compatible divine spark, the power will just be rather weaker.”

“Understood.” Linley nodded.

The importance of a divine spark was something which Linley understood quite clearly. If the original body had no divine spark and only had divine power...it wouldn’t be able to, for example, create a ‘Godrealm’.

“Although the original body will be weaker due to not having a divine spark, there are still ways to protect it. Because the clone and the original are actually one entity to begin with, therefore...you can reabsorb your clone into your original body.” Dylin laughed and continued, “And thus, you would still be able to utilize the strength of your divine clone.”

Linley secretly shook his head.

Merge the divine clone with the original body? Utilize the power of the divine clone?

In reality, that wasn't an increase in power at all.

"If you do that, although your power won't be increased, your original body will be protected better. Actually, the only real benefit of this second choice is...it will allow you to train in other Elemental Laws. The only real flaw...is that your soul will be divided in two!"

Dylin looked at Linley, saying seriously, "Linley, a soul is the most important part of a creature. It is very difficult to strengthen and transform a soul. This sudden division in half means that your soul will be weakened by half. In terms of both training speed as well as ability to resist enemy attacks, the soul will be affected."

"I understand. You gain something, you lose something. How could there only be benefits and no disadvantages?" Linley understood this.

"It is good that you know this." Dylin nodded.

Linley's heart was filled with questions. "What's going on with Dylin? Why has he explained to me all these details regarding becoming a Deity...it isn't like Dylin, right?" Linley felt that today, Dylin was acting rather differently.

The War God, O'Brien, spoke out sonorously. "Linley, remember what we discussed earlier. I'll hand over dealing with the Sacred Isle and the Radiant Church to you."

"Don't worry." Linley's eyes had a hard look flash through them.

Destroy the Radiant Church?

How many years had he been waiting?

"Alright. Then you can leave now." The War God said calmly.

Linley, Desri, Fain, and Tulily all immediately rose. Bowing respectfully, they left the War God's quiet, secluded residence.

Atop the quiet War God Mountain.

"Linley, congratulations. Today, Master and the others treated you with such friendliness that they clearly consider you to be one of them." Fain suddenly said.

Linley was slightly startled. Right now, he could completely understand how bitter these other three experts had to feel in their hearts. Thousands of years of training, yet they still hadn't made any breakthroughs.

"Fain, I believe you three will quickly break through as well."

Desri suddenly laughed and nodded. "Right. We will break through soon. Fain, Tulily...have you already forgotten what Lord Beirut said? The three of us can break through in as quickly as a single day. The most important thing is that we have to have faith in ourselves."

"Right. We will break through." Tulily and Fain's eyes lit up and they nodded.

If they could break through on their own, they wouldn't need a divine spark.

But breaking through on one's own truly was difficult.

"Linley, when shall we head out to destroy the Radiant Church's Sacred Isle?" Desri asked.

Linley was silent for a moment, then said, "How about this. It's best to address this quickly." Just thinking about destroying the Radiant Church made Linley feel his blood boil and made him feel alive. "Let's all go back home today. Tomorrow, we'll summon our forces to make preparations. The day after that, on the eighth...the morning of the eighth, come to my Dragonblood Castle, and we'll head out together to slaughter a path to the Sacred Isle."

"Alright. We'll head out together on the eighth." Tulily and Desri both nodded.

Fain began to laugh. "Linley, you are moving so quickly. It seems I'll have to pick up the pace on my side as well and eliminate the Cult of Shadows more quickly."

"Haha, Fain, then we'll head off for now." Linley said.

Linley, Desri, and Tulily immediately flew into the air, streaking towards the east.

Linley's Dragonblood Castle was in the northern part of the Baruch Empire, while Desri lived in the southern part of the Baruch Empire. As for Tulily, he lived in the great plains of the far east. The three flew together for only a short while before breaking apart.

"Whoosh." A strong wind was blowing, causing his robe to flutter.

Moving through the skies, soaring through the clouds and the mist, he flew at high speed towards Dragonblood Castle.

"Linley, wait a moment." A sound suddenly rang out, and an indistinct blur appeared near Linley.

A devilish young man, dressed in a dark gold robe, was standing before Linley. In his forehead, there was a single slit, like a knife scar. It was the Deity-level expert, 'Dylin'.

"Lord Dylin." Linley was somewhat surprised.

Dylin, surrounded by a devilish aura, had a rather sincere smile on his face right now. "Linley, your flying speed is quite fast. It seems you have indeed progressed significantly due to your time in the Necropolis of the Gods."

Linley felt utterly confused.

Flying fast?

On the road back to Dragonblood Castle, he was only flying at regular speed, and didn't even fly at full speed. Why would Dylin say he was flying fast?

"This Dylin...why is he praising me for no reason?" Linley instantly could guess that Dylin probably had something to discuss with him.

"Lord Dylin, is there something you need?" Linley directly broached the subject.

Dylin took a deep breath. "Linley, to be honest...I, Dylin, was born tens of thousands of years ago, and experienced the terrible Apocalypse War of ten thousand years ago, as well as the war of the gods, the Theomachy, of five thousand years ago. I've been protecting my five children this entire time, but

unfortunately, five thousand years ago, my children and I were imprisoned into the Gebados Planar Prison....”

Hearing this, Linley felt deeply stunned.

“Five thousand years ago, experts from other planes descended. I knew about this. But what is this ‘Apocalypse War’ of ten thousand years ago?” Linley had never heard that ten thousand years ago, there was an ‘Apocalypse War’. From what Dylin was saying, it seemed as though the war of ten thousand years ago was even more terrifying than the one five thousand years ago.

Dylin, seeing the look on Linley’s face, understood.

“You are curious about the Apocalypse War?” Dylin laughed.

He had a favor to ask, and thus he was very happy to have the chance to tell these secrets to Linley.

Linley nodded.

“The Apocalypse War was on a far larger scale than the war of five thousand years ago. In truth, in the past, this plane had five continents!” Dylin explained in detail.

“Five continents?” Linley had never heard of this before.

In addition, the history books had never mentioned the existence of other continents.

Dylin explained in detail, “There was a vast distance between each continent, and the Yulan continent is the northernmost continent of the five. The other four continents were all in the South Seas. Because there is a distance of nearly ten million kilometers between the continents, back then, ordinary people didn’t know about the other continents’ existence.”

“During that Apocalypse War...”

Dylin sighed. “That was a true, large-scale war, an utterly destructive, apocalyptic war. The waves of the ocean rose to the heavens, and space itself was ripped apart. Even the shockwaves of the battles occurring in the depths of the sea impacted the other continents. The four southernmost continents were all shattered and destroyed, and one Deity after another fell...the scale of this war was far, far greater than the one from five thousand years ago.”

Linley’s heart quailed.

The battle had been so vicious that four continents had collapsed? What level of experts had fought in this war?

“And it was also due to that battle that Lord Beirut formally assumed control over the Yulan continent.” Dylin sighed. “Linley, at that time, although I was already a Demigod, I could only hide here on the Yulan continent, not daring to participate in the battle at all.”

Linley could completely imagine that scene.

“I heard that the divine sparks and Deity corpses of the Necropolis of the Gods came from that Apocalypse War.” Dylin sighed. “But of course, that’s just what I hear. I don’t have any proof.”

Linley nodded slightly. Dylin had been hiding, after all, and didn’t take part in the battle.

“Five thousand years ago, my children and I were jailed into the Gebados Planar Prison. That place...was an utter nightmare.” Dylin said in a low voice. “My five children...two of them died there. Fortunately, we escaped back to the Yulan continent afterwards.”

To this very day, Dylin hadn't told Linley that it was Linley who had allowed him to escape.

“But this time, yet another one of my children have died.”

Dylin's eyes contained irrepressible grief. “It truly is too hard to become a Deity. My children are only Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions, after all. It will be hard for them to break through their natural limitations and become Deities. Perhaps Desri and Fain will be able to break through upon receiving some insight, but magical beasts...it is far harder for us to break through than humans.”

“Therefore...I, Dylin, would like to ask you, Linley, to give me one of your divine sparks.” Dylin looked at Linley sincerely.

Linley understood what Dylin was thinking.

“Of course, I won't let you suffer too much of a loss. Only, I definitely don't have a treasure as valuable as a divine spark, but I do have divine artifacts. I can trade divine artifacts for it. How about three divine artifacts? Or perhaps, I can give you my own personal set of divine artifact gloves.” Dylin said hurriedly.

Dylin deeply loved his children. This was apparent from the efforts he had gone to in the Gebados Planar Prison to protect them.

Originally, he had forbidden them from going to the Necropolis of the Gods, but Cleo and the other brothers all desired to become Deities. In the end, Dylin couldn't stop them...but on this trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, one of them had died. Now that Linley had three divine sparks, Dylin had decided to thicken his skin and come ask him for one.

Divine sparks were far more important than divine artifacts.

Four divine artifacts for a divine spark...Linley was actually still trading at a loss. What was the chance for a Saint to successfully navigate the eleventh floor? It was incredibly low. Linley's success allowed him to obtain these three divine sparks, but in the future, Linley probably wouldn't have this sort of opportunity again.

“Alright. I agree.” Linley nodded.

Dylin couldn't help but feel ecstatic. Dylin immediately retrieved three divine artifacts with a flip of his hand. All of them were bladed weapon type divine artifacts. At the same time, in Dylin's hands appeared a dark gold divine artifact gloves. In terms of preciousness, it was still the divine artifact gloves which was the most precious.

“Here is the divine spark.” With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved the Destruction-type divine spark. Linley had made this decision on behalf of the Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lions. After all, they themselves trained in the Way of Destruction.

Seeing the divine spark, Dylin couldn't help but feel his heart quiver.

This was a divine spark!

If he himself wanted to enter the Necropolis of the Gods, he would have to start from the twelfth floor. It would be extremely hard to procure a divine spark, even for him.

“Thank you, thank you.” Despite his normal, terrible temper, Dylin right now felt so excited that he said ‘thank you’ twice in a row. “Wait a moment. I’ll dissolve the ownership bond I have with the divine artifact gloves.”

“Lord Dylin, I don’t need these divine artifacts.” Linley said.

He didn’t lack for bladed divine artifacts. Two or three extra made no difference! As for divine artifact gloves, Linley himself was a sword user, and so they wouldn’t be very useful to him anyways.

“What? You don’t need them?” Dylin was stunned.

“I don’t need them.” Linley smiled and nodded. “Lord Dylin, I only hope that if in the future, I need your assistance, Lord Dylin, that you can help me. That would be wonderful.”

In his heart, Dylin actually was quite unwilling to part with these divine artifact gloves, but Dylin was a very arrogant, prideful person. If he were to receive a divine spark from Linley without giving Linley anything good for them, he himself would feel uneasy. Dylin couldn’t help but feel rather frantic. “How can this be acceptable? Unacceptable...”

Seeing Linley, Dylin felt very guilty, as though he owed him a great debt!

What could he do to recompense Linley?

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 6, Slaughtering a Path to the Sacred Isle

“This definitely is not acceptable. If you are going to act like this, then I...” Dylin wanted to say ‘I will be unable to accept this divine spark’.

But this divine spark was simply too important to Dylin.

“Lord Dylin, don’t mind it too much. You should know that I am going to become a Deity on my own, and so I think you will need it more than I do.” Linley quickly changed the topic. “Lord Dylin, I have to get going.”

Seeing Linley was about to leave, Dylin couldn’t help but reach out to stop him.

“Linley, I truly don’t have any other treasures I can bring out.” Dylin looked at Linley, more serious than ever before. “But Linley, I will remember the kindness you have shown me on this day. If in the future there is anything you need, I, Dylin, definitely won’t say a single word in complaint.”

Linley smiled.

“Then Lord Dylin, let’s part ways here.”

.....

Linley returned to Dragonblood Castle, and informed Delia, Wharton, and the others of the decision of the War God and the High Priest. Wharton, the Barker brothers, and Zassler, upon hearing this news, were extremely excited.

Both the Barker brothers and Zassler had their own major scores to settle with the Radiant Church.

This entire time, Wharton, as well, wanted to help Linley in his quest for revenge. In the past, he wasn’t strong enough, but now, Wharton had reached the Saint-level as well, and once he transformed into a Dragonblood Warrior Saint, he was extremely powerful, on par with Gates and the others.

Night time. A crescent moon hung in the sky.

Linley left his bed, putting on a long robe and heading to the balcony, staring at the endless night.

“Tomorrow. Tomorrow, the Radiant Church and I will have our final battle.” Linley couldn’t fall asleep tonight, no matter how he tried.

For some reason, those scenes from his childhood years kept on flashing through his mind. Whenever he thought about the fact that tomorrow, he was going to deal with the Radiant Church, and that he was about to accomplish the goal he had been striving towards for so long, he would grow excited.

“Linley.” Delia walked next to Linley as well. “Are you thinking about the attack on the Radiant Church tomorrow?”

Delia was going alongside Linley tomorrow. Although Delia hadn't completely fused with the divine spark, Delia was still a Grand Magus Saint of the wind-style now. In addition, even her incomplete 'Godrealm' could still be effective in certain circumstances.

"Right. Tomorrow is a day for which I have waited a long time." Linley's heart was surging with emotion. "Sadly, Grandpa Doehring...won't be able to see it."

"If your Grandpa Doehring was still alive, he would definitely be so proud of you." Delia consoled him. Delia knew about Doehring Cowart as well.

"Mother died. Father died. Even Grandpa Doehring, who took care of me the entire time, died." Linley stared towards the west. "All thanks to the Radiant Church! Self-proclaimed to be 'radiant', self-proclaimed to 'love the world'. The Radiant Church! They destroyed everything."

Linley shook his head and sneered. "While I...I was nothing more than one of the countless families they had destroyed. Barker and his brothers, Rebecca and her sister...their families were all wiped out as well! It was the Radiant Church who did it!"

Linley's rage was beginning to build.

"Linley, don't think too much about these things. Tomorrow, everything will come to an end." Delia consoled him. Delia knew very well...that if it hadn't been because of the amount of hatred he had felt, how could Linley have forced himself to endure so much, and at the tender age of eighteen, enter the endless, uninhabited Mountain Range of Magical Beasts for three full years, and then train in another little village for five?

"Right. Tomorrow, it will all come to an end." Linley raised his head to look at the night sky.

For a moment, it seemed...his father, his Grandpa Doehring, and that vague, blurry memory of his mother were there in the night sky, watching him!

April 8th. Dawn. The morning sun shone down upon Dragonblood Castle.

"Groooooowl." A deep growl.

An enormous, sinuous draconic form seemed to coil about near Dragonblood Castle, but the soldiers of Dragonblood Castle weren't startled at all. Many of them already knew that there were three Saint-level dragons living within Dragonblood Castle. Occasionally, the dragon Saints would head out, while occasionally they would come back.

This was also the reason why there was an urban legend that Dragonblood Castle had enormous dragons in the vicinity.

Within the spacious training fields of Dragonblood Castle.

Linley's experts had arrived long ago. On this trip to the Sacred Isle, Linley's side included...Linley, Bebe, Delia, Wharton, the five Barker brothers, Zassler, and the three Saint-level dragons. In total, thirteen.

As for Dragonblood Castle, Haeru would be left on guard.

Every single individual heading out on this expedition was a peak-stage Saint, none of them weaker than Heidens in power.

"They haven't arrived yet?" Wharton was getting rather impatient.

Right now, there was a large group of people waiting to send them off as well. One of them was Hillman, who laughed and said, “Wharton, don’t be impatient. It is still early. The great plains of the far east are especially far away from us, at least ten thousand kilometers distant. Even flying will take a long time.”

“Desri’s group will probably arrive a bit earlier, but Tulily and the others will need a long period of time. Don’t be impatient. Everyone, just keep waiting a while longer.” Linley spoke out. But although he counseled patience, Linley himself still couldn’t help but continuously stare towards the skies.

He had waited far too long for this day.

“Big bro, I think you are even more impatient than I am.” Wharton said with a laugh.

Linley could only laugh in response.

“Wow, they are here!” Bebe, standing on Linley’s shoulders, suddenly let out a surprised, delighted cry.

Linley’s group quickly discovered that in the distant horizon, indistinct human figures were flying towards them at high speed. One of them, a fast-moving flashing white streak of light, was especially noticeable, and Linley immediately recognized the person. It was Desri!

“Hrm?” Linley was suddenly surprised.

From the distant horizon, there were more than ten people flying over. Aside from Desri, Pennslyn, Higginson, Miller, Ford, and Livingston, there were six others coming as well. The other six people were led by Tulily.

“Tulily and his disciples have arrived as well?” Although Linley was puzzled by the question of how Tulily, who lived over ten thousand kilometers away, had managed to arrive so soon, he was still extremely delighted.

Everyone was here. That meant they could head out soon.

Desri and Tulily’s groups landed together within Dragonblood Castle.

Tulily walked forward, a rare hint of a smile on his face. “Linley, we aren’t late, right?”

“Not late at all. Only, why is it that you are alongside Desri’s group? Did you coincidentally meet on the way over? Especially since you live in the great plains of the far east...” Before Linley even finished his words, the nearby Desri laughed and responded, “Linley, Tulily led his disciples to my place yesterday, which is why this morning, we headed out together.”

Linley now understood.

“I was afraid of coming late and making your two sides impatient. That wouldn’t be good.” Tulily laughed. “Desri and I haven’t had a proper get together in quite some time anyhow, so I stayed a night at his place.”

“Everyone’s present. Enough chitchat, then. Let’s head out.” Bebe said.

Linley, Desri, and Tulily exchanged glances, then began to laugh. Linley nodded, then said loudly, “Good, then let’s head out immediately.” Linley stared towards the western horizon, his eyes shining. “Our destination: The Radiant Church’s Sacred Isle!”

Yulan continent, year 10034, April 8th. With Linley, Desri, and Tulily as the leaders, a total of twenty five Saints flew valiantly out of Dragonblood Castle, piercing through the clouds in the sky, heading directly west.

The guards of Dragonblood Castle all sighed in astonishment as they watched this scene.

Twenty five Saints flying together at the same time. When had ordinary people ever seen such an incredible sight?

Within a large ship that was sailing with haste towards the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church.

The waves struck against the beaches as that ship finally came to a halt at the Sacred Isle's harbor. In front of the harbor, the violet-robed Special Executors of the Ecclesiastical Tribunal were staring coldly at the ship. The high level Executor who was in charge of escorting this ship was the first to disembark.

"How many did you ship over?" The leader of the Special Executors said coldly.

The disembarked Executor said respectfully, "Milord, this time we have shipped over eight hundred."

"Mm." The Special Executor nodded slightly. "Quick, bring them all over. First wash them, and give them some clean clothes."

"Yes!"

Immediately, one dirty slave after another was brought out by the executors.

"Radiant Church, radiant? As radiant as dogshit!" A slave roared furiously from amidst the others in the ground, but immediately following his shout was a crack of a whip.

"If you have the ability to do so, then kill me. I was blind for having believed that this was a pilgrimage." The slave roared loudly in a hoarse voice. "My wife, my daughter? Did you bring them all here as well? And you claim this is a pilgrimage? I really am blind...uh...uh...uh..."

A blade had flashed, and a large hole had appeared in the slave's mouth as a piece of his tongue came falling off.

"What's this all about?" The Special Executor barked to the whip-wielding low-level Executor.

"Milord, I don't know either." The low-level Executor was terrified. "While shipping them over, this stubborn ones were disciplined long ago. I didn't expect that this fellow had been biding his time."

The slave whose tongue had been cut off stared hatefully at these Executors.

Most of the other slaves had felt resigned to their fate long ago. They walked forward numbly.

Within a wide tunnel.

Heidens, dressed in a white robe, was standing in front of a beautiful female priestess, dressed in white. At this time, a large number of washed slaves, now dressed in clean clothes, were being escorted through this dark tunnel to the other end.

"Uh...." That slave whose tongue had been chopped off had also been washed and given a fresh change of clothes.

He stared at Heidens, and instantly, his terrified eyes turned round.

In the Holy Union, Heidens had presided over large-scale masses before, and in the past, this slave had personally seen Heidens and knew that Heidens was the Holy Emperor of the Radiant Church.

Instantly, he began to make furious ‘uh’ sounds towards Heidens.

“Hurry up.” Instantly, one of the escorts behind him gave him a vicious lash of the whip, causing the slave’s body to spasm from the blow.

“Such utter fools. They should feel proud to be able to offer their lives to the mighty Lord Chiquita [Qi’ji’ta].” The female priestess behind Heidens said with a cold snort.

Heidens laughed calmly.

“How many souls does Lord Chiquita still need before he will have completely recovered?” Heidens asked the white-robed priestess.

The priestess said respectfully, “Your Holiness, in the past year, we have already delivered several tens of thousands of people. Lord Chiquita has already recovered most of his strength, but according to what Lord Chiquita says, to completely recover, he will most likely need ten thousand more common souls.”

“Ten thousand more common souls? That will still take a long time.” Heidens frowned.

“But of course, ten Saint-level souls would be sufficient.” The white-robed priestess said.

Heidens frowned, casting a glance at the white-robed priestess. “Saint-level souls? Hmph. Remember, all you need to do is take good care of Lord Chiquita. Don’t get involved in anything else.”

“Yes.” The white-robed priestess said respectfully.

Heidens glanced towards the other end of the tunnel, then at the freshly washed slaves who were still being escorted in an unbroken stream through it. He sighed secretly, “Before draining their souls, he wants the slaves to be washed and changed into clean clothes? This Chiquita...ugh...”

Heidens actually felt some aversion towards this Chiquita.

But Heidens knew exactly how terrifyingly powerful Chiquita was.

Ever since the event which happened in the Anarchic Lands, where he had torn up the agreement with Linley and had their final falling out, Heidens had begun to carefully plan for what he would have to do in the event that Linley led a group of Saints to slaughter a path to the Sacred Isle.

“Fortunately, the Radiant Sovereign is munificent. At this moment of crisis, he permitted Lord Chiquita to descend.” Heidens murmured to himself.

But what Heidens didn’t know was that right now, Linley was currently leading a group of twenty five experts who were traversing through the ocean, flying at high speed to the Sacred Isle.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 7, Judgment Day Descends

From far off in the distance, the Radiant Church's Sacred Isle seemed so peaceful. A group of shadows was flying towards it at high speed from the horizon.

"Hold." Linley's voice rang out in everyone's mind, and instantly, all of the experts came to a halt at a distance of a few kilometers away from the Sacred Isle. The enormous draconic bodies of the Tyrant Wyrms, the Thunder Lizard, and the Gold Dragon swayed slightly in the air.

The three leaders, Linley, Tulily, and Desri, stared down at the distant island.

"That's the Sacred Isle. No mistaking it." Tulily nodded.

Linley's group could feel that enormous light-style aura. It felt the same as Fenlai City had in the past.

"First let myself and Delia give them a greeting gift." After having suppressed his hatred for so long, Linley's heart was now filled with rage.

"A greeting gift?" Tulily, Desri, and the other experts all looked at Linley and Delia.

Delia and Linley, wife and husband, exchanged a glance. They had already discussed this affair of attacking the Sacred Isle late into the previous night. Delia immediately began to murmur the words to a magic spell, while Linley did so as well.

"Wind-style forbidden-level magic?" The experts were all eagerly awaiting this spectacle.

Delia's eyes suddenly lit up, and her jade-like arms pointed towards the distant Sacred Isle.

"Rumble..."

Suddenly, a massive storm that was dozens of kilometers wide appeared out of nowhere.

Everywhere within line of sight was filled with blasts of wind which either formed into twisting tornados or powerful, knife-like gusts of wind. The ocean itself was beginning to stir!

The waves of the ocean quickly reached a height of hundreds of meters, and with a rumbling sound, the massive tidal waves crashed down towards the Sacred Isle like waves of soldiers.

When they reached the Sacred Isle, those tidal waves came crashing down viciously like mountains.

"Bang!" Under the attack of the tidal waves that were hundreds of meters high, those stone houses immediately shattered from the impact, and many boulders and trees were smashed to smithereens as well. Many of the Radiant Church's forces were directly smashed into a pulp.

This 'blowing' wind was actually acting like countless cutting blades.

This was...

Wind-style forbidden-level magic: Annihilating Tempest!!!

Wherever the Annihilating Tempest passed by, not a single shred of grass would be able to survive!

This wasn't that sort of ordinary, natural tempest. This was the 'Annihilating Tempest', formed from countless wind blades of all sizes. Even boulders and trees were effortlessly sliced into rubble by the countless wind blades.

A white radiant aura, centered around the ninth floor of the Radiant Temple, shot out in every direction. A visible white barrier was quickly expanding, and every place covered by this white barrier was protected against and blocked off from the energy of the Annihilating Tempest.

"What's going on? Who is attacking?" The leader of the Zealots, 'Lehman', grabbed a Vicar and growled at him.

"Don't know, I don't know." The white-robed Vicar seemed to have been scared silly by the power of the Annihilating Tempest. Just then, he had personally witnessed how those people in the distance had been sliced through by the countless wind blades of the Annihilating Tempest and turned into a pile of ground meat.

And just at this moment...

"Rumble..." The entire Sacred Isle was beginning to shake.

After having experienced the Annihilating Tempest, the lucky survivors of the Sacred Isle only numbered 10% of their former numbers. These lucky survivors were all experts of the seventh or eighth ranks. But against a forbidden-level spell, these experts were also utterly terrified.

"What is going on with the ground?" Many of the followers of the Church, their bodies soaked through and through by those earlier waves, felt the ground beneath their feet was unsteady.

"Crunch!" "Boom!"

The earth was constantly shaking. It was as though a series of ripples was expanding in every direction. These vibrations were causing the earth itself to break apart, and one massive crack in the earth appeared after another. Many experts, screaming, fell directly into those massive cracks...but that wasn't the worst part.

The worst part was in the skies. Countless massive boulders, covered with an earthen light, were crashing down wildly from the heavens.

"Bang!" Many of the members of the Church who were struck by these boulders were instantly turned into meat pulp.

"Lord!" Some hopeless believers raised their head and shouted, hoping that the Lord would save them.

And then...they were smashed flat by the massive descending boulders, and their blood stained the ground an eye-catching color. But soon, their blood was washed away by the water which was appearing from the cracks in the earth, and many half-smashed bodies were now floating about.

"Bastard." Lehman smashed forth with a fist viciously, breaking an enormous boulder above him into tiny pieces.

But he wasn't able to save any others!

"Who just used the earth-style forbidden-level spell, 'Heaven Collapses, Earth Shatters'?! " Lehman was howling in his mind.

Earth-style, forbidden-level spell: 'Heaven Collapses, Earth Shatters'!

Over two thirds of the ground of the Sacred Isle had sank down, with only the central third area where the Radiant Temple itself was located remaining. And yet, even this remaining third still had many large cracks in the ground.

The radius of the protective barrier of the Radiant Temple retracted once again.

They were afraid that the enemies would use yet another forbidden-level spell...and yes, their fears were correct.

This was nothing more than the appetizers. The faces of those very few lucky survivors suddenly changed, because suddenly, the large amounts of seawater around the Sacred Isle had suddenly frozen, and the cracked earth of the Sacred Isle suddenly was covered with a layer of ice. Frost had completely covered the entire area.

“Boom!”

The areas that were not under the direct protection of that barrier of the Radiant Temple were immediately frozen, then shattered. Countless boulders and mounds of dirt all shattered into tiny pieces, and then fell into the sea. But the freezing, then shattering of these boulders was just a side effect.

More importantly, due to the shrunk radius of the protective barrier of the Radiant Temple, many followers of the Church had been suddenly exposed, and they, too, were frozen, then shattered into tiny pieces.

Water-style, forbidden-level spell: Absolute Zero!

“Your Holiness, what should we do? What should we do?!” A nearby Cardinal was standing next to Heidens in terror and fear.

Heidens was standing on the ninth floor of the Radiant Temple, staring at what was happening from a distance.

“The most terrifying enemy of our Church...” Heidens’ face was ugly to behold. “Has come!”

“Don’t bother about the other areas. First, protect the Radiant Temple.”

Suddenly, Heidens’ face changed.

“What?!” Seeing what had happened through the window, Heidens was shocked as well.

After having suffered the ‘Absolute Zero’ attack, the Sacred Isle only had 20% of its original territory left. The Radiant Temple’s barrier was currently only protecting a few kilometers worth of space in the heart now.

Suddenly, a white light, like the rays of the sun, shone down on the tattered remnants of the island. The island, illuminated by that holy light, suddenly seemed to be much brighter, but then...everything that white light touched was transformed into dust, the people included!

Light-style, forbidden-level magic: World-Purifying Light!

After taking four forbidden-level spells in a row, the originally beautiful, graceful Sacred Island was now reduced to just the few square kilometers on which the Radiant Temple sat.

“When you two couples work together, you really are quite terrifying.” In mid-air, Tulily sighed in amazement.

“That was awesome.” Bebe’s excited little eyes were gleaming.

Just then, after Linley and Delia had cast their two major forbidden-level spells, Pennslyn and Desri had cast two major forbidden-level spells of their own. Earth-style, wind-style, water-style, light-style...four forbidden-level spells had struck out in sequence. Even if the Radiant Church had wanted to protect the entire island, there was no way it could have done so.

Right now, Linley’s eyes, sharp as daggers, were staring at the distant Radiant Temple.

“That was just the greeting gift. Come. Let’s start the battle.”

Linley led the way, flying towards the Radiant Temple, and the rest of the twenty five Saints flew alongside him.

All the high level members of the Radiant Temple were clustered here on the ninth floor. Through the massive window wall, they could clearly make out those twenty five experts flying towards them. Seeing this, their hearts all shuddered, but their leader, Heidens, was silent.

“That’s Linley. Linley has come.”

“And Desri! That traitor to the Church, Desri, who left long ago. He is so shameless to come back now? Everyone, what should we do?”

Everyone was frantic.

“Hrmph.” A cold snort rang out, and instantly, all of the high level members of the Church on the ninth floor quieted down. The Holy Emperor Heidens, who in the past had always been amiable and smiling, never revealing his rage even when utterly infuriated...was no longer hiding anything.

“Lehman. Fallen Leaf.” Heidens’ heavy voice shook the entire Radiant Temple, and even the area outside of it rang with his voice.

Two blurs appeared in the middle of the ninth floor of the Radiant Temple. It was the leader of the Zealots, Lehman, and the spiritual leader of the Ascetics, ‘Lord Fallen Leaf’.

“Lehman, we’ll be relying on you this time.” Heidens looked at Lehman.

“The ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’. This is the most powerful attack of our Church.” The emaciated Fallen Leaf looked at Lehman as well. “This time, we cannot afford to lose.”

Lehman’s chiseled, granite features appeared very cold. “Please don’t worry. We have fifteen Saint-level Four-Winged Angels, ten Saint-level Zealots, six Saint-level Ascetics, and four Saint-level Special Executors. Including me, we have a total of thirty six...we can form the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’. Linley’s group will definitely die.”

Heidens nodded slightly.

Only by including Lehman would they be able to reach the necessary number of thirty six Saints. Many of them were only early-stage and middle-stage Saints.

“The total strength of the Church, as well as our future prospects, are all at stake here.” In his heart, Heidens felt nervous. The Church had staked all of its Saint-level power on this battle.

The radius of the protective barrier coming from the Radiant Temple was rapidly shrinking, until finally retreating to a radius of just a few hundred meters around the Radiant Temple itself.

Dozens of figures emerged from within the Radiant Temple, with Heidens and Lord Fallen Leaf leading them. Heidens and Lord Fallen Leaf were both dressed in white robes, while Heidens was wielding a magistaff in his hands, and his bald head was gleaming with light.

“Heidens, you actually dare to come out!” Wharton growled coldly.

“Why shouldn’t I dare?” Heidens’ face was cold. He turned to look at Linley, with the demeanor of a high and mighty celestial spirit. “Linley, do you know that by acting in such a way, you are committing a great blasphemy against the Radiant Sovereign? This desire of yours to destroy the legacy of the Radiant Sovereign in the mortal world is an unpardonable sin.”

“Heidens, do you think I am one of your followers, to be fooled by you?”

Linley let out a cold laugh. “The Radiant Sovereign is an exalted Sovereign. His glorious light is spread across countless planes. How can the Sovereign possibly be bothered if just one or two of them have problems? What’s more, this is just a material plane which cannot possibly accommodate the mighty presence of a Sovereign!”

“Linley, don’t waste words with them. Let’s just kill them.” Tulily said.

In the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had been terror-stricken many times, but even there, he had never been as excited as he currently felt.

“Heidens, that year, when I left the city of Hess, I swore that I would definitely destroy your entire Radiant Church and pull it out by the roots. Now, today...” Linley looked calmly at Heidens. “Today is the day your Radiant Church is annihilated.”

Heidens looked at Linley, secretly hating himself. “In the past, after I found out that Linley knew about what happened to his mother, I shouldn’t have tried to have him become a ‘Blessed One’. I should have killed him early on.” At the same time, Heidens spoke mentally to Lehman. “Lehman, make your move.”

The many Saints behind Heidens suddenly began to move at high speed. These thirty six Saints were clearly preparing to set up the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’.

“Ah!” Suddenly, an agonized scream rang out.

One of Heidens’ Saints fell from the sky, his head crushed into smithereens.

“What do you think you are doing, eh?” Bebe waved his little paws, snickering as he stared at Heidens.

Heidens stared at Bebe, feeling as though Bebe’s smile was incomparably detestable. “Bastard.” No matter how well trained he was, Heidens couldn’t help but let out a curse. The Great Six-Point Battle Formation was now missing a person. What to do? Heidens could only glance at the nearby Lord Fallen Leaf, and mentally spoke to him, “Fallen Leaf, you go...” But just as he began to mentally speak, Heidens noticed a look of shock appear in the eyes of Fallen Leaf.

Heidens frantically turned his head back.

A devilish violet flash of light had already arrived next to him, and where the violet sword passed through, space itself was torn apart.

“Linley!” Heidens stared in shocked into Linley’s cold eyes.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 8, The Great Six-Point Battle Formation

A holy light suddenly sprang forth from Heidens' body, and Linley's Bloodviolet sword instantly began to move more slowly, as though it was mired in mud. At the same time, the wellspring of this holy light, the 'Radiant Scriptures', flew out from within Heidens' body, hovering above Heidens' head.

"Die!" Linley's face was cold and cruel. Although Bloodviolet's speed had been lessened and impacted, it still wasn't slow enough for the likes of Heidens' to dodge.

"No!" Heidens' frantically tried to dodge.

"Slash!"

Bloodviolet chopped down diagonally from Heidens' shoulder, and half of Heidens' body, including both of his legs, was chopped apart. That half of his body included his right arm, which had been holding his magistaff. With this chop, even the magistaff tumbled down.

"Ughhhh!!!" A suppressed, agonized cry escaped Heidens' lips.

But then, Heidens' remaining half of his body flew back at high speed, while the 'Radiant Scriptures' hovering over his head radiated a holy white light that quickly began to repair Heidens' wounds. His body was visibly regenerating. Actually, Heidens himself was very talented at light-style healing magic, but with this divine artifact, the 'Radiant Scriptures', his healing speed was even faster.

"Heidens, I didn't expect you to be able to survive even that. But it's for the better...I'll let you personally witness the true destruction of the Radiant Church." Linley said with complete confidence.

After his experiences in the Necropolis of the Gods, he now possessed the Pearl of Life and gained insights into the Profound Truths of Velocity. Linley was now far stronger than he had been before entering the Necropolis of the Gods, and he didn't hold the experts of the Radiant Church in front of him in any regard at all.

"Prepare to die, Linley." Lehman rumbled in his thick voice.

Including Lehman and Lord Fallen Leaf, thirty six Saint-level experts had suddenly move outwards, surrounding Linley's group.

"How laughable. You fellows didn't try to flee." Lehman, in mid-air, laughed coldly.

Linley, Tulily, Desri, and the others began to laugh as well. How could they not have noticed that the experts of the Radiant Church were surrounding them? Perhaps they were about to set up some sort of new, special battle formation, but Linley's group understood a simple principle; no matter how powerful a battle formation is, it is still only as powerful as the people who use it!

Tulily laughed coldly. "These Saints...most of them are early stage Saints. More importantly...your formation doesn't just surround one of us. It surrounds twenty five of us. The combined attacks of we twenty five Saints...I wonder if your formation would be able to hold on!"

"Whoosh...."

Heidens had already rapidly retreated to the door of the Radiant Temple. He raised his head, staring upwards into mid-air. Seeing that Linley's group had been trapped within the Great Six-Point Battle Formation, he couldn't help but feel wildly overjoyed, and he said in a loud voice, "Linley, you and your group came to die. Lehman, hurry up and kill them."

Just then, he had nearly lost his life. Heidens' heart was currently swelling with a murderous intent, but he himself wasn't powerful enough to take action.

"Yes, Your Holiness." Lehman was extremely confident as well.

Heidens took a deep breath, then started watching, slightly nervous. Although he was extremely confident in the power of the 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation', the enemy he was facing was Linley!

A person who created miracles!

Linley was currently carefully examining this so-called 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation' before him. In but a glance, Linley could tell that this 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation' should be the advanced version of the 'Angel Battle Formation', which was formed from six experts.

This 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation', however, had thirty six Saints divided into six parts.

Each of the six Saints in each part formed an 'Angel Battle Formation'.

The thirty six of them then formed a single whole, as the six 'Angel Battle Formations' once again merged with each other, forming this so-called 'Great Six-Point Battle Formation'.

"Could it be that they don't know that the Angel Battle Formation means nothing to me? Could it be that they think I would be stopped by a powered up Angel Battle Formation?" Linley was extremely confident.

The Four-Winged Angels...the wild Saint-level Zealots...the cold, merciless Saint-level Special Executors...the thirty six Saints were formed into a single whole, and terrifyingly powerful 'holy force' was constantly flowing through them. Amongst them, the director of this formation, Lehman, clearly had the most powerful holy force.

"Raaaaaaaargh!" 2.5 meters tall, and as massive and burly as a magical beast, Lehman let out a furious roar, brandishing that long staff of his, covered in holy light.

"Bang!" The long staff struck down from far away.

Instantly, a ray of holy energy that was dozens of meters long and as thick as a barrel blasted down from the staff. The holy energy's main target was Linley, but with a single movement, Linley dodged away from it when the beam of holy energy was still a meter away from him.

Linley was simply too fast!

"Everyone, don't try to take that beam of light on by yourself." Linley's voice rang out in Delia, Desri, Tulily, and the other experts' minds.

Although he hadn't touched the beam of light, even at the distance of one meter, Linley had sensed that his Pulseguard Defense was faintly trembling. After having been reinforced by the merged power of thirty six Saints, this attack was definitely comparable to a combination attack of a hundred Saints.

"Boom!" "Boom!" "Boom!"

One pillar of light blasted out after another, but after the beam of light dissipated, the holy energy actually returned to the formation.

“If this continues, their power will be virtually limitless.” Linley said to himself.

“Haha, everyone, attack together.” Tulily shouted loudly, and then a blood red blade flashed through the sky.

“Roooooooar!” The Tyrant Wyrn, the Thunder Lizard, and the Gold Dragon swept out with their draconic tails, smashing viciously towards the enemies.

“Die!” Barker and his brothers, who had been nursing their grief and hatred this entire time, had all transformed into Undying Warrior Saints. With a furious roar, the five brothers all brandished those astonishing greataxes smashing directly down towards the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ with mountain-splitting force!

As for Zassler, he had summoned eight Saint-level departed souls! Zassler’s eyes were flashing nonstop with jade green light.

Linley, Wharton, Bebe, Miller, Livingston, Ford, Higgingson, and the other Saints all attacked the formation at the same time as well.

With the Saint-level departed souls added in, their side had over thirty peak-stage Saints!

“Bang!” “Bang!” “Bang!” “Bang!”

Rips in space appeared and disappeared like an electric snake was tearing through the sky, but that white light endured and continued!

The wild attacks caused the entire formation to vibrate wildly, but in the end, it still managed to stabilize. The faces of a few of those thirty six Saints had turned somewhat pale, but as the holy light flooded through their bodies, they quickly recovered.

“Whew. It’s fine!” The distant Heidens felt a surge of joy.

“We held on. We really held on!” Heidens had worried that this ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ wouldn’t be able to hold on in the face of so many experts attacking together.

“Linley, you will definitely die.” Heidens finally felt confident.

If even Linley, when joining forces with all the other experts, wasn’t able to break through, what did they have to be afraid of? After all, the energy of the attacks of this ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ which were aimed at the inside of the formation would return to the formation, making the available energy virtually limitless. No matter how long this fight lasted for, the Radiant Church wouldn’t be afraid.

“Haha...” Lord Lehman laughed loudly in his thick, rumbling voice.

The Radiant Church’s side all had excited smiles on their faces.

“The power of this formation is quite something.” Linley sighed in praise.

“Right. It really is powerful. Our full power attacks were quickly depleted by the energy of this formation, abrading the great majority of the strength of the attacks. Only ten or twenty percent of our power managed to get through and land on the bodies of those thirty six.” Desri sighed in praise as well.

The power of their combined attacks, even reduced to ten or twenty percent, was still enough to cause some of those weaker thirty six Saints to be injured.

The difference in power between the two sides was simply too great.

Only, the duplicative merged power of this formation was simply too great, and it also possessed the healing properties of light-style energy.

“Desri, watch me.” With a flip of his hand, Linley withdrew his adamantine heavy sword.

Linley swept Lehman and Fallen Leaf with his gaze. He praised, “I have to admit, this formation your Radiant Church possesses truly does have incredible defense. However...could it be that you aren’t aware that this sort of formation is useless against me?”

“Whoosh!” With a flash, Linley charged towards Lehman’s side.

“Die.” Linley’s eyes were filled with fierceness.

The adamantine heavy sword in his hand struck out gently, like a falling leaf, but its speed was actually as fast and vicious as a bolt of lightning. In an instant, it landed against the white glow, and a terrifying vibrational force passed straight through it, virtually ignoring it as it attacked Lehman.

Profound Truths of the Earth – Throbbing Pulse of the World, 64 Fused Waves!

“Huh?” Linley suddenly frowned.

Linley could clearly sense that the vibrational waves, upon reaching Lehman’s arm, instantly made it explode, but the holy energy immediately began to visibly repair the damage done at high speed.

“Not good.” Linley instantly understood the difference between this Great Six-Point Battle Formation and the Angel Battle Formation.

The six parts of the Angel Battle Formation were represented by six people.

If Linley were to attack one part of the Angel Battle Formation and his adamantine heavy sword were to land against a person, the vibrational waves would have a high probability of directly destroying that person’s internal organs. The assorted experts of the Angel Battle Formation wouldn’t be able to dodge at all!

But the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ was different. Its six parts were actually made up of six people that were formed into one whole.

Linley’s adamantine heavy sword hadn’t actually clashed with any weapons. To be precise, this attack of Linley’s was actually aimed towards the entire group of six people in that unit, but the vibration travelled in a straight line. Whoever it attacked would be the one to be damaged!

This sort of straight-line attack would naturally be avoided by the opponents, especially when Lehman and the others sensed that strange force penetrate the ‘holy power’ protecting them.

Although the speed of the vibrations was quite fast, it would only be enough to injure Lehman.

“Linley, so this is that ‘legendary’ technique of yours, the Profound Truths of the Earth?” Lehman’s eyes were gleaming, and he laughed loudly, “Haha...if this was the Angel Battle Formation, you truly would be able to succeed, but did you think that the Radiant Church would step in the same pit twice? Haha...”

Lord Fallen Leaf had a hint of a smile on his face as well. “The Great Six-Point Battle Formation is formed from six groups of six people. As soon as your Profound Truths of the Earth penetrates the holy energy, they will be able to sense it and can instantly move to make sure their vitals are not struck. You won’t be able to easily kill any one of them.”

“Linley, weren’t you feeling very confident, just now?” One of the Special Executor Saints in the formation said in a cold voice.

But Linley began to laugh.

Delia, Tulily, Desri, and the others all began to laugh.

“Boss, you’ve made a fool of yourself.” Bebe laughed.

Linley laughed as well. “I really did underestimate this Angel Battle Formation.”

The Radiant Church’s forces were all rather angry now, because Linley’s side was still chatting and laughing amongst each other, as though this formation was nothing to them at all. But at the same time, Lehman, Fallen Leaf, and the others began to feel uneasy. How could the enemy be so confident? Did they have something up their sleeves?

“Do they have some sort of method to break our formation?” Lehman worried.

“Lehman, shrink the area covered by the formation. Force them into tighter quarters, then kill them.” Heidens’ voice rang out from afar.

“Fine.” Lehman didn’t think about it anymore.

The thirty six Saints of the Radiant Church instantly began to draw closer together, reducing the volume and space covered by this ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’.

“Linley, stop playing around with them.” Desri said mentally to him.

Linley nodded slightly. “Delia, make your move.” Linley’s voice rang out in Delia’s consciousness. Delia smiled slightly, then all by herself, flew at high speed towards Lehman, who paid no attention to her at all.

“She dares to draw near? She’s asking for death.” Lehman laughed coldly to himself.

If Linley was to draw near, Lehman would perhaps be a bit nervous, but this was Delia. Why would he care?

But just as Delia was within ten meters or so of Lehman, Delia’s aura suddenly transformed.

“Rumble...”

An area of several dozen meters around her was affected. Lehman and the rest of his six, who were closest to Delia, suddenly couldn’t move at all, and even the flow of holy energy that was circulating amongst them came to a sudden halt. Because Lehman and his men were unable to move, and the holy energy in their bodies was suddenly separated from the rest of the formation, the entire Great Six-Point Battle Formation instantly shattered.

“She...she’s a Deity?!” Lehman’s eyes were filled with shock, but he couldn’t move.

The other thirty or so Saints were utterly mystified.

“Lehman, what’s going on?!” They didn’t understand why Lehman and the others had stopped using the formation, and had even stopped circulating the holy energy.

“Bang!” Bebe ripped the skull of one of the Saints to pieces. “Haha, you have no clue, right?”

“This Godrealm technique, even an imperfect one, is still able to prevent the opponent from moving for an instant.” Linley and Delia exchanged a glance, and the husband and wife couple both laughed.

The Godrealm was definitely the biggest reason why Deities were able to look down upon Saints with such contempt. Even this imperfect ‘Godrealm’ which Delia used was able to cause the opponent to be unable to move for a second or two. After all, even Linley, upon being affected by it, had been frozen for one or two seconds.

In a battle between Saints, these one or two seconds would determine life and death!

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 9, The Descent

Because of the appearance of the Godrealm, the ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ had been disrupted in one part, causing the entire ‘Great Six-Point Battle Formation’ to collapse. As soon as the formation had collapsed, Bebe had immediately killed a Saint.

“Haha, let’s begin the slaughter.”

The practitioner of the Way of Destruction, Tulily, shouted loudly, and each time the blood colored scimitar in his hands lit up, a Saint was chopped to death.

“Kill!” Barker and his brothers, the five Undying Warrior Saints, had ferocious looks on their faces. They roared angrily, brandishing their greataxes as they chopped towards the Saints close to them.

As for the Grand Magus Necromancer, Zassler, he laughed insidiously, utilizing spiritual attacks while simultaneously ordering his eight Saint-level departed souls to attack those pitiable Saints on the side of the Radiant Church. “Die...die...don’t you fellows love to kill ‘heathens’? All of you, die.”

As for the fastest person amongst them...without question, that was Linley.

With a flicker of his body, Linley charged towards Lord Fallen Leaf. If they were to discuss who was the strongest person on the side of the Radiant Church, Linley’s opinion was that it would be this person, the spiritual leader of the Ascetics. The skinny Lord Fallen Leaf saw Linley fly over, and he couldn’t help but immediately fly backwards in shock and anger.

“Lord Fallen Leaf, no need to flee.” Linley’s voice rang out in Fallen Leaf’s mind.

“Swish! A devilish violet light flashed.

The edge of that violet light had a hint of faint blue light. Wherever the violet sword went, a small seam in space itself was immediately ripped open. Lord Fallen leaf’s body radiated countless lines of white light, wanting to entangle that Bloodviolet sword, but as soon as they touched those tiny seams in space, those white threads of light instantly collapsed.

“Slash!”

Linley’s Bloodviolet sword chopped down directly towards Fallen Leaf’s head. It was like a tiny line had appeared in the middle of Fallen Leaf’s skull. The sword sliced through the skull, but the skull actually didn’t split apart. Only, a bloody line appeared straight through his head.

“Linl...Linley...” Lord Fallen Leaf looked at Linley. In the moment of his death, he thought back to that day when Guillermo had brought Linley to him to be trained as his apprentice.

At that time, Lord Fallen Leaf had refused Linley...

“I will only teach those with kind hearts and pure souls. But you...your heart is filled with an excessive desire to kill. I will not teach you.”

Thinking back to that scene, Fallen Leaf had a bitter feeling in his heart.

An excessive desire to kill?

Who would have thought that in the end, he would have died by Linley's hands.

And then, Fallen Leaf's consciousness vanished and dissipated!

As soon as Linley's side had begun massacring the forces of the Radiant Emperor, Heidens, standing at the entrance to the Radiant Temple, began to tremble. His entire body shook, and then he turned towards the white-robed priestess behind him and mentally barked, "Hurry, hurry and ask Lord Chiquita to come, hurry!!!"

"Yes, Your Holiness." The white-robed priestess within the Radiant Temple immediately ran at high speed towards the insides of the Radiant Temple.

Holy Emperor Heidens gripped the 'Radiant Scriptures', staring at the scene above, his heart trembling. "Died. They all died." Heidens' heart ached. These dead Saints had been the reason why the Radiant Church had been able to maintain its grip on power in the Yulan continent.

Some of these Saints might have had the potential to one day surpass him in power and become the next Holy Emperor.

"Too late. It's all too late." Heidens felt boundless grief and rage in his heart.

"But...there is still hope!" Heidens' ground his teeth. "As long as we can kill that Linley, after a few more centuries of training and gathering new forces, our Radiant Church can definitely grow strong again."

Heidens' face suddenly changed. He cried out in shock, "Fallen Leaf!"

Right at that moment, Lord Fallen Leaf's corpse fell down from mid-air.

As Lord Fallen Leaf died, twenty eight other Saints of the thirty six the Radiant Church had started with had died as well.

Only eight were left!

The rate at which they had been killed caused the members of the Radiant Church who had witnessed this to feel shock and terror in their hearts.

"This Linley..." Heidens found out, to his amazement, that Linley next charged straight towards Lehman. Lehman had finally broken free of Delia's 'Godrealm'. After all, her Godrealm was an imperfect one, and was only capable of trapping him for a few seconds.

"Linley!" Lehman roared with fury, delivering a full-forced stick smash towards Linley.

Wherever the staff passed through, space itself rippled.

"Die." Linley said calmly.

A devilish violet light passed through the staff, which instantly snapped into two parts. Wherever the devilish violet light passed, space itself was instantly torn apart. The spatial rip actually tore straight through Lehman's body, and his tall, massive body was instantly split into two halves.

Dimensional Decapitator!

With a flash of the sword, Lehman's skull exploded.

Linley turned and stared at the distant Heidens.

“Heidens. It is your turn, now.” Linley’s voice seemed to echo throughout the heavens.

With Lehman and Fallen Leaf dead, the Saints on the side of the Radiant Church primarily only consisted of early and middle stage Saints. In front of experts like Tulily, Desri, and Bebe, they didn’t have any ability to fight back at all.

In but a few seconds, all thirty six Saints on the side of the Radiant Church had perished. Not a single one had managed to even escape.

“Heidens, what, are you planning to hide within the Radiant Temple, beneath the defensive formation of the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’?” Standing in midair, holding the bloodstained Bloodviolet in his hand, Linley stared down at the terrified Holy Emperor, Heidens.

Once upon a time...

In Fenlai City, the young Linley had wanted to slay the King of Fenlai Kingdom, Clayde, to avenge his parents. At that time, Holy Emperor Heidens had stood in midair as well, easily dominating and maintaining control of the situation and of Linley.

There were hundreds of members of the Radiant Church within the Radiant Temple, but they didn’t even have a place to flee!

The shattered remnants of the Sacred Isle were surrounded by the sea. If they wanted to flee, they would have to flee into the endless sea...but none of them were capable of flight. Even if one of them was a wind-style magus, Linley’s side, including the Saint-level undead, numbered over thirty Saints. How could they possibly be fast enough to escape?

All they could do was hide inside the Radiant Temple.

The Radiant Temple was the last thing they could rely on.

“What should I do? What should I do?” Heidens was extremely nervous. “The Radiant Temple definitely won’t be able to hold on for too long.”

The greatest, final source of support for the Radiant Church had been the Great Six-Point Battle Formation. The ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’ only relied on the magicite gems stored within the Radiant Temple to power it, and definitely wouldn’t be able to withstand the power of the repeated attacks of Linley’s group of thirty-plus Saints.

“Why hasn’t Lord Chiquita arrived yet?” Heidens was frantic.

“Quick, you go underground as well and ask Lord Chiquita to come.” Heidens mentally said to an Ascetic behind him.

“Yes, Your Holiness.” This Ascetic was very worried as well.

Holy Emperor Heidens stared at Linley’s group, hovering in mid-air. Instantly, his face changed, because he noticed that Linley and Delia had both fallen silent. No one else was speaking either; everyone’s attention seemed to be focused on the two of them.

“They are chanting a magical incantation!” Heidens instantly could tell.

“They have multiple Grand Magus Saints. If they were to all cast forbidden-level spells at the same time, and then have the others attack at the same time, the Radiant Temple definitely wouldn’t be able to hold on.” Heidens felt as though he were an ant atop a heated saucepan. He was utterly frantic now.

He turned his head yet again. “Why hasn’t Lord Chiquita come yet? What is going on?”

The ‘Lord Chiquita’ which Heidens had placed all his hope in had still yet to appear.

“Chiiiiiiii.”

An enormous, faint blue ‘Dimensional Edge’, at least twenty meters long, suddenly flew out from Linley, carrying a destructive surge of energy towards the Radiant Temple. By Delia’s side, a second Dimensional Edge, five or six meters long, also flew out.

Two Dimensional Edge spells, one large, one small, attacking at the same time!

“How could this Dimensional Edge be so huge?” Everyone hiding within the Radiant Temple, Heidens included, felt utterly shocked upon seeing this scene.

Dimensional Edge spells were generally three or four meters long. If they reached five or six meters in length, it was a sign that the Grand Magus Saint casting it was going all out.

Twenty meters?

How could they have imagined that Linley possessed a monstrously powerful supportive divine artifact like the Coiling Dragon ring?

“Chiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” The Dimensional Edges chopped down against the walls of the Radiant Temple, and the Radiant Temple instantly lit up. A holy, dazzling light emanated out, frantically striving to block the Dimensional Edge spells, but this Dimensional Edge which Linley had cast was simply too enormous.

“Crunch!”

The entire Radiant Temple shuddered. Many people within it, Heidens included, noticed that the walls of the Radiant Temple were beginning to crack.

“The Radiant Temple is no longer able to hold on. Everyone, all together, let’s destroy it!” Wharton roared with fury, and then, brandishing the warblade ‘Slaughterer’, charged forward. Instantly, the three Saint-level dragons, Bebe, the Barker brothers...the experts all charged forward.

But Delia noticed that Linley had suddenly changed.

“Linley, what is it?”

Linley, staring at the cracking, shattering Radiant Temple in front of him, had a very complicated mixture of feelings in his heart. How long had he waited for this day, the day of the destruction of the Radiant Church?

“I’m fine.” Linley chuckled. “Hrm, what is that Heidens doing?”

Heidens, seeing the many experts charging forward, ground his teeth, then immediately knelt down. The ‘Radiant Scriptures’ he had been holding in his hands suddenly flew into the air above Heidens, and Heidens immediately bowed down, pressing his head against the floor.

Heidens’ entire body began to glow with an eye-piercing brilliant light.

Faint lines of blood began to emerge from Heidens' body, staining his white robe. Heidens raised his head, his eyes shooting forth two rays of piercing golden light, which struck directly upon that holy scripture.

"Lord, let your Glory descend and exterminate these Blasphemers!"

Heidens' voice was incomparably ancient.

"Bang!" At this moment, the Radiant Temple came under the combined attack of the thirty-plus Saints, and the magical defensive formation instantly shattered. The nine-floor tall Radiant Temple collapsed, and the members of the Church within it let out cries of agony.

But at the same time, the holy scripture began to glow with an incomparably eye-piercing golden brilliance. The golden brilliance floated in the air above Heidens, forming into golden flower petals.

These 'golden flower petals' were slowly opening and unfurling.

Linley, Bebe, Tulily, Desri, Delia, and the other experts all watched this scene cautiously. They saw that from within the golden flower petals, a barefooted, muscular man with short silver hair and hemp clothes suddenly appeared, wielding a spear in his hands.

A terrifying aura was emanating from this barefooted, muscular man with short silver hair.

"It is you...who have summoned me?" The muscular spear-wielding man lowered his head, looking at Heidens. "Blasphemers? Where?"

Heidens' eyes lit up, and he immediately pointed towards Linley's group. "O Mighty One, that group of Saints before us are all Blasphemers."

The spear-wielding muscular man stood in mid-air, and with two steps, he walked outside of the Radiant Temple, turning his gaze towards Linley's group.

The aura which this muscular, spear wielding man was emanating was one which Linley and Desri were very familiar with.

This was the aura of a Deity!

"Linley, this is the apparition of a Deity from the Divine Realm of Light. The apparitions of Deity are only formed from energy and don't possess divine sparks. Their energy is limited to that of Prime Saints, and can't possibly reach the Demigod level." Desri's voice rang out in Linley's mind.

Linley immediately calmed down.

"However, we still need to be careful. Although the apparitions are constrained by the bounds of these material planes to have the power of Prime Saints, their understandings of the Laws are at their full level. If their true body is that of a Highgod, then the apparitions will have a Highgod level of understanding of the Laws!" Desri's face was solemn.

Even if the apparition was limited to the power of Prime Saints, if the apparition had the insights of a Highgod, most likely even a Demigod would be easily killed by it.

The spear-wielding, muscular man swept Linley's group with his gaze. "I am Belzie [Ba'er'sai'ze], the Third Guardian under the command of Lord Plaker [Pu'lei'ke'er]. Die, Blasphemers!" The muscular man's spear suddenly pierced through the air, arriving in front of Linley in an instant.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 10 Lord Chiquitas!

“Crunch!”

Although Linley immediately dodged, the spear still pierced through Linley’s throat, then instantly returned to Belsize’s hands.

“So fast.” Linley felt utterly shocked. A faint green light quickly covered the wound, allowing his throat to rapidly return to normal.

Belsize glanced at Linley in surprise, then let out a sigh of approval. “I didn’t expect that you would be in possession of a Pearl of Life. It seems that you are the leader of these Blasphemers, then.” Although he had discovered Linley was in possession of a Pearl of Life, Belsize was still completely confident.

This attack of Belsize had caused all of the experts on Linley’s side to feel terror.

“That attack only pierced through your throat. This next attack, I will use to pierce through your soul. Let’s see how you will dodge this.” Belsize moved, transforming into a line of bright light and piercing through the air. As for Linley, he immediately utilized the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ to fly backwards and retreat.

Linley was fast. But Belsize was even faster!

The Bloodviolet sword in Linley’s hand, covered with that faint blue aura, chopped directly towards Belsize’s head.

Belsize smiled disdainfully. Dodging backwards, he avoided the strike of Bloodviolet, and then the spear in his hand shot out like a ray of light, piercing through the heavens towards Linley’s skull. The speed of this attack was simply too fast, and Linley didn’t have any time to dodge at all.

“Clang!”

Bloodviolet seemed to have teleported, as it clashed against the side of the spear. The spear shuddered, then just missed Linley, passing by his head.

“Your attack has a hint of the ‘Dimensional Edge’ about it, and your speed isn’t bad either.” Belsize was wielding his spear again, chuckling calmly as he looked at Linley. “Even in the countless, myriad planes of the universe, amongst Saints, you can be considered to be amongst the highest class. A pity...”

Belsize’s face grew solemn, and then he swept his arm out.

“Boom!”

A burst of dim white light shot directly towards Linley. Linley had been extremely cautious, and so as soon as the white light shot at him, Linley immediately flew backwards, retreating without even pausing to think.

“Hissss...” The parts of his body which the white light touched all immediately disintegrated into ash.

“Whew.” Having just barely escaped the area of the white light, Linley let out a secret sigh of relief.

Right now, his forehead was matted in sweat. His entirely disintegrated legs were quickly regrowing, and he stared in terror and rage at the distant Belsize. “His speed is several times faster than mine, and it seems he hasn’t gone all out yet either. Even a casual blow from him is so terrifying.”

In terms of power and energy levels, Linley and Belsize were on par.

But in terms of understanding the Laws...

The difference was simply enormous!

“Boss!” Bebe’s voice rang out in Linley’s mind. “If you can’t hold on, then flee.” Bebe was nervous as well. Desri and the others had fled far away long ago and were watching from afar. They had to admit...that their power was far lower than Linley’s.

If Linley was unable to defeat the opponent, then they wouldn’t be able to either.

“Hissss...” Suddenly, a Dimensional Edge suddenly shot towards Belsize at high speed. It had been cast by Delia.

“Dimensional Edge.” The other experts, Linley included, all felt a thread of hope.

Belsize glanced at the Dimensional Edge, neither dodging nor retreating. When the Dimensional Edge reached his body, only then did Belsize suddenly retreat at high speed.

The Dimensional Edge flew forwards, and Belsize flew backwards.

“What?!”

Everyone, Linley included, felt shock and terror, because they knew exactly how fast the ‘Dimensional Edge’ was...and yet it was still slower than Belsize. Belsize had a faint smile on his face, easily maintaining the distance between himself and the Dimensional Edge.

After the Dimensional Edge dissipated, Belsize came to a halt as well.

“Dimensional Edge? It has been such a long time since I have encountered it. What a nostalgic feeling.” Belsize sighed.

Linley’s face changed.

It was hopeless!

It was utterly hopeless!

“Retreat, everyone, retreat, quickly, quickly!!!” Linley’s voice suddenly rang out in the minds of Tulily, Desri, and the other experts.

Not hesitating at all, Tulily and the other experts immediately began to flee in every which way.

“Fleeing?” Belsize’s face turned cold. “Hrmph.”

Belsize suddenly raised his level of speed to the limit, appearing in front of Linley in the blink of an eye, and Linley immediately flew backwards.

But just at that moment, Belsize's body suddenly came to a halt, a hint of surprise and anger in his eyes. "A Deity?" Linley suddenly realized that Delia was close to them, and he hurriedly, frantically messaged her mentally, "Delia, quick, leave!"

Delia had just utilized her 'Godrealm'.

However, this 'Belsize' was nothing more than an apparition, an energy construct. He had no soul, only a linked thread of awareness. If this was a true 'Godrealm', perhaps there would have been some effect, but this imperfect 'Godrealm' had virtually no effect on him.

Belsize's body paused for only the briefest of instants, and then he turned to look at Delia, his gaze cold. "You haven't even successfully fused with the divine spark in its entirety, and yet you dare to use it?"

"Swoosh!" The spear immediately shot out from his hands, and the target...was Delia!

"Delia!" Linley was shocked.

"Clang!"

A metallic ringing sound. The spear returned to Belsize's hands, its mission unaccomplished. Belsize stared at Delia in astonishment. "A set of divine battle armor? You actually have divine battle armor?"

"Delia, leave, quickly. I'll hold him down. Quick!" Linley mentally said to her frantically.

Linley knew that given Belsize's speed, if he chased after any one of them, that person would definitely be caught up to and killed.

"No." Delia didn't leave. She stared at Linley, her eyes slightly misty. "If we die, we die together."

"Delia..." Linley's heart was extremely confused and torn.

He hadn't expect that the Holy Emperor, Heidens, would have this final card up his sleeve. To summon the specter of a Deity, and one of such terrifying power, at that...

"I was overconfident, too overconfident. If I had been a bit more prudent, and had immediately killed Heidens at the beginning! If I hadn't given him the chance to summon this specter, none of this would have happened." Linley hated himself for his mistake. And at this moment, Belsize charged towards Delia once more."

At this point in time, Belsize's primary target had actually become Delia.

"A divine spark, and a set of divine battle armor..." Belsize flew over at high speed. "I didn't expect that in this material plane, there would actually be someone so astonishingly stupid. If she had actually finished fusing her divine spark, it truly would be quite hard for me to kill her. But as things stand..."

A cold light flashed through Belsize's eyes.

"Delia, quick, leave!" Linley was utterly beside himself with panic, shooting towards Belsize at maximum speed.

But Linley was behind Belsize, and he was slower than Belsize to begin with. How could he possibly catch up?

"Shkreeeeeeeeee!!!"

Suddenly, a heaven-shaking, high-pitched shriek rang out, and a black shadow charged forward from behind Delia. Ignoring everything, it charged straight towards Belsize with explosive fury, transforming into eight shadows, all of which revealed cold, sharp fangs and fierce claws. It was Bebe!

Linley was instantly stunned.

“Bebe, quick, flee!” Linley was about to go insane.

Bebe, block Belsize? How could he possibly hold!

“A little mouse?” A look of contempt flashed through Belsize’s eyes. The speed of the rat-type magical beast in front of him was lower than Linley. How could Belsize be bothered by it? As for this Shadowshape Doppelganger Technique, Belsize could tell at one glance where Bebe’s true body was.

The spear in Belsize’s hand swept out.

“Slash!” The spear pierced directly into Bebe’s body. But even then, Bebe still opened his maw, wanting to bite down at Belsize, his two eyes filled with a hint of insanity.

“Boss, quick, run, run!!!!” Bebe’s voice rang in Linley’s mind.

Bebe stared forcefully at Linley with his two eyes.

It was as though in this last moment of his life, he wanted to take one more look at Linley.

“Boss, run for it!” Bebe’s little eyes were filled with unshed tears.

“Bebe!” Linley felt his mind go blank. Seeing Bebe spitted on that spear, Linley’s tears began to fall out uncontrollably. He felt so powerless. He wanted to save Bebe, but he didn’t have the ability to do so! Linley’s entire body began to shudder from his agony.

“Huh?” Belsize’s eyes suddenly opened wide with astonishment and rage.

After his spear had just penetrated partway through Bebe, he wasn’t able to push any further. Suddenly, a surge of black light instantly erupted forth from Bebe’s body, directly attacking Belsize’s mind, destroying that linked thread of awareness. As it did so, an ice-cold voice rang out in his mind.

“Belsize, how dare you! When I have some free time, I will pay a personal visit to your Lord Plaker!”

Belsize’s body instantly crumbled away and dissipated.

“Boss, Boss!” Bebe instantly scurried towards Linley.

Surprised and delighted, Delia flew over as well. Linley was standing there in mid-air, utterly stupefied. What had happened?

Just moments ago, he had been filled with utter despair and regret. But now, the incomparably powerful Belsize had suddenly dissipated, and Bebe hadn’t died.

“Bebe isn’t dead!” Linley’s eyes suddenly lit up.

“Bebe.” Linley immediately grabbed Bebe, pulling him in for a tight hug.

“Boss.” Bebe rubbed his little head comfortably against Linley’s chest.

“Delia.” Linley reached out to embrace Delia as well. Just moments ago, he had been in the grip of a nightmare, but now...he felt as though he truly understood what ‘happiness’ meant.

Within the shattered remnants of the Radiant Temple, in a room, there was a tall, three-eyed man with a pair of goose-like wings on his back. The man was staring out the window. He had watched the entire battle, from start to finish. “Even the specter of Lord Belsize was destroyed. How is that possible? That ‘Linley’ fellow’s power is on par with mine, but there’s no way he could possibly destroy the shadow of Lord Belsize.”

The three-eyed man considered his options.

“Best to simply leave. As for that Heidens...leave him to his fate.”

The tall, muscular man leapt out from within a window in the Radiant Temple. His wings trembled gently, and then he transformed into a line of light, disappearing into the horizon. His speed was incredibly fast, on par with Linley.

Heidens’ face seemed ancient and decrepit. His eyes were dim.

The execution of the ‘Deity’s Descent’ technique which was only taught to each Holy Emperor was something which had caused great harm to Heidens. Not just in terms of mageforce; his spiritual energy had been entirely used up, and even his soul had been badly damaged. There was no way he could possibly recover without spending a century in rest.

“He lost?” Seeing Belsize’s form dissipate, he couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Your Holiness, what should we do?” The Church members behind him were all terror-stricken. Just then, they had been celebrating their impending victory, but now...

Heidens stood up, turning and roaring with anger, “Where is Lord Chiquitas? Why hasn’t Lord Chiquitas come? Go find him!!!” At this point in time, their one and only hope was Lord Chiquitas. Heidens had personally witnessed Lord Chiquitas’ power before.

He should be able to deal with Linley.

“Heidens, what are you shouting about?”

Heidens turned his head. Linley, with Bebe in one arm and holding Delia’s hand with the other, walked into the main hall of the Radiant Temple.

“Linley...” Heidens, after having utilized the ‘Deity’s Descent’ technique, was unable to fight back any longer. “Linley, don’t be so smug. The Radiant Church will never be destroyed, and the glory of the Lord will forever illuminate the endless reaches of the world.” Heidens growled with fury.

Right at this moment, a white-robed priestess came running over.

Heidens noticed the white-robed priestess. This was the one he had sent to go find Lord Chiquitas. Heidens suddenly felt a hint of hope. “Lord Chiquitas?”

The white-robed priestess was so panicked, she was crying. “Your Holiness, Lord Chiquitas is no longer here any longer. He’s left. I can’t find him. I looked everywhere, but I can’t find him!” The white-robed priestess also sensed what the situation was.

“No...” Heidens seemed to have been struck by a bolt of lightning. He was utterly stunned.

Heidens instantly understood everything. Given how major this battle had been, if Chiquitas had been planning to get involved, he would have done so long ago, but he did not...clearly, Chiquitas didn't want to get involved, and had fled long ago.

“Aaaaaaaaaah!!!” Heidens let out a furious, unrepentant howl.

Looking at Heidens, who was in such agony that he seemed about to go insane, as well as those other terrified high-level members of the Church, Linley felt his heart become peaceful. He spoke. “The Radiant Church...will never exist again.”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 11 One Night

“Boom!”

The remnants of the Sacred Isle began to tremble violently, as though there were thousands of enormous beasts beneath it that were shaking it. One enormous crack after another appeared in the Sacred Isle, and endless amounts of seawater poured in, covering the entire Sacred Isle.

The Radiant Temple, already collapsed, no longer had the protection of the ‘Glory of the Radiant Sovereign’. It was now no different from any ordinary building, and these massive vibrations caused the collapsed Radiant Temple to break down even more. On the remnants of the island, many enormous boulders were raining down from the skies, and the few remaining survivors of the Radiant Church fled in terror into the seas, hoping to avoid those countless boulders and prevent them from smashing down on them.

Forbidden-level magic – Heaven Collapses, Earth Shatters!

Linley stood in mid-air, with Bebe on his shoulders and Delia’s hand in his own. He stared from afar at the collapsing, distant Sacred Isle. Soon, the entire Sacred Isle disappeared into the ocean without a trace. Where the Sacred Isle had previously been, there was now nothing besides rolling waves and a few corpses that occasionally rose to the surface of the sea.

Linley quietly watched this scene.

Delia, conscientiously, didn’t make a sound. After a long time...

“Let’s go.” Linley let out a long sigh.

Holding Linley’s hand in her own, Delia smiled. “What are you thinking about?”

“The past.” Linley said.

“Boss, the past? Do you have some profound thoughts about the past?” Bebe smirked from his position on Linley’s shoulders.

Linley laughed, glancing at Bebe. “What sort of profound thoughts can I have? Enough, let’s go home!”

“Right. Go home!”

Delia and Bebe both felt their hearts tremble. Just then, the three of them had nearly died, but now, all of them were going home safely. This sort of sudden changes in fortune naturally had mentally affected them.

The ocean wind continued to blow. In mid-air, Linley, Delia, and Bebe flew at high speed towards the eastern horizon.

Staring into the boundless eastern skies, Linley suddenly felt as though he were staring at everything he had encountered during this part of his life.

“Father. Mother. The Radiant Church has finally been destroyed.” A hint of a smile appeared on Linley’s face.

“Father, do you still remember what you told me that year? The two greatest desires you had was for me to bring back the ancestral heirloom of our clan, the warblade ‘Slaughterer’...and for the clan to be restored to its former glory.”

“The warblade ‘Slaughterer’ is back now, and the Baruch Empire has been founded. Our Baruch clan is now one of the most powerful clans in the entire Yulan continent.”

“Grandpa Doebling, when I was young, I did everything for my father and for the goals of the clan. I took on the hopes of the clan onto myself. If I had been forced to rely on myself for everything, it would have been very hard to accomplish all these things. But because I had you, Grandpa Doebling...you changed my life. Training magic...the Straight Chisel School of sculpting...your help, your tutelage, allowed me to grow one step at a time. It was you who helped me this entire time.”

“When you died, I swore an oath to destroy and uproot the Radiant Church in its entirety. How many years has it been? I’ve never dared to forget that oath.”

“Now...I’ve succeeded.”

“Grandpa Doebling, I feel so relaxed now. Truly. I feel relaxed in my heart. Right now, I’m holding hands with my beloved wife, and by my side is Bebe, who has braved life and death along my side. Grandpa Doebling, if you were still alive, you would definitely feel very happy for me.”

“No matter how much time passes, I, Linley, will forever remember your tutelage for me in my youth. Grandpa Doebling...thank you...”

Soaring above the seas and facing the east, Linley’s eyes were so very bright!

From his childhood years until now, Linley had always been carrying many burdens. His mind had always been under great pressure, but today, Linley was finally at ease!

He could finally live a carefree, happy, wonderful life!

The Holy Emperor Heidens, Lehman, and Fallen Leaf had all died in battle. The thirty-plus other Saints had all fallen as well. Even the Sacred Isle and the Radiant Temple had turned to rubble and disappeared within the vast sea. Although the Holy Union still had many Church members in it, without any Saints to serve as their foundation, the Radiant Church was destined to never be able to flourish again.

Dragonblood Castle.

Because of the complete destruction of the Radiant Church, Linley and the others managing to escape with their lives from near-certain death, as well Linley finally being able to lay down his burdens, Linley felt extremely happy on this day. All of the Saints thus convened at Dragonblood Castle and had a jubilant celebratory feast.

This celebratory banquet was such a major affair that even the Emperor of the Baruch Empire, Cena Baruch, hurried over to attend.

“Big bro, I really was so worried...but fortunately, you made it back, big bro. Come, big bro, let me toast you.” Wharton’s emotions were very complicated right now.

“Come, cheers.” Linley immediately laughed and raised his cup.

“Wharton, where’s Desri and the others?”

As this banquet proceeded, Linley felt helplessness in his heart. “Wharton, Barker and his brothers, and the others...although they had fled during the battle at the Sacred Isle when that Belsize had appeared, I truly don’t blame them at all.”

Linley understood how Wharton, Barker, his brothers, and the others were currently feeling.

When Belsize had appeared, Linley had ordered them to flee. Desri, Tulily, and the others, including even Wharton, who had been Emperor for a while, knew that staying behind would have been a very foolish idea.

They had immediately fled.

Logically speaking, this was the right decision, and the decision that Delia and Bebe had made to stay was a decision that should have resulted in their meaningless deaths.

However, from an emotional standpoint, Desri, Wharton, and the others still felt a bit guilty.

Naturally, during this celebratory banquet, they worked hard to act cheerfully and worked hard to chat, laugh, and drink with Linley, wanting Linley to be happy. Actually, Linley hadn’t been angry at them at all. But Desri, Wharton, and the others themselves felt nervous inside.

“Cena, after this banquet concludes, go to the study. There’s something I need to discuss with you.” Linley said to Cena.

“Yes, Uncle.” Cena said respectfully.

Cena had grown into an elegant, refined looking man. It was hard to imagine that the massive Wharton would have a son like him. Cena, already twenty four years of age, had taken on the responsibilities of being Emperor years ago. Both in terms of personal ability as well as in Imperial management skills, Linley was very satisfied with Cena.

After the banquet concluded, it was late at night.

Dragonblood Castle. Within Linley’s personal, private study. Although Linley almost never used this study, someone would come here every single day to clean it. Naturally, it was very tidy. Today, Linley was making a rare visit to his study.

“I wonder why Uncle has asked me to come here?” Cena looked at the nearby, peaceful study, his heart filled with questions.

The study was shining with lamp light. Late at night, the lamp light was quite eye-catching.

Cena was currently the Emperor of the Baruch Empire, and he had an exalted status. But when Cena arrived at Dragonblood Castle, he didn’t dare to put on any ‘Imperial’ airs at all, because the many experts which Dragonblood Castle contained were all the most important, supportive pillars of the Baruch Empire.

Especially his uncle!

Linley was to the Baruch Empire what the War God was to the O’Brien Empire or the High Priest was to the Yulan Empire.

Empires could lack for Emperors, but they couldn’t lack for those three.

“Knock!” “Knock!” “Knock!” Cena, somewhat nervous, rapped on the door to the study. Ever since he was young, Cena had only seen Linley a few times. Towards Linley, Cena felt a combination of fear as well as worship.

“Come in.”

Taking a deep breath, Cena pushed the door open. He immediately saw Linley seated before a reading table, currently flipping through a book.

“Oh, Cena. Come, sit.” Linley smiled in a very friendly manner, pointing to a nearby chair.

“Yes, Uncle.” Cena immediately shut the door, then sat down.

Linley looked at Cena. He couldn’t help but laugh. “Cena, it’s quite odd now that I think of it. Your father, when he was young, was a handful and a troublemaker, but you’ve always been very clever and well-behaved. In my opinion, you take after your mother, Nina, much more.” Linley rather liked Cena.

“Boys usually take after their mother.” Cena grinned as well.

“Good point. Taylor is quite a handful as well, and Delia herself was quite fierce when she was young.” Linley paused for a moment, then went straight to the main topic. “Cena, the reason I asked you to come was because I want to tell you something. You have to listen carefully.” Linley said with a laugh.

Cena immediately focused his attention.

“The High Priest of the Yulan Empire and the War God of the O’Brien Empire have spoken with me. Their two Empires, as well as our Baruch Empire, will join forces and together take over the entire Yulan continent. Our three Empires will split the world evenly!” Linley said very casually.

But Cena, listening, was utterly stunned.

As the Emperor of an Empire, this sort of news was simply too shocking to him.

“Uncle, this...this division of the world...” Cena didn’t quite dare to believe it. “Represents that we are going to destroy the Rohault Empire, the Rhine Empire, the great plains of the far east, the Dark Alliance, the Holy Union...this would take decades, if not centuries.”

Linley shook his head.

“Cena, during the banquet, you should have learned that just now, we went to destroy the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church.” Linley said.

“Right.” Cena nodded, but then his eyes lit up. “Uncle, are you saying that...” Cena suddenly understood.

“It wasn’t just the headquarters of the Radiant Church. The headquarters of the Cult of Shadows should also have been destroyed over the course of the next day or two. Once the wars truly begin...think about it. If the enemy has no Saints, but we send Saints to do battle...will the wars take so long?”

Cena felt his throat turn dry and his back turn sweaty. His heart was shaking. “Uncle and the others are simply too terrifying. They directly annihilated all of the enemy’s Saints. There is now no way for them to fight back during this war.”

Even the Holy Emperor himself had died.

This meant that the Holy Union now had no leader. Once war descended upon them, most likely the Kingdoms and Duchies of the Holy Union would instantly surrender.

“I just wanted to give you a heads up.” Linley didn’t really care much about this battle.

After all, to him, size of territory and population ruled meant little. The most important thing was for him to walk further along the path of training and become a Deity as soon as possible.

Deity!

Becoming a Deity represented a fundamental change in the level of one's existence. It meant possessing a divine spark, a Godrealm, and also being able to draw upon the power of faith. It was a level of existence far beyond mortal ken.

"Uncle, the three sides shall split up the world, but how?" Cena asked. He rather cared about this.

"Oh, I almost forgot." Linley chuckled. "This is how it will work. The territory of the Holy Union and the Eighteen Northern Duchies will belong to the O'Brien Empire. The Rhine Empire and the Dark Alliance will go to the Yulan Empire. As for the Rohault Empire and the great plains of the far east, they will belong to our Baruch Empire."

Cena's eyes instantly lit up.

The size of the Rohault Empire was essentially on par with the Baruch Empire. But more important than that was...the great plains of the far east!

The territory of the great plains of the far east was actually enormous in scope, approaching the massive O'Brien Empire in size. But because it was all grasslands, it had a small population despite being massive in size, causing it to only have three Kingdoms. However, those three Kingdoms were not to be trifled with. The three Kingdoms of the great plains of the far east had been able to fight on even footing with the Rohault Empire and Rhine Empire for many years. One could tell from this how strong they were.

After all, these people who spent their lives in the saddle of a horse naturally possessed an extremely martial culture.

"Alright, Cena. It's getting late. You should go back and get some rest." Linley said.

"Yes, Uncle." Cena withdrew respectfully.

After Cena left, Linley turned his head to stare at the nearby chair. In the seat which Cena had just vacated, there was now a middle-aged man seated there. He was dressed in a long, loose robe, and had a lazy smile on his face. It was the Deity-level expert, the King of Killers...Cesar.

"Lord Cesar, your group is heading off to the Necropolis of the Gods tomorrow. Why have you come here tonight?" Linley couldn't help but laugh as he asked this question.

Hearing Linley say this, Cesar couldn't help but be startled, but then he pursed his lips helplessly. "Right. Tomorrow, we're heading to the Necropolis of the Gods. Actually, I didn't want to go to the Necropolis of the Gods this time, but those other guys are forcing me to go. Sheesh!"

"A person can be forced to go to the Necropolis of the Gods? Isn't it only for those who are willing to go?" Linley frowned, confused.

"Enough of that. I'm pissed just thinking about it."

Cesar stood up, walking forward to stand before Linley's table, staring directly at Linley. "Linley, I've come today to entrust you with a task."

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 12 New Variables

Entrust him with a task?

Linley looked at Cesar in confusion. “Lord Cesar, pray tell!”

Cesar was, after all, a major, founding figure of the ‘Saber’ organization, one of the four major assassin’s guilds of the Yulan continent. Most mortal affairs, he could simply have Saber handle. For Cesar to ask Linley for assistance definitely meant that this affair was not a simple one.

“Linley, not too long ago, O’Brien and Catherine, those two greedy fellows, said that they wanted to take over the entire world, right?” Cesar said.

“That was the case, yes.” Linley nodded.

Cesar nodded as well. “Whether or not the world is divided up between you three is none of my concern. But you should know that Rosarie and myself have a...special...relationship.” Cesar chuckled. “I understand Rosarie’s temper quite well. She’s remained at the Frost Goddess Shrine this entire time because she truly cares about the Frost Goddess Shrine.”

Linley nodded.

Rosarie had been training for thousands of years, but she still remained at the Shrine. From this, one could tell how much she valued the Frost Goddess Shrine.

How many of the experts of the Radiant Church or the Cult of Shadows who had been in training for thousands of years had remained in their respective churches? After all, the goal of these experts who had trained for thousands of years was to become a Deity! If they themselves were on the path to becoming a Deity, why would they feel the need to worship a god?

Gods required people to have faith in them.

Rosarie, however, hadn’t stayed at the Frost Goddess Shrine this entire day due to her faith in the Frost Goddess. It was because she was emotionally attached to the Frost Goddess Shrine.

“That day, O’Brien said that he wanted to have the Eighteen Northern Duchies belong to the O’Brien Empire.” Cesar shook his head helplessly. “Actually, it doesn’t really matter if he takes them over. Only, you should understand that the O’Brien Empire has an internal regulation that only the worship of the War God, O’Brien, is permitted. All other religions are forbidden.”

Linley nodded.

Even the Radiant Church and Cult of Shadows had only been able to set up intelligence networks within the O’Brien Empire. They didn’t dare to openly proselytize on a large scale.

“Once the Eighteen Northern Duchies are subdued, given the iron rule of the War God O’Brien, he definitely won’t permit the Frost Goddess Shrine to continue to exist.” Cesar furrowed his forehead. “I’m worried that Rosarie will act in a hot-headed way and fight against the O’Brien Empire.”

Linley now understood why Cesar was concerned.

“Lord Cesar, why are you so concerned about something like this? As long as you are alive, I think the War God won’t go too far in his actions.” Linley laughed.

Cesar nodded. “Right. As long as I am alive, that is the case. But what if...what if on this trip to the Necropolis of the Gods, I die? Would the War God still treat the Frost Goddess Shrine with such courtesy?” A hint of frustration could be seen on Cesar’s frowning face.

“This...”

Linley was silent for a moment. “Lord Cesar, why do you have so little confidence in yourself?”

“That’s not it.” Cesar shook his head. “Linley, you don’t understand. Although all four of us are Demigods, there are still vast differences between Demigods. For example, Saints. Can an early stage Saint possibly compare to you in power?”

An early stage Saint?

Even a million Abyssal Blade Demons had not been able to stand against Linley, who had killed them as he pleased. The difference between them was as great as that of the heavens and the earth.

“Although we are all Demigods, my strength is the lowest of the four. For example, Dylin. He’s already a peak-stage Demigod, and supposedly, he’s right at the cusp of breaking through to become a full God.” Cesar shook his head as he spoke.

Cesar was only an early stage Demigod, after all.

The others? The War God had become a Deity five thousand years ago, and the High Priest had become a Deity over ten thousand years ago. As for Dylin? He, too, had become a Deity tens of thousands of years ago.

“The person with the greatest chance of dying in the Necropolis of the Gods is actually myself.” Cesar said.

“Then, Lord Cesar, why are you going to the Necropolis of the Gods?” Linley asked.

“The first reason is, I am forced to go. The second is...” Cesar’s eyes lit up. “A long, lazy, life eventually grows boring as well. I want to once more experience the excitement of life-and-death struggles. In the past, when I was with Armand, we walked on the edge of life and death. Also, my career as an assassin. That truly was an exciting life. I miss it very much.”

Cesar still had the heart of a warrior.

Linley understood.

Warriors such as Cesar wouldn’t be able to forever slumber in a quiet lifestyle. What they needed was battle, was heart-pounding activities, was new breakthroughs, was rising to higher and higher levels!

“Linley, are you willing to help out in Rosarie’s affairs?” Cesar asked directly.

“Of course I am willing. Lord Cesar, how could I dare to not be willing?” Linley said with a smirk.

“You little punk.” Cesar grinned as well.

Within ten years or so, Linley would become a Deity. Even more importantly...Linley had a special relationship with Bebe and Beirut. This was the reason why Cesar had come to ask for Linley's assistance. As long as Linley was willing to get involved, even if the War God came back from the Necropolis of the Gods, he wouldn't act against Rosarie.

"Linley, O'Brien, Catherine!"

An ancient voice suddenly rang out in Linley's mind. Not just Linley's; the War God at War God Mountain and the High Priest in the Yulan Empire both heard this same voice.

Linley's face changed.

Lord Beirut!

"I know that you are planning to start a war in the continent. I don't care what happens to the rest of the Yulan continent, but there are two things you need to remember. The first is that you are not to disturb the peace of the Forest of Darkness. The second is that your armies are not permitted to enter the Eighteen Northern Duchies, nor are you permitted to engage in slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies. Understood?"

"Yes, Lord Beirut."

The War God, the High Priest, and Linley all simultaneously responded back mentally.

Who would dare violate the orders of Lord Beirut?

Lord Beirut retracted his divine presence from their minds.

"Truly terrifying. His divine sense was able to instantly cover the entire Yulan continent." Linley sighed with endless praise. "Lord Beirut's power is simply too great, far above the likes of the War God."

"What happened, Linley?" Cesar, seeing that Linley had become lost in thought, couldn't help but grow confused.

Linley looked at Cesar, then understood. Just then, Lord Beirut had only spoke with his divine sense to give orders to Linley, the War God, and the High Priest. The other experts didn't know about it.

"Lord Cesar, weren't you worrying about Rosarie just now?" Linley laughed.

Cesar nodded, looking at Linley questioningly.

"No need to worry any longer." Linley said.

Cesar was somewhat baffled. "What's going on?"

"Just now, Lord Beirut mentally spoke to myself, the War God, and the High Priest. The Eighteen Northern Duchies are off limits. No armies are permitted to invade, nor are we permitted to engage in battle and slaughter there." Linley laughed towards Cesar. "Lord Cesar, now you should be at ease."

Cesar let out a long sigh, then smiled.

"But I don't understand. Why is Lord Beirut doing this? Could it be that he is doing it for my sake? I think...I'm not important enough for him to do it just for me." Cesar didn't understand.

"If you can't figure it out, then stop worrying about it. It's a good thing, right?" Linley laughed.

Cesar laughed as well. “Haha, right. It’s a good thing. Right, Linley. I won’t bother you any further.” After speaking, Cesar disappeared into thin air. Even at Linley’s level of power, he could just barely see Cesar’s figure transform into a blur, then disappear.

“This Shadowshape Technique is at the level of allowing the shadow he transform into to become completely invisible. How terrifying.” Linley sighed in praise to himself.

This night was definitely not going to be an ordinary night.

Shortly after Cesar had left, yet another person appeared in Linley’s study. But when this person arrived, Linley didn’t notice his presence in the slightest, and he continued to read his book. Only after he flipped through several pages did he notice out of the corner of his eyes that someone was in the room with him.

Linley was instantly so frightened that his heart clenched.

“Lord Beirut.” Linley immediately stood up.

The man was still dressed in that long black robe, with black hair, a black beard, and a hint of a smile on his face. It was the King of the Yulan Continent...Beirut. Beirut said with a faint smile, “Linley, wait a moment. When Bebe comes, we’ll talk.”

“Bebe?” Linley was confused.

“Swish!” A few seconds later, a black shadow suddenly scurried over, and Bebe jumped directly in front of Beirut. “Grandpa Beirut, why have you come?”

Beirut looked at Bebe, beaming so widely that his eyes turned into merry little slits. Beirut had lived an incalculably long time, but out of all of his descendants, only Bebe was a ‘Godeater Rat’ as well. It could be said...that Bebe, to Beirut, was as important as life itself.

“The reason I have come today is to bring Bebe back to the Forest of Darkness.” Beirut spoke, while looking benevolently towards Bebe.

“Back to the Forest of Darkness? Why do I have to go there? I like being here.” Bebe was rather unwilling.

But Linley suddenly had a thought.

Lord Beirut definitely wouldn’t do this for no reason at all. He definitely had some sort of special purpose to this.

“Lord Beirut, might I ask why you are doing this?” Linley looked at Beirut.

Beirut patted Bebe dotingly. “Bebe, as a divine beast, ‘Godeater Rat’, has reached the late stage of his growth period. He’ll soon reach adulthood. Upon reaching adulthood, Bebe will naturally reach the Deity level. This period of time is an extremely important period of time for him.”

“I’m about to become a Deity?” Bebe said with surprise and delight.

“Most likely, you’ll need another ten years. These ten years, Bebe, will be the most important ten years of your life.” Beirut said seriously.

Linley understood. Beirut himself was a ‘Godeater Rat’, and in the countless planes of the multiverse, Lord Beirut was naturally the person who knew the most about Godeater Rats. Linley cared about Bebe as well, and wanted Bebe to develop in a good way and become more powerful in the future. “Bebe, go to the Forest

of Darkness. After all, during this period of time, I need to enter closed door training as well, most likely for around ten years.”

Bebe was silent for a moment, and then exchanged a glance with Linley before nodding. “Fine, then. But Boss, if you are free, you have to chat with me spiritually.”

“Fine.” Linley laughed.

Beirut had a smile on his face as well. He was very satisfied with Linley’s actions.

“Linley, there’s something I must let you know about.” Beirut said.

Linley’s heart tightened, and he immediately said respectfully, “Lord Beirut, pray tell.” Beirut nodded, then continued. “I know that you are all preparing to attack the other Empires and to unify the Yulan continent. A few decades ago or a few centuries ago, this would have been an easy task, but now…”

Beirut shook his head.

Linley couldn’t help but feel surprised. Beirut’s words definitely wouldn’t miss the mark. But based on the plans that the War God and the others had drawn up, there shouldn’t be any problems. After having exterminated the opponents’ Saints and then sending out their armies while using their own Saints to threaten the enemies, or even use forbidden-level magic to frighten them as necessary…

This should be a sure thing.

“Lord Beirut, what do you mean?” Linley looked at Beirut.

Beirut smiled as he glanced at Linley. “This war won’t be as simple as you imagine it to be. I recommend that you not be too ambitious. Enough, I’ve said all I care to say. Time to leave.”

“Boss.” Bebe waved farewell to Linley as well.

Holding Bebe in his arms, Beirut disappeared from the study. He was so fast that Linley couldn’t even tell how Beirut had moved, or what powerful technique he might have used. His technique was clearly on a far higher level than Cesar’s.

“Why did Lord Beirut suddenly give me this warning?” Seated in his study, Linley frowned pensively. “This war won’t be as simple as I imagine it to be? Could it be that something unexpected is going to occur? And he also told me not to be too ambitious?” Linley suddenly had a thought.

“Lord Beirut had also ordered us not to attack the Eighteen Northern Duchies.”

The combination of these various issues felt Linley to suddenly feel a sense of pressure.

“We have to be careful in waging this war. We need to take it slow.” Linley made up his mind. The very next morning, he would go find Cena and give him some instructions.

As for tonight…

Mountain Range of Magical Beasts. Deep within the Foggy Valley.

This place had once been the lair of the Armored Razorback Wurm. In the past, Linley had luckily been able to swallow the blood and the draconic crystal of the Armored Razorback Wurm, activating the Dragonblood lineage in his body and allowing him to transform into a Dragonblood Warrior. And here, too…

Dylin, after Linley drew out Bloodviolet, and his three Six-Eyed Golden Ni-Lion sons had been released.

In the same location....

“Riiiiiiiiip.” The space here was rippling like water, with the ripples growing greater and greater, before finally, a huge gaping hole in space was torn.

“Swish!” “Swish!” “Swish!”

Eight figures charged out at high speed, all of whom appeared to be humanoid. Some of them had horns, while others were covered with tattered robes. The eight figures that fled out from the hole were all in sorry shape, but they were all wildly overjoyed.

“Ahhh....this elemental aura...how wonderful it is.” A powerful looking figure with a pair of ox-horns on his head said, so excited his entire body was shaking.

“Back! Finally, I’m back!” Another knelt on the ground, crying in excitement. “I’ve finally managed to escape that damnable place alive. The smell of the earth is so intoxicating.”

The eight figures were all extremely excited.

“Everyone, we’ve all managed to escape from the Gebados Planar Prison. Now...let us part ways.” A handsome man with pointed ears and long, jade green hair said with a loud laugh.

“Haha, after living in terror for thousands of years, it’s time to enjoy ourselves.” The eight figures suddenly left the ground, each flying in a different direction.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 13 Meditative Training Begins

The light of the morning sun peeked above the horizon, like a goddess of nature casting her illuminating gaze upon the earth.

Within the training fields of Dragonblood Castle, tens of people were gathered. They had come here to bid farewell to Tulily and Desri's groups.

"Linley, now that this affair is concluded, you should begin closed door training as well. I imagine the next time we meet, you would have reached the Deity level." Desri laughed while sighing.

Linley laughed as well. "Desri, Tulily, don't forget that Lord Beirut had said that if you were fast, you would become Deities within a single day. Perhaps the two of you will reach the Deity level long before I do."

Tulily and Desri both began to laugh.

"Enough, let's head off." Linley watched as Desri and Tulily's group flew into the sky, then transformed into a series of black dots which disappeared into the horizon.

"Flying...it would be so great if I could fly." Taylor, standing behind Linley, had a hint of jealousy in his eyes.

Linley couldn't help but turn to glance at Taylor.

The nearby Cena laughed. "Taylor, why the rush? Train for a few more years. You've already reached the eighth rank. When you become a warrior of the ninth rank, you'll be at the Saint level when you Dragonform, right? By then, you'll be able to fly."

"Taylor, it's your own fault for not having chosen the Gold Dragon that year." Behind Linley, a beautiful, golden-haired woman said.

Sasha, who had only been a young girl all those years ago, had now become an extremely mesmerizing beauty. Given that she also had an extremely high status, there were countless young nobles who were trying to woo her, here in Baruch City. Unfortunately, Sasha's requirements were too high, and she didn't give any consideration to the local nobles at all.

"Enough. Let's go back to the main hall first." Linley said to Taylor and Sasha.

"Yes, Father." Taylor and Sasha immediately said.

Although Linley wasn't too strict with Taylor and Sasha, the two of them hadn't seen him at all during those ten years Linley had spent within the Necropolis of the Gods. During their growing, formative years, they hadn't seen Linley, which caused them to feel a bit of dread and respect towards this 'Father' of theirs, who was already a figure of legend in their Baruch Empire.

Within the main hall.

There was a ten meter long table placed in the center. The experts of the Empire, including Zassler and the Barker brothers, were all seated on each side of it.

“This gathering which our family is holding today will perhaps be the only gathering we will have in the next few years with so many people in attendance.” Linley had already made up his mind that once the affairs of the clan had been arranged, he would begin to train and meditate.

Only...

Last night’s visit by Lord Beirut, as well that strange, sudden warning, had caused Linley to feel rather restless.

He kept on having this strange feeling as though some sort of hidden danger was lying in wait in the Yulan continent...and now, the hidden danger was about to reveal itself. But no matter what, training had to be the top priority. After all, waiting around like an idiot was pointless. The sooner he reached the Deity level, the better it would be for his family and friends.

After all, both Delia and Barker both had divine sparks already, but even if they became Deities, they probably wouldn’t be too familiar with how to use the Laws to do battle at first.

Their true source of combat strength was still Linley, as well as Bebe once he became an adult.

“Linley, you are going to engage in closed door meditation?” Zassler instantly could understand what Linley meant.

Linley nodded slightly. “But before I do so, there’s some things I have to discuss. Cena.”

“Uncle.” Cena immediately said respectfully as he listened carefully.

Linley looked at Cena, saying in a solemn voice, “Last night, although I told you some information about this upcoming world war, at that time, I had taken this war to be a very simple affair. But now, I have to remind you of a few things. You must remember them!”

“Uncle, please speak.” Cena said respectfully.

The surrounding people, including Delia, the Barker brothers, Wharton, and Zassler, all felt confused.

“The first point is this. Right now, the Baruch Empire, the Yulan Empire, and the O’Brien Empire are planning to do battle simultaneously to conquer and divide up the world. The original target of our Baruch Empire was to subdue the Rohault Empire and the great plains of the far east. But right now, I want you to slow down the rate of attack. Do not be impatient, and do not be greedy. Even if we are only able to take over half, a third, or even less of their territory, that is acceptable.”

Cena was instantly confused.

Last night, he had heard and understood that at the Saint-level, the alliance of their three Empires had an absolute superiority. There shouldn’t be any other variables in this war at all.

“Uncle...” Cena couldn’t help but interject.

“Listen to me.” Linley frowned, and Cena instantly no longer dared to make a sound.

Linley said solemnly, his brows furrowed, “The second point is...in this continent-wide war, the aim of our Baruch Empire is not conquest. It is self-protection.”

Cena was even more puzzled now.

“The final point. I want you, Cena, to be cautious, cautious, cautious.” Linley himself understood the importance of this. “All your actions should be taken with the goal of being able to protect ourselves.”

What sort of a person was Lord Beirut?

He was someone who could order about the likes of the High Priest, the War God, and Linley himself. Lord Beirut had personally emphasized this matter to him, so this would definitely be a matter of grave importance. After all, events which even Lord Beirut considered to be noteworthy would definitely be very, very few in number.

“Have you heard my words clearly?” Linley barked.

“I have.” Cena frowned, then asked in confusion, “Uncle, I want to ask...although we haven’t started this war yet, the start and the finish to it should already be set in stone. So why, Uncle...”

The nearby Zassler, Barker, his brothers, and the others all understood what Linley was saying...but they were also puzzled.

They had already destroyed the Radiant Church, while the destruction of the Cult of Shadows had been arranged by the forces under the command of the War God and the High Priest. If war really was to begin, they should definitely be able to win.

Linley shook his head. “All I can tell you is that the hidden dangers in this war are far greater than you can imagine. Not even Deities can underestimate these dangers.”

All of the experts in the hall felt shock in their hearts.

Deities?

At present, Dragonblood Castle didn’t yet have a single person who had truly reached the Deity-level. Delia was only halfway through fusing with her divine spark, while Barker had only just begun.

“Uncle, don’t worry. I definitely won’t let you down.” Cena, now knowing how serious the situation was, immediately spoke out.

Linley nodded.

He was still quite confident in Cena. Actually, even before entering the Necropolis of the Gods, Wharton had discussed the matter of the next Emperor with him. At that time, Wharton was preparing to have Linley’s son, Taylor, be the next Emperor. But Linley had a good understanding of the temperaments of Taylor and Cena.

Cena was the type of person who treated others with kindness, but when the time came to act, would do so with the speed and power of a lightning storm. This was the type of temperament that was suited to be an Emperor.

“After discussing this affair, there’s just one thing left.” Linley began to laugh. Seeing the looks in everyone’s eyes, Linley understood what they were thinking. “Right. I am preparing to go into closed door training for a long session. But of course, Delia will go into training with me. Barker needs to train as well. As for the location, the location will be the underground training room.”

Cena, Taylor, and Sasha looked towards Linley, their eyes filled with worship.

Their father (uncle) hadn't even trained for a century yet, but relying only on his own abilities, was about to become a Deity!

A Deity, to them, was someone who definitely had to be venerated and looked up to.

"Lord Linley." Barker spoke.

"Hrm?" Linley looked at Barker.

Barker said with sincerity, "Lord Linley, the process of fusing with the divine spark only requires one to study the mysteries of the Laws it contains. It doesn't require one to attune with nature."

Linley nodded.

To become a Deity the natural way required one to constantly train, attune with nature, and gain new insights. It meant that everything one discovered on one's path had to come from within.

Fusing with a divine spark, by contrast, basically meant the mysteries of an aspect of the Laws were placed in front of you, and all you had to do was to study them. While fusing with the divine sparks, one naturally didn't have to attune with nature.

"That's why I think that there is perhaps no need for me to enter the underground training room. I'll stay in Dragonblood Castle and do my training here." Barker said. Actually, the main thing was that Barker wanted to spend some more time with his wife. After all, he could pause his fusing whenever he wanted.

This was like reading a book. You didn't have to read the entire thing all at once.

But of course, the second reason was that Barker didn't want to disturb Linley and Delia. The two of them were husband and wife, after all! With a husband and wife training together, if he were to be there as well, sometimes things might get a little awkward.

"Perhaps that's for the best." Linley nodded and laughed.

But then, Linley turned to look at everyone solemnly. He said, "Tonight, Delia and I will begin our closed door training. While we are training, unless something extremely important occurs, no one is permitted to come disturb us in the underground room."

Everyone nodded.

Linley suddenly thought about Beirut's warning again.

He hurriedly added, "But of course, if you really do encounter some difficulties or major crises, you need to immediately inform me. Everyone, make sure you know your own limits. In particular...if you encounter something extremely bizarre or dangerous, it's best to inform me early on. Don't act rashly."

Without giving them some additional advice, Linley simply couldn't put himself at ease.

"Big bro, don't worry about it. We get it." Wharton laughed as he spoke.

"Zassler." Linley turned to look at the nearby Zassler. "You are the most experienced person in our group. If anything major happens, you can't allow these people to get in over their heads and cause trouble." Linley understood the temperaments of Wharton and the Barker brothers very well.

Although they weren't exactly rash, when they were truly angered, any of them could lose their head in the heat of their anger.

“Yes, Lord Linley.” Zassler said.

Linley nodded slightly.

He had already said everything he had to say. Although he didn’t know what exactly was hiding within the Yulan continent and why Lord Beirut had warned him, Linley had at least made some preparations.

Darkness descended. Deep in Dragonblood Castle, within the pocket dimension.

The pocket dimension was surrounded on all four sides by boundless chaotic space.

The multicolored, chaotic space...it was indeed filled with secrets and alluring mysteries. But Linley and the others knew full well how dangerous chaotic space was. Even Deities wouldn’t dare to trespass into it.

Holding Delia in his arms, Linley gave her a gentle kiss, then looked at her and instructed, “Delia, you sit there on the stone bed while you train. I’ll sit on the floor.”

Linley, when training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’, occasionally needed to actually test out certain moves. Naturally, he needed a bit more space than Delia, who didn’t even need to move while fusing with the divine spark.

“Alright. Understood.” Delia nodded obediently, and then looked towards Linley with anticipation. “Linley, focus on your training. Don’t worry about me.”

Linley and Delia both sat down in the meditative position in separate areas. One on the stone bed, the other on the ground.

Almost instantly, Linley found himself utterly submerged and attuned to the wind. This time, Linley was whole-heartedly focusing on analyzing the Elemental Laws of the Wind. After all, Linley had almost reached the Deity level through his understandings of the Profound Truths of Velocity. As for the Profound Truths of the Earth, he was still a ways off.

What Linley had to do right now was to reach the Deity level through the Profound Truths of Velocity as quickly as possible.

“Ever since I reached the Grand Magus Saint level and had my soul transform, even my speed of training and theorizing has increased significantly.” Linley felt more and more confident in himself. And then, Linley’s spiritual energy stretched out to attune with the vibrations of the surrounding wind elemental essences.

Within his consciousness, the ‘Fast’ aspect and the ‘Slow’ aspect, these two different aspects, began to merge together, and two illusionary swords struck out time and time again in Linley’s mind. Linley was constantly testing how to have these two different aspects support and complement with each other, which would allow him to gain further insights in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’. In his mind, he also envisioned a third sword, which was demonstrating the applications of the Profound Truths of Velocity...

Whenever the mental visualizations were unable to resolve Linley’s doubts, Linley would rise to his feet and try out his theories in real life.

Attuning, hypothesizing, merging, verifying, gaining insights, testing...

Linley was totally immersed in all of these things. He forgot the passage of time. In his mental world, there was nothing except those three swords; the ‘Fast’ sword, the ‘Slow’ sword, and the combined ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ sword. These three illusionary swords were constantly changing.

In particular, the power of the illusionary sword of the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ was increasing nonstop.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 14, A Visit From Yale

Yulan calendar, year 10034. June. The flames of war erupted once more in the Yulan continent.

The Yulan Empire, O'Brien Empire, and Baruch Empire formed an alliance and began to launch a large scale war, the likes of which hadn't been seen for millennia, against the weaker Rohault Empire, Rhine Empire, Holy Union, Dark Alliance, and great plains of the far east.

The spiritual leader of the great plains of the far east, the War Saint Tulily, having already received the warnings of the War God and the High Priest, knew that he was not to go against these plans.

In addition, Tulily owed a debt to Linley. In addition, Tulily himself didn't wish for the warriors of the great plains of the far east to throw their lives away for no purpose, under the destructive forbidden-level spells of Grand Magus Saints. Thus, Tulily had already sent out his own Saint-level disciples to discuss the situation with all three Kingdoms of the great plains.

Although the three Kingdoms hadn't immediately agreed to surrender to the Baruch Empire, they didn't refuse flat out either, for now.

As for the Holy Union and the Dark Alliance, their higher echelons had been wiped out, and they had virtually no Saints left. The two major alliances were like a pile of loose, formless sand.

A unit of the O'Brien Empire's army passed through the northern corridor of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts and entered the Holy Union. The Kingdoms and Duchies of the Holy Union which had access to good intelligence reports, upon learning of the destruction of the Sacred Isle and the elimination of the upper echelons of the Radiant Church, had begun to secretly meet with the representatives of the O'Brien Empire.

Actually, it was the O'Brien Empire itself which had intentionally spread the word of the destruction of the upper echelons of the Radiant Church.

In addition, this was true. The few lucky survivors of the Radiant Church weren't able to cover it up, even if they wanted to. Clearly...the Holy Union had already become nothing more than a relic of history. The O'Brien Empire's conquest of it was nothing more than a matter of time.

At least for now, it appeared to be only a matter of time.

As for the Dark Alliance, their situation wasn't much better than that of the Holy Union's.

But of course, the Radiant Church and the Cult of Shadows had many members who were scattered throughout the lands. Although their headquarters had been destroyed and only a very few Saints were left, they still had many of their mid-level managers, most of whom were ordinary mortals.

A rule of thousands of years had resulted in these two churches possessing great influence.

The remnants of the Radiant Church and the Cult of Shadows, especially the Zealots of the Radiant Church, weren't willing to give up.

The power of religious faith truly was very strong.

By relying on various methods, be it gentle or bloody, the two major churches which had survived for ten thousand years were able to somewhat stabilize their internal situations. They wanted to prepare to do battle against the Yulan Empire and the O'Brien Empire. Until the last moment came, they didn't want to give up.

At the base of the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, on a desolate road in the Southeast Administrative Province of the O'Brien Empire.

A strange person covered in a green cloak was standing amidst the desolate road, staring at his surroundings. The only thing that could be seen from within those two long sleeves was a pair of chicken claw like fingers, which demonstrated that this person should be an extremely old man.

Only...

His eyes were an oily green color, like the eyes of a wolf in the night.

Behind him, there were a total of nine figures covered in silver cloaks. These voluminous silver cloak covered figures were all standing behind the old man respectfully like servants.

"Yulan continent. So this is the Yulan continent..." The ancient, low voice rang out from the old man dressed in the green cloak.

"Cough, cough..." The sound of coughing could be heard. This green-robed old man seemed to be rather frail.

Suddenly, two youths riding handsome horses appeared, galloping across the desolate road. For some reason, when the two youths saw the green robed man and those nine mysterious silver-cloaked men, they felt a cold shiver in their hearts.

These two youths consciously decided to pull their horses aside, planning to leave from the other side of the road at high speed.

They didn't want to get too close to these seemingly mysterious people.

"Humans..." Seeing the two youths, the green robed old man's oily green eyes flashed. He was so skinny that nothing more than a layer of skin was left on his bones, and when his bony, claw-like hand stretched out, a strange, invisible force suddenly bound those two youths.

"Aaaah!" "Aaaah"!

The two youths felt that they could no longer move, and then, they began to fly up in the air, their bodies no longer under their own control. They shot out like arrows towards that green robed old man, causing them to scream in terror.

"Crunch!" "Crunch!"

His two hands gripped the skulls of the two youths, who instantly began to quiver and shake, their bodies spasming as though they were having a seizure.

"Oh, War God, High Priest? And that legendary Dragonblood Warrior?" The old man murmured to himself, and then turned his oily green eyes to peer into the eyes of the two spasming youths. "Poor children. I will give you your eternal release."

And then, the two youths fell to the ground, but their bodies no longer had any aura at all. They were dead.

“What a pity. These two souls were too weak. Absorbing them was of little benefit to me.” The ancient man took a long, comfortable breath.

Absorbing souls?

If anyone else was near and had heard this, they would have been utterly terrified.

But the nine silver-cloaked men behind him maintained their silence, waiting respectfully.

“The Yulan continent is about to begin an era of major, large-scale warfare. This is an excellent opportunity for all of you. Go, children. Don’t disappoint me.” The ancient voice of the green-robed old man rang out, and the nine silver-cloaked figures all fell to one knee. “Yes, Grand Warlock!”

And then...

‘Swoosh’ ‘Swoosh’.

The nine silver-cloaked figures transformed into nine silver dots, disappearing into the horizon. They were so fast that if Linley and Desri had seen them, they would have felt astonished.

“Yulan continent. Ten thousand years...it has changed so much.” The green-robed old man let out a quiet sigh. “First, recover my strength. When I have the chance, then I’ll go pay a visit to Lord Beirut.” And then, with a movement, the green robed old man transformed into a blur and disappeared.

Baruch Empire. Dragonblood Castle. The main hall.

“Big brother Yale, you came at an unfortunate time. A few months ago, my big brother started to engage in closed door training.” Wharton said helplessly towards Yale, who had come to visit.

“Third Bro is in meditative training again?” Yale frowned.

“What’s wrong? Is there some problem? Why don’t you talk to me about it. I might be able to help.” Wharton said with a laugh. He knew exactly how close Yale and Linley were, and so Yale’s affairs, he naturally would get involved in.

Yale hesitated for a moment, then said, “Wharton, can’t Third Bro come out and have a quick meeting with me?”

Wharton said apologetically, “Big brother Yale, I am sorry, truly. This closed door training session is different from the previous ones. This one is rather important. Before beginning his training, my big brother had already issued an order that unless something extremely, extremely important came up, we were definitely not to permit anyone to disturb him. Actually, even if I agreed to let you see my big brother, we would still need to get the permissions of Mr. Zassler and the others as well.”

Dragonblood Castle viewed Linley’s training as an issue of paramount importance. No matter how close one’s relationship with Linley was, they definitely wouldn’t be permitted to go meet with Linley unless there was absolutely no other recourse at all.

“If that’s the case...” Yale paused for a moment.

“Then Wharton, I won’t disturb Third Bro. Anyhow. I have some other affairs to attend to. I’ll leave for now.” Yale said.

As far as Dragonblood Castle was concerned, Yale’s visit was just a small affair. No one paid much attention to it.

The next day.

The imperial capital of the Baruch Empire. The imperial palace.

Cena strode into the flower garden, smiling towards Yale who was waiting for him there. “Chairman Yale, I am truly sorry to have made you wait for so long. Chairman Yale, please, sit.” Cena, upon hearing that Yale had come to visit, had immediately put down everything he was working on to come meet Yale.

After all, Cena knew how close Yale and Linley were as well.

“Emperor Cena, I was in no rush. Your matters are of more importance, your Imperial Majesty.” Yale said with great modesty.

Although when Cena was young, Yale had met him and played with him while meeting Linley, Cena was now the Emperor of an Empire. Within the imperial palace, Yale’s attitude still had to be very respectful and modest.

“Chairman Yale, don’t stand on so much ceremony. Why are you standing on so much ceremony with me?” Cena chortled. “Speak, what is it? If I can help, I definitely will.”

Yale said, “Then, Emperor Cena, I’ll speak plainly. My visit this time is to request your help, Emperor Cena. Emperor Cena, you are currently beginning large-scale warfare against the Rohault Empire, are you not? And you are winning a series of battles.”

“Right.” Cena nodded slightly.

He was wondering why Yale mentioned this.

“I have a request that is perhaps a bit excessive.” Yale said.

“Oh?” Cena looked at him.

Yale chuckled, then said, “This is the situation. I know that the alliance of your three major Empires has the goal of completely conquering your opponents. These battles will definitely be very fierce, and I also trust that your Baruch Empire will have captured many of the enemy’s soldiers.”

“That is correct. What of it?” Cena looked at him.

It was normal to capture the enemy’s soldiers in warfare.

In addition, the goal of this war was to conquer the entire Rohault Empire. How could the imperial clan of the Rohault Empire submit to them? Naturally, they would fight back.

“Emperor Cena, the vast majority of those enemy soldiers that you’ve kidnapped will be used as slaves. I would like, Emperor Cena, to ask if you would be willing to sell all of the soldiers you’ve kidnapped to my Dawson Conglomerate?” Yale finally got around to making his request.

Cena instantly began to frown.

Sell all of the captured enemy soldiers to the Dawson Conglomerate?

Generally speaking, captured enemy soldiers would be used as cannon fodder in future battles, or put to work in building roads, mining, clearing forests, and so on and so forth. All types of hard, manual labor. Perhaps a small portion of the slaves would be sold off.

But...to sell all the captured soldiers to a single Conglomerate?

This was indeed rarely seen.

The reason for this was because in this sort of large scale, 'total war' type of warfare between major Empires, each Empire would probably have roughly two or three million active duty soldiers, with perhaps millions more in reserve. This sort of war of utter annihilation would generally result in many captured soldiers. For example, if a large army was destroyed, it was possible that a hundred thousand people would be captured.

Over the course of conquering the Rohault Empire, the number of captured soldiers would definitely be in the hundreds of thousands, or perhaps even more.

Several hundred thousand soldiers, even enslaved, were still a capable military force. To give such an enormous military force to a trading union?

"This..." Cena hesitated.

Although this was Yale, Linley's big brother, Yale really was asking for quite a bit. He wanted the Baruch Empire to sell all of their captured soldiers to the Dawson Conglomerate?

"Emperor Cena, what are you worried about? Our Dawson Conglomerate neither has a large amount of territory, nor do we have Saint-level experts such as Third Bro. They are just some captured slaves." Yale persuaded. "Emperor Cena, I hope you can help me out."

Yale's words were said with great sincerity.

"Chairman Yale, in the past, your Dawson Conglomerate never got involved in the slave trade. Why are you buying so many captured soldiers now?" Cena asked.

Yale laughed. "That's an internal secret of the Conglomerate. We're currently working out a special developmental plan."

Cena was silent for a few more moments, then looked at Yale.

Actually, the captured soldiers were of limited use to the Baruch Empire. After all, their goal was the destruction of the Rohault Empire. Thus, there was no question of ransoming the soldiers back to the Rohault Empire after the battle was concluded. In addition...as Cena viewed it, so what if he sold the slaves to the Dawson Conglomerate?

Could it be that the Dawson Conglomerate also wanted to rule the world?

What a joke!

After all, the true foundation of any Empire was its most powerful experts!

"Alright. I agree." Cena said.

"Emperor Cena, thank you, truly." Yale instantly smiled. "You really are helping me out tremendously. Thank you so much, truly."

Cena and Yale chatted for a while longer, then shared a lunch together before Yale left.

After Yale left, Cena was still puzzled as he pondered this matter carefully. "Why is the Dawson Conglomerate suddenly entering the slave trade for no apparent reason? In addition, based on what I know,

Yale and Uncle are on extremely close terms, but Yale himself is an extremely valiant figure who almost never asks difficult favors from others. But this time...”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 15 A Sudden Change

The winter of year 10034 of the Yulan calendar was an extremely bad one for Emperor Gaffney [Jia'fu'ni] of the Rohault Empire.

“Your Imperial Majesty.” Gaffney’s most beloved consort, an eighteen year old who was also a water-style magus, was lying atop of him, intentionally using the two firm points on her chest to massage Gaffney’s body. Emperor Gaffney was a warrior of the seventh rank, and his body was quite tough.

In the past, he probably would have already flipped this beautiful woman over and pressed her beneath his thighs.

But today, he wasn’t in the mood.

“Scram. F*ck off.” Emperor Gaffney irritably pushed the beautiful consort away from him.

The brown-haired beauty couldn’t help but take two stumbling steps back, and then, forcing out a smile, she bowed and stepped back.

Beautiful women?

He was about to lose his Empire. How could he be in the mood to frolic and cavort with beautiful women?

“All of you, f*ck off! All of you!” Gaffney waved his arm, sending the books and documents on the table in front of him, as well as some ornaments, flying away, smashing against the marble floor. The palace maids and attendants were instantly frightened, and all of them immediately left respectfully.

“This Baruch Empire is too audacious, too audacious!” Gaffney’s eyes were blazing, but his forehead was covered with sweat.

He was livid!

But at the same time, he felt powerless.

“Why? Why does it have to be like this?” Gaffney was filled with resignation and panic. “Why is it that all of the Saints of the Rohault Empire are no longer paying attention to Us? Why have they all vanished? Are they that afraid of Linley? That Linley has only been famous for a few decades. What’s there to be afraid of?”

Gaffney cursed angrily...but in his heart, Gaffney knew that all he could do was curse.

Faced with the multiple layers of incursions from the Baruch Empire, there was nothing he could do at all. All of the Saints of his Empire seemed to have vanished. He couldn’t find a single one. That one and only Saint who was loyal to the imperial clan had been smashed into meat paste by a single tail swipe on the field of battle from a Saint-level Tyrant Wyrn.

He had no Saints at his disposal!

“What to do? What to do? Is my Rohault Empire going to be destroyed, just like this?” Gaffney truly had no idea what he should do.

Ever since the news had spread that the Yulan Empire, the O'Brien Empire, and the Baruch Empire had formed an alliance, many of the Saints of the Rohault Empire had vanished. After all, these Saints all understood that the alliance of these three Empires represented...

An alliance between the War God, the High Priest, and Linley!

Not long ago, Linley had destroyed the Radiant Church's Sacred Isle. Perhaps ordinary people weren't aware of this, but virtually all of the Saints had been made aware of this. Even the Radiant Church, whose roots were ancient and deep, had been destroyed. The Saints of the Rohault Empire knew that resistance meant nothing more than death.

Naturally, none of them were willing to meet with Emperor Gaffney, nor obey his commands.

With the Rohault Empire no longer having any Saints, the outcome of the battle had naturally swayed strongly in Linley's favor.

"The Empire has been in existence for thousands of years. Can it be that it is going to collapse during the reign of myself, Gaffney?" Gaffney was in agony. This afternoon, he had just received the news that yet another city had been conquered by the Baruch Empire. Although the armies had done their best to defend...

The enemy had three Saint-level dragons!

Although the Saint-level dragons hadn't actually attacked much, with but a lazy flyby, they had killed three of the Rohault Empire's leaders. Naturally, the morale of the Rohault Empire had tumbled, and many soldiers, seeing the Saint-level dragons, had been so frightened that their legs had gone soft.

How were they supposed to fight a battle like this?

"You are Gaffney, right?" A hoarse voice rang out in the study.

Gaffney, who had been in the middle of venting his anger, was instantly frightened so badly that his heart clenched. This was his personal study, and the door to it was shut and surrounded by guards. The door wasn't open, and it hadn't budged at all.

But someone was inside the study.

Gaffney suppressed his terror and turned to look at the source of the voice.

There were two skinny men dressed in short-sleeved clothes. Being dressed in short sleeves despite it being winter was of no surprise; after all, as a warrior of the seventh rank, he could do that as well. But what shocked Gaffney was that these two men's eyes seemed to be filled with a fierce, devouring gaze.

Although the two men hadn't acted, in but an instant, they saturated the room with a cold, cruel, vicious aura.

"How...how did you get in here?" Gaffney said in terror.

"How did we get in here?" A skinny, bald man said with a sneer. "Easy. We killed the guards outside, then opened the door, came in, then closed the door. As easy as that."

"Opened the door, closed the door?" Gaffney couldn't believe it.

He was in the study, but he hadn't noticed the door being opened or shut.

Gaffney's heart was filled with terror. The cruel, killing aura these two men emanated made him wonder, "Could it be here that they are here to kill me? They are here at Linley's command?" As Gaffney saw it,

perhaps only the legendary Linley was capable of ordering experts both powerful enough and willing to come here and kill him.

“Gaffney, listen closely.” The skinny bald man said with a cold laugh. “The arrival of us two brothers is your good fortune.”

“Good fortune my ass. This is terrible.” Gaffney secretly cursed, but he didn’t reveal a hint of displeasure on his face. He was afraid that if he angered these two, they really would kill him.

The other skinny man had a head of short golden hair that looked as hard as nails. The golden haired man glanced at Gaffney, then said coldly, “We two brothers have very simple conditions. First, confer upon us the rank of Dukes. And then, you can casually assign us a few thousand palace maids and servants for us to use as we please. Naturally, we two brothers will then dispose of those three irritating Saint-level dragons for you.”

Gaffney rubbed his eyes, staring at the two men in front of him in shock.

He was rather stunned.

“Didn’t you hear me?” The skinny bald man barked angrily.

The two brothers had lived in thousands of years in the Gebados Planar Prison, a life that was worse than that of a dog’s.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, peak Saints were the weakest creatures there. They had lived a life of battle and fear. For each day they survived, they would fear that the next day would bring death. This was because the Gebados Planar Prison had no natural elemental essence at all. The energy that they used up couldn’t be replenished at all; the only method of recovering energy was to kill other experts, then absorb the energy within the bodies of those experts.

Saints engaged in constant slaughter against each other.

As for Deities, if they encountered one, they could only obey the orders of the Deities while being terrified. Deities could devastate them, not giving them the slightest chance to fight back. In addition, the natural environment of the Gebados Planar Prison was itself extremely dangerous. If one wasn’t careful, one would easily die.

A life worse than a dog’s!

Countless battles!

Their mind always stretched to the point of snapping!

Not just them; even the Deity-level expert, Dylin, had felt miserable there. To Saints, it was absolute torture.

But now, within the enormous Gebados Planar Prison, they had been lucky enough to discover a barely noticeable dimensional thinness and managed to force their way out. They had returned. Returned to the mortal realms. The five thousand years of life worse than a dog’s had come to an end. It had only driven them insane.

What they now wanted was to lord over others, to force others to do their will, to live the life which men were meant to live.

“Milords, are you saying...that if I give you Dukedoms, a few thousand palace maids and attendants, you’ll dispose of that Saint-level dragon?” Gaffney could scarcely believe it. He felt as though the heavens had dropped a miracle right into his lap.

“Right. What, are you unwilling?” The bald, thin man frowned.

“Willing. How could I be unwilling?” Gaffney said hurriedly. “Milords, please don’t worry. Just a few thousand palace maids and attendants? No problem. Even if you want ten thousand, it still wouldn’t be a problem. A Dukedom? Even if you want a Princedom, that would be fine.”

Good heavens!

His Rohault Empire had been devoured day by day, and was on the road to destruction. Now two experts had come to serve him. Was there anything Gaffney wouldn’t be willing to give up to employ them?

How much would it cost for him to give up ten thousand palace maids and attendants, even if he had to go to a slave market to buy them?

“Excellent.” Both men revealed smiles on their faces.

“But milords, those three Saint-level dragons are extremely powerful, and behind them, there is an extremely powerful Saint known as Linley.” Gaffney looked carefully at the two men in front of him. He was afraid that these two men wouldn’t be able to defeat Linley’s side.

After all, Linley’s actions had been simply too amazing, especially his destruction of the Sacred Isle.

“Linley? What’s a Linley?” The short, golden-haired man said disdainfully.

“He’s a Saint?” The bald, skinny man asked coldly.

“Yes, of course. The only human Deities are the War God and the High Priest.” Gaffney wasn’t aware that Cesar had become a Deity.

“Hmph. Don’t worry. As long as he is a Saint, we can dispose of him.” The other man, the one with short golden hair, said confidently.

The Gebados Planar Prison was a place of constant war and slaughter. Being able to survive there for five thousand years testified to their strength. In that sort of place, the weak died early on. They were Prime Saints who had constantly gained new insights in the middle of battle.

Gaffney’s eyes instantly lit up.

“Then, milords, tonight you can stay in the imperial palace. I will definitely make all the arrangements for you two.” Gaffney’s attitude in front of these two experts was extremely humble.

“Right.” The two men nodded slightly with satisfaction.

They very much enjoyed being respected by others. They liked the feeling of being above others. The five thousand years of terrible life they had endured had a tremendous, tremendous impact on them!

.....

The Baruch Empire’s army was divided into two parts, and had already charged into the inner cities of the Rohault Empire.

“Roaaaaaar.”

A coiled, serpentine, massive Thunder Wyrn that was over a hundred meters long was floating in the air. His draconic roar shook the world, causing the city below him to echo with the sound. The Thunder Lizard could tell that the enemy garrison was so terrified that they were trembling.

Beneath the walls of the city, the soldiers of the Baruch Empire all revealed looks of excitement on their smiling faces.

With the assistance of a Saint-level dragon, attacking and conquering cities became so much easier.

“Saint-level Thunder Wyrn?” A disdainful, cold voice rang out. A thin, bald man wearing an immaculate golden robe suddenly flew out from the city below. The vicious aura he naturally emanated surrounded him as he stared at the nearby, hovering Saint-level Thunder Lizard.

“A Saint-level expert appeared?” The Saint-level Thunder Lizard was actually quite surprised. It had been a long time since he had encountered a Saint-level expert, and his wheel-sized eyes stared at the Saint in front of him.

Upon taking a close look at this expert, the Saint-level Thunder Lizard grew cautious.

The vicious aura naturally emanated from the man caused the Saint-level Thunder Lizard to feel slightly uneasy.

Five thousand years of being constantly prepared to do battle and to kill at a moment’s notice. After five thousand years, they naturally would emit this sort of vicious aura.

“Go back and tell Linley that he needs to know his own limits and to be a good boy and call off his armies. Otherwise...” The bald, skinny man’s voice rang out like thunder. Clearly, he didn’t view Linley as worth of respect at all. “Every single Saint you send, I will kill.”

“Shut your mouth.” The Saint-level Thunder Lizard roared angrily.

The soldiers of the Baruch Empire were furious as well. In their hearts, Linley was invincible.

“Hrmph.” The bald, skinny man let out a cold laugh, and then transformed into a streak of lightning, charging at the Thunder Lizard.

The Saint-level Thunder Lizard, bellowing, also transformed into a streak of blue lightning and charged towards the man. In mid-air, the man and the magical beast, those two Saints, struck against each other. The Saint-level Thunder Lizard’s strongest point was its speed; it was on par with Bebe.

“Laughable!” A disdainful call.

The bald, skinny man struck out with his right leg in a massive blow, slamming his leg down viciously like a giant knife against the draconic tail of the Saint-level Thunder Lizard. The sound of bones breaking could be heard. The bones of the Saint-level Thunder Lizard’s tail actually shattered, while the enormous body of the Thunder Lizard was kicked down, smashing into the ground like a meteor.

“Bang!” The earth shook. The Saint-level Thunder Lizard created a massive crater and cracks in the ground as it smashed into the earth.

“Die.” The bald skinny man charged down from mid-air.

“Swoosh!” The Saint-level Thunder Lizard’s body flashed, instantly rising into the air and then fleeing towards the north, blood dripping down from its tail.

The bald, skinny man landed in the crater, watching as the Saint-level Thunder Lizard fled.

“Its speed isn’t bad. A pity that it is so weak. It couldn’t even take a single blow from me.” The bald man said disdainfully. How many Saints had he slaughtered in the Gebados Planar Prison? He didn’t pay any attention to the little bit of power the Thunder Lizard had.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 16 Five Years

The war between the Baruch Empire and the Rohault Empire entered a paused state.

“Father, everyone, what do you think we should do?” Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle, a group of people were gathered, including Cena, Wharton, Gates, Hillman, and Nina. They were discussing how to handle the two new Saints that had just appeared out of nowhere in the Rohault Empire.

Wharton, Zassler, Gates, and the others had just finished listening to Cena’s explanation.

They were all extremely shocked.

“This Rohault Empire...when did it have two such powerful Saints come out of nowhere?” Hillman frowned.

Now that he was able to train in top tier battle-qi methods, he had reached the eighth rank as a warrior. Although his power was far inferior to that of Wharton, Gates, and the others, his status in Dragonblood Castle was still very high.

“Father, Uncles, do you have confidence in being able to deal with them?” Cena looked towards Wharton and Gates.

Wharton muttered, “Although we don’t have a very high level of understanding with regards to the Laws, we have divine artifacts and are Supreme Warriors. If we really were to have a fight with those two Saints, we should still be able to achieve victory.”

Gates, Ankh, and the others all nodded.

Zassler let out a soft chuckle. “Wharton, are you planning to go have a tussle with those fellows?”

“What of it?” Wharton looked at Zassler.

“Zassler, you think that isn’t an option?” Gates and Ankh all looked at Zassler.

Zassler let out a chuckle, but the sound of it was so cold and insidious. “First of all, I want to ask you. If I were to ask one of you to fight against the Gold Dragon and the Tyrant Wyrn at the same time, would you be able to easily defeat those two Saint-level magical beasts?”

“This...” Wharton, Gates, and the others all hesitated.

Against one Saint-level magical beast, it would be fairly simple.

But against two...they would be able to at most fight them to a standstill.

“Hrmph, you aren’t able to do so, but you still want to go?” Zassler laughed condescendingly. “Can it be that you have forgotten what Lord Linley said before entering his closed door training?”

Wharton and the others suddenly started.

They now remembered.

At the time, Linley had strongly and repeatedly instructed them that if they encountered a strange situation, Wharton and the others were strictly forbidden from getting in over their head. In addition, Linley had also said that this war had major dangers hidden within it. This was the reason why Linley had been uneasy.

“At the time, Lord Linley had said that there are terrifying dangers hidden within this war, dangers which not even Deities could underestimate.” Zassler looked towards Wharton and the others. “You said that you didn’t understand how this seemingly simple war with a fixed outcome could have dangers hidden in it, right? Well, now you know.”

At the start of the war, not even Linley had known what the dangers were, exactly.

Only, because of Lord Beirut’s warning, Linley felt uneasy, so he warned Wharton and the others as well.

Wharton and the others hadn’t understood. They had felt that there shouldn’t be any unexpected occurrences to this war.

“Mr. Zassler, what do you intend, then?” Cena frowned.

Wharton, Gates, and the others were all somewhat secretly shocked.

“You need to use your brains. There’s only a few Saints in the Yulan continent. The likes of Lord Linley and Lord Desri should know about even those who are training in seclusion, right? But both of them said that the Rohault Empire has no top-class Saints. So where did those two Saints come from?” Zassler said.

“They suddenly appeared, and caused the war to grind to a halt.”

Zassler laughed coldly. “Clearly, the hidden dangers within this war are already beginning to reveal themselves.”

“Then right now, we…” Wharton looked towards Zassler. He remembered what Linley had told him; if they encountered any major event, they were to discuss it with the highly experienced Zassler.

Zassler said calmly, “It is simple. Don’t be in a hurry to go deal with those two Saints. Lord Linley also said that in this war, our goal isn’t necessarily to totally dominate the other Empires. It is fine if we take over a bit less land. The most important thing is, we have to protect ourselves.”

Everyone nodded slightly.

Wharton said in a low voice, “Fine. For now, let’s watch and see what is hidden within this war.”

“If we encounter any major, critical circumstances, let’s not get in over our heads. At that time, it’s best if we go ask Lord Linley for help.” Zassler said. “But of course, right now, Lord Linley has only been training for half a year, and the situation isn’t too severe yet. There’s no need for us to go disturb Lord Linley.”

Time flowed like water. In the blink of an eye, Linley had been in training for five years.

During these five years, the Yulan continent was secretly in a state of utter chaos. The Baruch Empire, the Yulan Empire, and the O’Brien Empire’s wars had all ground to a halt, and even the Holy Union and Dark Alliance had mysterious experts appear within them.

These mysterious experts were exceedingly powerful.

The wars had ground to a halt.

Yulan calendar, year 10039. Winter. The dark winter night was exceedingly cold. Three middle-aged men dressed in thick cloaks were riding on handsome stallions, hurrying at high speed through the desolate, unpopulated road towards a nearby city.

“Haha, Bluelion City is up ahead. When we reach Bluelion City, we three brothers need to have a good cup of wine or two to help warm us up.” The leader of the three, a big, burly man, laughed loudly. This business trip they had made had been very profitable, and they were now in an excellent mood.

The city walls of Bluelion City rose up ahead of them.

They travelled on horseback through it.

“Huh, weird. Why is it so quiet?” The three brothers rode past the gates of Bluelion City, but found that the gates were open and unmanned. Not a person could be seen.

“Although Bluelion City isn’t a large one, it’s still a fairly bustling one. It has a hundred thousand people. Why is it that early in the morning, not a single person can be seen?” The three brothers dismounted, walking the stallions into the city with curiosity.

The wide streets didn’t have a single person in them.

Utter stillness!

It was roughly seven or eight in the morning now. Logically speaking, the streets should be extremely noisy and bustling right now.

“The hell is this?” The three experienced travelers couldn’t help but feel their hearts quiver.

This bizarre scene caused them to feel rather uneasy.

“Look up ahead. What’s that?!” One of the men pointed up ahead in shock. Nearby, there were two people lying on the street. The three middle-aged men immediately ran over to take a close look.

But as soon as they drew near...

“They are dead!” The three middle-aged men’s faces changed. The two people lying on the ground were bleeding from all orifices, and their blood stained the ground, creating a large, dark violet pool around them.

The cold winter wind blew through, causing the three middle-aged men to suddenly shudder.

“Ahhhhh!” A terrified scream from far away.

The three middle-aged men immediately turned their head. They saw that in the distance, there was a woman with unbound hair running in terror.

“Why are you running? What’s going on?” The leader of the middle-aged men immediately shouted. They, too, were travelers who roamed the lands. They often saw death, and dead people weren’t enough to frighten them. What made them uneasy was...this utterly still environment.

“Dead. All dead. They are all dead.” The woman looked at the three-middle aged men, her eyes round and trembling.

“What do you mean, they are all dead?” A hint of fear awoke in the hearts of the three men.

“All the people in the city are dead. Every single person is dead. Every single one of them!” The woman said in a somewhat deranged manner.

The three middle-aged men were instantly stupefied with terror.

Everyone in the city was dead?

“All dead, all dead!” The deranged woman ran around wildly.

In a single night, the city of Bluelion, with a population of a hundred thousand, now had only a few dozen lucky survivors. The rest had all died. Those few dozen lucky survivors, at daybreak, ran to the city gates in terror, fleeing from this terrifying city.

A city of death!

The news regarding this event quickly spread to the imperial capital, and to Emperor Cena.

The furious Cena immediately sent people to investigate why and how Bluelion City had turned into a city of the dead in but a single night. At the same time, he sent people to find and ask those few dozen lucky survivors what exactly had happened.

Upon the completion of the investigation, Cena, feeling things were taking a turn for the worse, immediately hurried to Dragonblood Castle.

Within Dragonblood Castle.

There were many people gathered within the castle. Not just Wharton and Gates; even Nina, Rebecca, Leena, and the others had come as well. Everyone felt that this was a thorny problem, and all of them had come together to discuss how this problem should be resolved.

“The situation is extremely strange. The nearly hundred thousand people of that city all died with blood flowing from every orifice, and there wasn’t a hint of a wound on their bodies. From the youngest of infants to the warriors of the seventh rank...it was all the same.” Cena said.

In a short night, an entire city’s worth of people had died in such a bizarre manner.

Even experts like Wharton and the others had a hint of a cold feeling in their hearts.

“From what I know, this isn’t even the first time that an entire city’s worth of people died like this.” Cena said solemnly.

“Oh?” Wharton looked at Cena.

Cena continued, “Based on what I know, roughly a month ago, at the borders of the O’Brien Empire, something like this happened to them as well. In a single night, virtually all the people in a city died. However, because it wasn’t within our Empire’s borders, I didn’t pay too much attention to it.”

Housekeeper Hiri frowned. “This event is very strange. For example, what happened to those hundred thousand people in Bluelion City, and why were there a few dozen survivors?”

“Right. Why were there a few dozen survivors?” Zassler also felt that this was very suspicious.

If an extremely powerful expert had used some sort of unknown forbidden-level spell to kill them, everyone within the range of the spell should have died. Even if there were a few lucky survivors, the survivors should all be extremely powerful experts themselves. But the lucky survivors were all ordinary commoners.

“In addition, there was no damage done to the buildings at all.” Cena continued.

Everyone in the hall was confused.

“I sent people to investigate, but we couldn’t find any clues at all.” Cena was also frustrated. “Oh, right. There was one commonality to the tens of lucky survivors.”

Everyone in the hall immediately turned to look at Cena.

“Those lucky survivors were all in fairly hard-to-reach areas. For example, half of the lucky survivors were being held in the deepest prison cells of Bluelion City. The others were all either in underground rooms or in other hard-to-reach areas.” Cena explained.

“Hard to reach areas...so they didn’t die?” Zassler nodded. “Perhaps this wasn’t a magic spell after all. After all, a magic spell capable of covering an entire city wouldn’t possibly care about whether an area was ‘hard to reach’ or not.”

“I recommend that we ask Lord Linley for help.” Zassler sighed.

“Lord Linley?” The eyes of Wharton and the others all lit up.

If Linley were to come out, they would feel much more confident with their leader present and wouldn’t be in such a state of disarray when events occurred.

“Right. In the past five years, there have been simply too many strange events which have occurred. For example, the war entering a state of stalemate, or those mysterious new religions appearing within our Empire, or this dead city...” Zassler said in one breath.

“I agree that we should go speak with my big brother.” Wharton nodded.

Leena’s face revealed a smile on it. “If big brother Ley were to come out, this affair would definitely be resolved easily. Big brother Ley has been in training for five years now. I wonder what level big brother Ley has reached now.”

Everyone’s faces had smiles on them when discussing Linley.

Afterwards, Wharton, Gates, and Zassler served as the representatives of the group and headed to the entrance to the training room.

“Wait a moment.” Wharton’s body was covered with a layer of battle-qi, and then he went straight through to the pocket dimension.

Moments later.

“Crackle, crackle.” A few moments later, passing through those clashing attacking energy streams, Wharton and Linley, dressed in a sky-blue robe and with his hair unbound, stepped out. Zassler and Gates, upon seeing Linley, suddenly felt much more at ease.

“Gates, Zassler, what has happened for all of you to come looking for me in such haste?” Linley said with a smile.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 17, Mysterious Religions

In truth, as he looked at Wharton, Gates, and Zassler, Linley felt some worry in his heart.

After all, before entering his closed door training, he had said that unless something extremely major occurred, he was not to be disturbed. And yet, despite that, Wharton and the others had still come to ask for his assistance. Clearly, the situation was very grave.

“Can it be that the continental war’s hidden dangers have revealed themselves?” Linley was rather nervous. He still remembered Lord Beirut’s warning.

Wharton, Gates, and Zassler looked at each other. After a moment of silence, Zassler looked at Linley, then spoke out. “Lord Linley, you have been in closed door training for five years. In the past five years, there have been many events that have occurred ever since the war began. We can’t explain it all in just one breath. Let’s go back, and then we’ll slowly discuss it all.”

Linley nodded slightly.

While walking out of the underground area, Wharton suddenly asked, “Big bro, have you reached the Deity-level yet?”

Gates and Zassler both immediately turned to look at Linley as well.

After all, Linley had originally expected that he would take around ten years to become a Deity. It had been nearly six years.

“I’m still a little way off.” Linley shook his head with a faint laugh. “If you hadn’t interrupted my training, in perhaps half a year, I would have reached it.” Linley had a very strong desire towards becoming a Deity. At his current level of training with regards to the Profound Truths of Velocity, Linley could clearly feel...that the Deity level was so close he could feel it.

He only needed a tiny bit more to break through. The Profound Truths of Velocity were composed of the two aspects, ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’; if a person reached the limit in any one of those two aspects, one would become a Demigod. But upon true mastery of the Profound Truths of Velocity, Linley would become a full God.

In training the Profound Truths of Velocity, the bottleneck would only appear once one reached the God level.

But there was no bottleneck at all at the Demigod level.

For example, the likes of Fain, Desri, Rosarie, and Tulily had all been bottlenecked at the last step, because the mysteries of the Elemental Laws which they were training in were fairly low-level mysteries. In the endless cosmos and countless planes, the vast majority of Saints all were training in fairly low-level profound truths.

Linley was only able to train in the Profound Truths of Velocity in part because of a bit of good fortune, after all.

Although in half a year, he would become a Deity, Linley naturally had to leave his training when Wharton asked him to come out. After all, when being forced to choose between family and training, in the end, family was still more important. If his family and friends ran into any difficulties, how could Linley pay them no mind at all and continue to train to become a Deity?

Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle.

Many people were gathered here. Linley quietly sat in the primary seat, listening carefully to Wharton's explanation of the events that had occurred in the past five-plus years.

"Many top-tier Saints have appeared?" As Linley listened to Wharton describe the course of battle and how these terrifying experts had come out of nowhere, he wouldn't help but begin to worry. "According to what Wharton and the others are saying, most of these are above the power of Supreme Warrior Saints, and are even comparable to the likes of Desri and Tulily."

Linley could immediately judge the situation accurately.

It must be understood that normally speaking, Supreme Warrior Saints should be considered amongst the most powerful Saints in the land, second only to the likes of Prime Saints. Supreme Warrior Saints were roughly on par with the likes of the deceased Heidens, Osenno, and the others.

"Speed comparable to the Saint-level Thunder lizard, but able to defeat it in one blow." Even Linley was amazed at the power of those two Saints who had appeared in the Rohault Empire.

"Many experts on the level of Desri and Rutherford have all appeared. This..." Linley was somewhat puzzled.

In the past five years, so many mysterious new Saints had appeared, and all of them were very strong.

It seemed as though almost all of them had the power of a Prime Saint.

"This can't be right." Linley frowned. "These experts definitely weren't present in the past. If they existed, they definitely wouldn't have escaped the notice of the likes of the War God." Linley was very certain about this point. But since they couldn't have been present in the past, then...

Clearly, these experts should have arrived in the Yulan continent in the past five or so years.

"Experts from foreign planes?" Linley was shocked at his own hypothesis.

"Wait, that shouldn't be right either." Linley instantly refuted his own theory. "So what if they come from other planes? Could it be that all of the experts in other planes are at the Prime Saint level?"

To the other planes of the multiverse, the Yulan continent was also a 'foreign plane'.

It wasn't strange for these experts from foreign planes to be strong, but still...they shouldn't all be so powerful!

"Big bro, also, in this period of time, there has been a mysterious new religions that has sprung up in the Baruch Empire. They follow a god who is known as 'Muba' [Mu'ba]." Wharton said with a frown. "Big bro, long ago, you said that no religions were to be permitted within the borders of our Empire. We worked hard to stamp out these churches, but we aren't able to." Wharton shook his head.

Hearing this, Linley's face instantly changed.

A mysterious religion?

Who needed the power of faith? The answer, without question, was...

A Deity!

“Continue.” Linley immediately looked at Wharton. “Why are you unable to stamp out this religion?”

Wharton nodded and continued. “First of all, this church has hidden experts. In addition...this religion really does have some ability. There are able to produce miracles! Because of the appearance of these miracles, within the borders of our Baruch Empire, there are many people who truly have begun to believe in and worship this god, ‘Muba’.”

“Miracles?”

Linley’s face instantly turned white.

“What is it, big bro?” Wharton, Gates, Ankh, and the others all looked at Linley in confusion.

Linley, because he was almost at the point of becoming a Deity, often discussed Deity-level experts with Desri and the others. Thus, he knew very well...that the power of faith was extremely useful to Deities. That was why the likes of the War God, in the O’Brien Empire’s territory, only permitted his citizens to worship himself, the War God.

Other religions were strictly banned.

As for miracles...

Many of them could only be produced based on the profound mysteries of the Laws which only a Deity could understand.

“A nameless religion which is capable of producing miracles. Then...” Linley’s heart trembled. “Behind this religious branch in the Baruch Empire, there is definitely a Deity-level expert!”

“Wharton, Cena.” Linley immediately ordered. “Listen closely. It’s fine if you continue to act to suppress the spread of this religion, but you must remember, you are not to increase the strength and vigor with which you suppress them. No matter what, do not force that religion to fight head on against our Empire. At least...for now, don’t do so.”

The people in the hall didn’t understand it.

After all, aside from Linley, how long had the likes of Gates and Wharton been at the Saint level? Even Zassler, despite being experienced, only had worldly experience as well as experience with regards to Necromantic Magic. His understanding of Deities was far inferior to Linley.

“All of you, remember what I just said!” Linley said seriously.

“Yes.” Wharton, Cena, and the others still immediately responded in the affirmative. They definitely would not violate Linley’s orders.

Only now did Linley let out a secret sigh of relief. The opponent was a Deity-level expert. There was no doubt about it at all!

After all, until one reached the Deity-level, the power of faith was utterly useless.

Since the opponent was a Deity, Linley naturally didn’t want to offend him.

Even after Linley himself became a Deity, he wouldn't want to casually become enemies with the opponent. After all, Linley would only be a new Demigod. How long ago had the opponent reached godhood? There was no way for Linley to know.

"Big bro. Recently, there has been an astonishing news circulating in our Baruch Empire. In the city of Bluelion..." Wharton began to discuss the 'city of the dead' event, while at the same time explaining some of the stranger aspects regarding the deaths of the people in the city.

Hearing this story, Linley was puzzled as well, while at the same time, he grew cautious.

An entire city's worth of people had died in a single night.

This was even more nerve-wracking than slaughter on the battlefield. After all, it was just too bizarre.

In the entire main hall, everyone else felt helpless. After all, they had no clues at all. In addition, there were currently too many mysterious experts in the Yulan continent. There was nothing they could do at present, and right now, even Linley felt lost and uncertain as to how he should go discover the culprit.

"You said just now that the same problem occurred in the O'Brien Empire?" Linley suddenly asked.

"Right, just a month or so ago." Wharton replied.

Linley nodded slightly. "Then how about this. You wait in the castle. I'll go pay a visit to War God Mountain in the O'Brien Empire." After all, this event had just occurred in his own Empire, but had occurred in the O'Brien Empire more than a month ago.

In addition, War God Mountain still had more powerful Saints than his side did.

After a full month, perhaps the War God's College would have discovered some clues.

"Big bro, aren't you going to eat with us?" Wharton was somewhat surprised. Linley had just come out of training, but even before having eaten a meal with his family, he was going to go to War God Mountain. This was just a bit too hasty, wasn't it?

"No need." Linley had already made up his mind.

After resolving this affair, he would go back to his closed door training. After all, Linley really was extremely close to breaking through to the Deity level.

At this point in time, it was dusk. A faint, indistinct blur slashed through the air above Dragonblood Castle, disappearing into the endless western horizons.

"Lord Beirut really did speak truly. The Yulan continent really does contain many dangers." Linley felt a hint of nervousness. That mysterious cult represented a Deity-level expert. How could Linley not be nervous at the fact that a new Deity had appeared on this plane?

It represented that the main instigator behind these strange events was perhaps a Deity.

If he didn't reach the Deity level himself, he probably wouldn't even be able to fight back.

"After resolving this matter, I need to immediately seize every moment and reach the Deity level as soon as possible." As soon as Linley thought about the 'city of the dead' event, he felt even more worried. He had the feeling...that the strange 'city of the dead' event definitely had a terrifying secret behind it.

The wind howled past him as he flew.

“It seems that the Yulan continent is about to enter an unprecedented state of storms and tempests.” Linley moved through the skies like a ray of light.

War God Mountain.

Linley’s arrival naturally caused Fain, who was temporarily in charge of War God Mountain, to personally welcome him. The two went to a private room on War God Mountain to chat. Fain had been training painstakingly for the past five years, but had yet to make a breakthrough.

“Linley, have you come this time because of the ‘city of the dead’ event?” Fain actually raised the topic first.

“Yes. Fain, do you have any clues yet?” Linley immediately asked.

Fain couldn’t help but show a hint of a bitter smile on his face. During the past month, he had naturally been worrying over the ‘city of the dead’ event in the O’Brien Empire. After the same event occurred in the Baruch Empire, he naturally quickly knew of it, as he had been paying special attention to this problem.

“I do have one clue.” Fain said with resignation. “This mysterious expert, moving at high speed, killed all the people in the city in one night, one after the other.”

“Oh?” Linley was startled. “One after the other?”

Saints could indeed kill a hundred thousand people very quickly. If they raised to the limit, most likely all the people in the area they passed through would instantly die. To a Saint, travelling hundreds of meters in a second and killing dozens of people in that second was easily done.

To kill a hundred thousand people, just an hour or two would be enough.

If it was a Saint on Linley’s level who was doing it, he would probably be even faster.

“Why did he do this?” Linley didn’t understand.

Saints did have this sort of power, true, but to a Saint-level expert, what would be the point of killing so many commoners? In addition, not only was it pointless, once it was discovered...it would result in distaste and revulsion from other Saints, who might even jointly act against the culprit!

“I don’t understand either.” Fain shook his head. “Actually, we only have this clue because of a stroke of good fortune. When my eighth martial brother was flying about, he encountered a mysterious, silver-robed person murdering people in a city. Enraged, he immediately attacked...but unfortunately, that silver-robed expert didn’t fight back. He immediately fled. The silver-robed expert was very fast, and even my eighth martial brother wasn’t a match for him in speed. But by then, the silver robed man had already killed several thousand people, and those several thousand victims manners of death were identical to those in the ‘city of the dead’.”

Linley nodded slightly.

The eighth personal disciple. For him to be ranked so high, he clearly was an expert who had trained in the War God’s College for thousands of years.

“Hrm?”

Linley and Fain simultaneously turned to stare towards the northeast. A terrifying wave of energy was currently spreading out from far away in the northeast. Although the powerful energy wave, after having travelled ten thousand kilometers, was almost undetectable by now, how could it escape the attention of the likes of Linley and Fain?

They could sense the battles of Saints from thousands of kilometers away.

How could they possibly miss noticing this utterly, terrifyingly powerful energy wave? To the likes of them, that sort of terrifying energy wave was as noticeable as the sun appearing in the middle of the night.

“What just happened?!” Fain said in shock.

But just as he spoke, the expressions on his and Linley’s faces froze.

“All Saints and Deities who engage in wanton slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies, or disturb the peace of the Forest of Darkness, shall all...be killed without hesitation!” A hoarse voice instantly rang out in the minds of every single Saint and Deity in the Yulan continent.

All the experts instantly became speechless with shock.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 18, Guidance

Within a cold, dark underground room.

A freezing, sea-green glow was faintly flickering within this room. A blurry, indistinct figure garbed totally in darkness was seated in the meditative position. In front of him, there was an enormous crystal the size of a person's head, which was flashing a gloomy green light.

Within the crystal ball, there was a large amount of fog-like energy swirling about it, and within the center of the fog, there were a few silvery droplets.

The hazy glow which the water crystal was giving off was just enough to illuminate the ancient face of the mysterious person in the room. His face was so old that it looked like a layer of wrinkled skin had been pasted onto a skull. He was so thin, he was skeletal. But his two cold, insidious eyes flashed with green light, making him look so sinister.

He looked like a knife that was covered with poison, a soul-freezing sight to behold.

“Hrm?” The green light in the ancient man's eyes suddenly glowed more brightly.

A long time later...

“What is going on? Since when did Lord Beirut declare the Eighteen Northern Duchies a forbidden area as well?” The skeletal old man muttered to himself, “It seems Lord Beirut wants to make a show of force. It's best not to irritate him. Whoever does end up irritating him will most likely turn into the ‘chicken’ in the phrase, ‘killing a chicken to frighten the monkeys’.”

“Only, what a waste of a silver-robed guardian of mine.”

“However, if this refining process is a success, it'd be worth it even if I lose all nine.” The skeletal old man stared at the crystal ball, like a greedy viper who had just discovered his prey.

All of the experts of the Yulan continent, be it the early stage Saints, the Saints who had escaped from the Gebados Planar Prison, or even Deities...upon hearing the sound of that ‘warning’ voice, they all felt their hearts tremble and turn cold.

Beirut!

The King of the Yulan continent. The Apocalypse Wars of ten thousand years ago had solidified his position.

The O'Brien Empire. War God Mountain.

“That should have been Lord Beirut's voice.” Fain frowned. “The day before Master went to the Necropolis of the Gods, he told me that Lord Beirut had spoken mentally to him, forbidding him from going and causing trouble in the Forest of Darkness and the Eighteen Northern Duchies.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Five years ago, Lord Beirut had only transmitted the message to Linley, the War God, and the High Priest. As the War God left, he of course had to give the instructions to Fain as well.

“That powerful energy wave just now...” Linley hypothesized. “Most likely it was generated from the shockwaves of Lord Beirut killing an expert who had dared engage in slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies.” Linley was shocked at Lord Beirut’s decisiveness as well.

Clearly, Lord Beirut would show no mercy at all.

“Right, Linley.” Fain’s eyes suddenly lit up. “Engage in slaughter in the Eighteen Northern Duchies? How could ordinary Saints so casually engage in slaughter? Tell me, do you think it might be...?”

Linley had the same thought upon hearing this. “Are you referring to the culprit behind the ‘city of the dead’, that silver-robed expert?”

Fain nodded. “If this is the case, then that means the culprit has already been destroyed, right?”

Linley was silent a period of time. “Fain, your guess might be correct, but it also might be wrong. Although Lord Beirut created an extremely powerful energy wave, the person he killed might not have been the silver-robed expert. Even if it was, it’s hard to say whether that silver-robed expert was acting alone.”

“Linley, are you saying...” Fain couldn’t help but feel surprised.

Fain had been certain in his heart that the culprit was nothing more than a Saint with some sort of special goal. He had never considered the possibility that there was a group of silver-robed experts.

But Linley had a different idea.

He knew about the ‘mysterious church’ that had been set up in the Baruch Empire, and thus was able to hypothesize that there was a Deity involved. Linley was beginning to expect...that the experts who had appeared in the Yulan continent weren’t just Saints. There should be Deities as well.

For someone to dare to so openly carry out these ‘cities of death’ actions...most likely it was done at the behest of a Deity-level expert, and most likely that Deity had more than one subordinate.

“Fain.” As soon as Linley thought of the possibility that it was a Deity-level expert behind the scenes, he couldn’t help but feel unconfident. He immediately said to Fain, “We won’t be able to find the culprit just by thinking about things. How about this. Let’s both head to the Forest of Darkness and ask some questions.”

“Go to the Forest of Darkness?”

Fain felt some nervousness in his heart with regards to the Forest of Darkness. Lord Beirut was someone whom even the War God held in reverence. He, Fain, was but a Saint. Of course he would feel some dread towards Beirut.

“It’s fine. Come with me.” Linley still felt rather confident.

Aside from the relationship he had with Bebe, Linley was on fairly good terms with Beirut’s three children, Harry, Hart, and Harvey. Linley just wanted to go ask a few questions. He was confident...that he would be successful.

“Fine. I’ll make a trip with you.” Fain nodded.

Fain immediately gave some instructions to the other people at the War God’s College, then flew alongside Linley away from War God Mountain, disappearing into the boundless night horizons. Fain was extremely

fast to begin with, while Linley, due to his training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’, had already reached a ludicrous level of speed.

The two soon arrived at the Forest of Darkness.

Deep in the heart of the Forest of Darkness, that living, metallic castle sat there. Linley stared down in mid-air at that metallic castle, once again feeling a cold sensation in his heart. This enormous metallic life form....Linley expected that it was far more powerful than even Queen Mother Lachapalle.

Linley and Fain landed outside the metallic castle.

In the dark night, the metallic castle simply sat there. One couldn’t hear any sound from inside of it.

Fain and Linley exchanged glances.

“What should we do? Should we shout at him from outside?” Fain laughed bitterly. “Or should we go in? I’ve heard that unless you have the power of a Deity, as soon as you step into the metallic castle, you will be attacked by it.”

“Don’t be impatient.” Linley laughed.

Soon afterwards...

“Swish!” A black ray of light flashed out from within the metallic castle, landing on Linley.

“Boss, I’ve missed you so bad. You only came today!” Bebe raised his little head, staring at Linley with his beady little black eyes which were filled with surprise and joy. Clearly, Bebe had missed Linley very much over their six years of separation.

Linley laughed as he hugged Bebe. Together with Bebe, Linley felt so happy and relaxed.

It was much like how Grandpa Doehring used to be by his side. He would never be at a loss.

“Bebe, I missed you too. Right. Where is Lord Beirut?” Linley asked.

“Grandpa Beirut?” Bebe shook his little head. “I don’t know either. Grandpa Beirut hasn’t been in the castle recently. He said he needs to go out for a few days. It seems as though he is off paying a visit to another plane. He’ll be back in a few days.”

“Not here? Off visiting other planes?” Linley and Fain exchanged glances.

If ‘Grandpa Beirut’ wasn’t within the metallic castle and was off visiting another plane, who had carried out the actions in the Eighteen Northern Duchies? Whose voice had it been just then?

At the same time, they both sighed in their hearts.

“Visited other planes...will be back in a few days...what does Lord Beirut think planar travel is? A type of tourism?” Linley secretly sighed. He had heard from the Planar Overseer, Hodan, how astronomical the price would be to return to a plane after leaving it.

Just look at his own ancestors. Not a single Dragonblood Warrior had returned after leaving this plane.

From this, one could tell how difficult returning was.

But Lord Beirut? He treated interplanar travel as nothing but child’s play.

“Linley, you are looking for my father?” A voice rang out, and a violet-gold flash of light scurried over, hovering in front of Linley and Fain. It was one of the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings.

Linley, seeing the Violet-Gold Rat King, could only let out an awkward laugh.

There was nothing for it. The three Violet-Gold Rat Kings looked identical, as far as Linley was concerned. Even their auras were similar. Linley simply couldn't tell which of the three Violet-Gold Rat Kings this one was.

“I'm Harry.” This Violet-Gold Rat King clearly understood the problem, so he directly named himself. “Linley, I know why you have come.”

“Oh?” Linley was surprised. He hadn't even said anything yet.

Harry chortled, “O'Brien Empire, Baruch Empire. The people in the cities of both your Empires have been slaughtered. The reason both of you came is most likely for this affair, yes? Right. This occurred in the Eighteen Northern Duchies as well. Only, as soon as it began, we killed that fellow right away.”

“We?” Linley had a sudden thought.

What did the word ‘we’ from Harry represent?

Fain hurriedly asked, “Harry, might I ask, are there more than one of those silver-robed experts? Why did they do such a thing?”

“Oh, you know that it was a silver-robed man?” Harry was a bit surprised, but then he nodded his little head. “Right. Those murderous silver-robed men...there's nine of them in total. As for why they are doing such a thing, in actuality, they are doing this at the behest of a Deity level expert.”

Harry clearly knew many things.

Linley was secretly shocked.

So this really was the case! This matter involved a Deity-level expert. Linley and Fain both felt vexed. Deities and Saints were two completely different types of creatures. One was like the heavens while the others were like the earth. Although Linley could easily kill a large number of Saints, in front of a Deity, he couldn't do anything.

“This...what should we do?” Fain was caught completely off-guard as well.

The War God was still in the Necropolis of the Gods. He, Fain, was a Saint. How could he fight head on against a Deity?

“Oh, don't worry about that. One of those nine silver robed men have been killed, while the other eight are all scattered in different areas. Oh, two of them are together. They are currently within the borders of the Baruch Empire.” Harry said.

“What?!” Linley instantly had a bad feeling.

Two of them were within the borders of his Baruch Empire? What were they planning?

“Hehe, right. I expect very soon, they will massacre another city.” Harry chortled. Harry didn't care about cities being massacred. He was a magical beast, after all. To him...humans were an entirely different species. The destruction of a human city had nothing to do with him at all.

Linley instantly grew nervous. “Harry, which city are they at?”

“Linley, are you going to go deal with them?” Fain began to feel worried. “That can’t be done. Didn’t you hear what Harry said? They have a Deity behind them.”

Bebe began to chortle at this time. “Don’t worry. I know about this matter. The Deity behind those nine silver-robed men was badly injured a long time ago, and he won’t easily be provoked to act. More importantly, that Deity is currently busy taking care of an important affair. He won’t have the time to come deal with you.”

Harry nodded his little head as well. “Right. Go kill those two silver robed men. What is there to be afraid of? Even if you do kill them, that Deity won’t know that it was you who did it.”

Linley and Fain immediately both laughed.

Right. If they went to go kill the silver-robed men, as long as they kept a low profile and didn’t allow the Deity to immediately know it was them, how would he possibly find out afterwards who the killers were?

“Alright, Harry. Where are those two silver robed men?” Linley asked.

“Heh heh, now we’re going to have some entertainment to watch.” Harry chortled, revealing two neat rows of sharp white fangs. “Don’t worry. Just follow me, the two of you. I’ll lead the way.” Harry said, then transformed into a ray of violet-gold light, flashing towards the south.

“Hurry up and follow.” Harry’s voice rang out in the forest.

Linley and Fain immediately began to fly as well, with Bebe excitedly standing atop of Linley’s shoulders.

“How does Harry know the details of this so clearly?” Linley was beginning to feel very puzzled. “Also, Bebe and him said that Lord Beirut has already left the Yulan continent, so whose voice rang out just a while ago? And Harry even clearly knows the details and specific situations of Deities and those silver-robed men.”

He also thought back to how, on the day of his wedding, Delia and himself had received, as their wedding gift, a Demigod divine spark.

In addition, Lord Beirut was the controller of the Necropolis of the Gods.

“This Lord Beirut...the Beirut clan...more and more mysterious as I think about it.” Linley looked at Harry, flying excitedly ahead of him. He calmed his mind, then laughed to himself. “Why worry about so many things? So what if Lord Beirut is mysterious? At least he’s our friend, not our enemy!”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 19, Controlled

[Note – There was an entire ‘fake’ Chapter 19 that was posted on April Fools (April 1st) 2015. If you are interested, you can read it and the hilarious reader comments [here](#)]

Linley, Fain, and the Violet-Gold Rat King ‘Harry’ all flew in a straight line. The three experts flew at a very fast pace. Soon, they departed the Forest of Darkness and arrived within the borders of the Baruch Empire.

Linley clearly was rather nervous. He urged, “Harry, fly a bit faster. I’m worried that those two silver-robed men will begin the massacre before we arrive.” Linley was still quite nervous.

An entire city’s worth of people had been slaughtered.

The deaths weren’t even the worst part of it; the worst part was the turmoil and terror it was causing in the hearts of the commoners.

The citizens of an Empire wouldn’t be too terrified by a million people dying in battle, but a hundred thousand people dying in a city for no reason at all was simply too astonishing.

“No rush. It’s fine.” Harry was in no rush at all.

“Harry, just fly a bit faster. I know exactly how fast you are.” Bebe spoke up for Linley.

Harry glanced at Bebe with resignation. “Fine, then.” And then, the Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, immediately increased his speed dramatically, and Linley and Fain immediately hurried to catch up. The three experts streaked through the night sky like rays of light, flying past one city and town after another.

“Linley, don’t worry. Those two silver-robed men will probably wait until late night before making their move.” Harry said with complete confidence, “Right now, it’s only nine or so at night. There are still many people outside drinking and eating.” Harry said.

Linley was simply too worried about this problem. He hadn’t even had a chance to think it through.

But now, hearing Harry’s words, he thought back to the description of the previous ‘city of the dead’ which Wharton had discussed with him. Virtually all of the dead people in Bluelion City had died in their homes. The number of people who were killed on the streets could be counted on one hand. At what time would a city have almost nobody outside on the streets?

After all, only after midnight would most of the restaurants close.

Linley instantly calmed down.

Fain was puzzled. “Harry, you say they will only make their move late at night? Then previously, didn’t you say that the silver robed men were the ones to attack the Eighteen Northern Duchies? Why did they attack so early in the Eighteen Northern Duchies?”

“Stupid!” Harry laughed loudly in delight. “The Eighteen Northern Duchies are amongst the coldest places in the Yulan continent. It is currently winter, and so there’s a major difference between day and night. The night is deathly cold. In the Eighteen Northern Duchies, at night, if you were to spit out a mouthful of saliva, it would freeze into an ice cube before hitting the ground!”

Linley secretly nodded. He, too, had heard how cold the Eighteen Northern Duchies were.

“In that sort of weather, most of the people of the Eighteen Northern Duchies will stay at home at night, staying next to their furnaces. In particular, those smaller cities will have almost no one out at night to brave the cold. There’s nobody to be seen in the streets.” Harry sighed. “Tell me, is there a need for those silver-robed men to wait until midnight to act in a situation like this?”

Fain now understood.

“Oh, we’re almost there. Just a hundred kilometers away.” Harry said excitedly.

Linley and Fain instantly felt a hint of a murderous intent begin to rise in their hearts.

The ‘dead city’ events in the O’Brien Empire and the Baruch Empire had truly caused both Fain and Linley to be completely enraged. For someone to act so wildly was a sign that they held both Empires in contempt, and also didn’t have any respect for the Saints who stood behind those two Empires.

“Everyone, come to a halt.” Harry said.

Linley and Fain immediately came to a halt. Right now, a few kilometers away, there was a small city in front of them. In mid-air, they could clearly see that the city was filled with lit lamps, and there were many human figures leisurely strolling about the streets. This city was very peaceful.

“Harry, where are those two silver-robed men?” Linley immediately asked.

He didn’t dare to search with his spiritual energy. After all, if he were to use his spiritual energy to search for them, once they noticed it, they would probably flee.

“You can’t tell?” Harry laughed so hard, even his whiskers curved up. “South of you, roughly six kilometers away in that wilderness, those two silver-robed men are currently seated in the meditative posture. Most likely, they will wait until late at night before making their move.”

Linley and Fain immediately turned to look towards the south.

That was a desolate area, filled with wild grass.

Linley and Fain exchanged a glance. From each other’s gazes, they could tell what their decision was. Without hesitating at all...

“Swoosh!”

Those two Prime Saints transformed into blurs, stealthily drawing near that desolate area. As for Bebe, he hopped off of Linley’s shoulders and followed by Harry’s side. He didn’t want to disturb Linley’s attack on those silver-robed men. In addition, Bebe was completely confident in Linley’s abilities.

Linley had even managed to defeat a million Abyssal Blade Demons. How could he possibly fear these silver-robed men?

“Whooooosh.”

The wind blew against the grass and causing it to continuously sway. Within the wild grass, the two silver-robed men were seated in the meditative posture, not moving at all. Even if someone drew near them, unless they paid particular attention to their surroundings, they might think that these two were nothing more than two white rocks.

Suddenly, the two silver-robed men simultaneously opened their eyes and turned to stare at a nearby space with their cold, knife-like gazes.

Knowing that they had been discovered, Linley and Fain, who had been quietly moving closer and closer, didn't hesitate any longer.

"Kill!" Linley and Fain raised their speed to their utmost levels. From this, one could tell the difference between Fain and Linley. When Fain raised his speed to the maximum level, he transformed into a bolt of lightning that slashed through the air. As for Linley, when he raised his speed to the limit...

He simply transformed into the invisible, formless wind. In the dark night, Linley's form was no longer visible.

But as soon as the two silver-robed men knew that enemies had come, they had immediately used their spiritual energy to cover the surrounding area, and thus were completely able to sense their opponent's movements.

"So fast." The two silver-robed men were both astonished by Linley's speed. Fain's speed was already quite terrifying, but Linley's speed was nearly three times that of Fain's. In virtually an instant, Linley arrived in front of one of the silver-robed men.

Retreat!

Not hesitating at all, the silver-robed man immediately transformed into a streak of silver light, retreating backwards at a speed comparable to Fain's.

"Die!" Linley stared at the silver-robed man with an icy gaze. Like a god looking down upon a commoner, he struck out with a simple blow from his blade, and a visible, faint-blue Dimensional Decapitator appeared. Where the Dimensional Decapitator attack passed, space itself immediately began to crack and split apart.

He left no openings at all.

The Dimensional Decapitator directly chopped the silver-robed man into two halves.

"Hrmph!" With a sweep of his hand, Linley caused countless, extremely sharp wind knives to appear, chopping the silver-robed man's head into a muddy pile of flesh and destroying his soul.

In an instant, he had slain his foe!

"Bang!" From not too far away, a terrifying collision sound could be heard. Fain and the second silver-robed man flew away from each other, and a terrifying wave of energy blasted in every direction. Much of the surrounding grass was chopped through as though cut by sharp knives, flying away in a neat circle.

Linley frowned. "Swoosh!" Moving like the wind, he quickly arrived near the silver-robed man.

The silver-robed man wanted to flee, but his speed was simply far too slow compared to Linley's. Linley's right leg, moving like a gust of wind, carrying enormous power, smashed viciously against his back, instantly sending the silver-robed man flying away.

Flying towards Fain's direction.

Naturally, Fain would seize this opportunity!

Moving at his highest speed, he arrived next to the silver-robed man. The badly injured silver-robed man, with an angry roar, sent a fist smashing towards Fain's chest, but Fain completely ignored the attack, using his own palm to smash directly down towards the skull of the silver-robed man.

"Bang!" A tremendous crunching sound.

The silver-robed man's punch caved in Fain's chest, but despite that, the silver-robed man's body still fell down from the air, powerless. As for Fain, due to his possession of a Pearl of Life, his caved in chest almost instantly repaired itself to normal.

Linley and Fain drew near each other.

"Linley, you are growing more and more powerful." Fain sighed in amazement. "If it wasn't for you, I would probably have had to use up my spiritual energy and utilize my ultimate attack."

Linley laughed. "Fain, let's go take a look and see who they are. They are covering up their entire bodies with these silver robes."

"Right." Fain wanted to see what the silver-robed men really were as well.

The silver-robed man which Linley had killed had his head utterly shattered, and his body had been chopped in half as well. Linley and Fain landed near one of the chopped halves, then pulled aside the long silver robe which covered that half body. When they did so, both their faces changed.

That half a body was covered with dense white scales, like a fish.

"Not human." The two were utterly certain of this.

Not hesitating at all, Linley and Fain walked over to the silver-robed man which Fain had killed, pulling aside the silver robe which covered his body. This silver-robed man's skin was a metallic color, but just judging from his features, he seemed very similar to a human.

"Also not a human." Linley and Fain were both all the more certain now of their hypothesis.

Whether it was the hidden Deity or the servants of that Deity, all of these people were from other planes.

"Haha, Linley, your power has improved quite a bit." Harry and Bebe, who had been hidden far away, flew over now. Harry was chortling. "However, I have to tell you two things. One is good news. The other is bad news."

Linley and Fain both felt their hearts tremble.

Bad news?

"Tell me, which one should I say first?" Harry looked as evil as a little devil.

"The bad news first." Linley and Fain both said.

"You two are quite well coordinated." Harry nodded his little head. "Then I'll tell you. In the past, when I told you that the Deity wouldn't know that you were the ones to kill the silver-robed men, that was a lie! That Deity definitely knows that you were the killers."

Linley and Fain's faces instantly turned ugly to behold.

Both Fain and Linley, although being powerful amongst Saints, would be easily trampled upon by any Deities.

“Harry, you...” Linley truly had no idea what he should say.

“How does that feel? Are you pissed off? Haha, if I didn’t say what I said, would you two have dared to kill the two silver-robed men?” Harry clearly seemed very delighted with himself.

“Harry.” Bebe was now unhappy as well.

Harry hurriedly said, “But there’s still the good news, right?”

Linley and Fain immediately looked at Harry.

“Earlier, when I said that the Deity had been badly wounded and was also busy with an important task, and that he wouldn’t seek the two of you for revenge...that was true. Tell me, isn’t that good news?” Harry carefully watched the expressions on Linley and Fain’s faces.

Linley and Fain truly didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry.

“Harry, you said that the Deity is currently busy with an important task. Then...after he is finished with the task, wouldn’t he have enough time to seek us out for revenge? How long do you think he will be busy for?” Linley asked.

Harry paused for a moment. “That’s hard to say. I expect he’ll need three or four years.”

“I hope it’s four years later.” The reason Fain was saying this was because nearly six years had passed since the War God and the others had gone to the Necropolis of the Gods for their ten year trip. In a little over four years, the War God, the High Priest, and the others would return.

Linley secretly let out a sigh of relief as well.

At least...in three or four years, he should definitely have become a Deity himself.

“But of course, that’s just my guess.” Harry added those extra words. Seeing the hopeful look on the faces of Linley and Fain, he immediately began to grin so widely that his little eyes turned into merry little slits.

Within that dark, gloomy underground room.

The skeletal figure remained seated in the meditative posture, and that crystal globe still hovered in front of him, with the fog-like energy swirling within it. Only...it seemed as though there were a few more silver drops that had coalesced within the fog, compared to before.

“Two more died?”

The skeletal old man’s eyes flickered with that devouring green light. “The two of them?” In the mind of the skeletal figure, the images of Linley and Fain appeared.

As a Grand Warlock, he was spiritually controlling those nine silver-robed men. In the moments before their deaths, those two silver-robed men had already seen Linley and Fain’s appearances, and had immediately transmitted that knowledge to the Grand Warlock’s mind. Although the Grand Warlock had never personally seen Linley and Fain...

Others had!

“Yale, have you seen these two before?” The skeletal old man directly transferred the images of those two to Yale’s mind.

Yale, who had been in the middle of a nap, suddenly opened his eyes.

“Grand Warlock, the one with long brown hair is Linley. He is a good friend of mine. The other one, the one with short blue hair, I once met at Third Bro’s place. He is the eldest disciple of the War God’s College, Fain.” Yale’s voice also directly entered the Grand Warlock’s consciousness.

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The skeletal figure's already-wrinkled face furrowed still further.

"Fain of the War God's College, and Linley?" The green light flickered in the eyes of the skeletal old man. Clearly, he was thinking about something.

He had brought all nine of those silver robed men from the Gebados Planar Prison. They all possessed the power of Prime Saints. If it hadn't been for Linley's assistance, Fain would have had to spend quite a bit of effort to kill even just one of them.

The more powerful an expert's soul was, the harder it was to dominate them.

Lord Beirut had destroyed a silver robed expert, fine. He didn't dare to be the slightest bit upset with Lord Beirut. But Linley and Fain had also killed two of his important subordinates. He was upset now.

"Hrmph. If it wasn't for the fact that I am busy with something important, I'd definitely head out and mentally dominate you two punks and have you two be controlled by me for a thousand or ten thousand years!" The low, hoarse voice of the skeletal old man rang out as a cold light flashed through his eyes. "Given the situation..."

"Yale. Come to my place quickly." The skeletal old man's voice once more rang out in Yale's mind.

"Yes, Grand Warlock." Yale didn't dare to disobey at all.

Yale was currently staying at one of the side branches of the Dawson Conglomerate, located in a large valley in the southwest part of the Baruch Empire. This location was very close to all three major Empires; the Yulan Empire, the O'Brien Empire, and the Baruch Empire. Thus, the slaves which were being sent over by all three Empires were able to be quickly delivered to this valley.

As for the Grand Warlock...

He was living in a secret underground area in the innermost core of the valley.

Soon afterwards, Yale arrived at this gloomy underground room.

"Grand Warlock." Yale respectfully dropped to one knee. In front of the Grand Warlock, Yale was unimpeachably faithful.

The Grand Warlock nodded calmly. With a flip of his hand, he produced a translucent flask the size of a thumb which was filled with a small amount of liquid. It flew directly towards Yale, who respectfully accepted it.

"Yale, mix the liquid in this vial into a flask of wine, and then take the flask of wine to meet Linley. Have Linley drink it. Remember...no matter what the cost, you must have him drink it." The Grand Warlock calmly ordered.

"Yes, Grand Warlock." Yale's voice had no hesitation at all.

Shrouded in darkness, the Grand Warlock nodded calmly. “Enough. You can go now.”

Watching Yale leave, the Grand Warlock secretly sighed. “After drinking this ‘Soulsilk Poison’, Linley will definitely die. A pity. Linley’s friends and family members definitely won’t spare Yale, the ‘culprit’. Yale will die. It seems I’ll have to find another person within the Dawson Conglomerate to control.”

The night was dark. Yale, riding on the back of a Bluewind Hawk, flew at high speed in the direction of Dragonblood Castle. Behind him were two guards mounted on flying magical beasts. These two guards were both quite puzzled.

“Why is the Chairman in such a rush? It’s still late at night.”

“Who knows? In the past few years, the Chairman hasn’t seemed like himself. He no longer likes to joke, and he’s become so solemn.”

The two guards spoke softly to each other behind him, while Yale himself stared towards the northeast with a cold, expressionless face.

The next afternoon.

Yale’s party finally arrived at Dragonblood Castle, and the flying beasts landed.

“We’re here.” Yale swept Dragonblood Castle with his gaze, an utterly unfeeling look flashing through his eyes.

Within Dragonblood Castle.

Today, in Dragonblood Castle, Gates, Wharton, Zassler, and the others all felt uneasy and irritable. When Linley had returned, he had already made a detailed report to everyone about the ‘city of death’ affair and how the culprits behind the affair were those silver-robed men.

But behind those silver-robed men was a Deity who was controlling them!

A Deity level expert!

Those four simple words were like a mountain, crushing down against the hearts of Gates, Zassler, and the others. They all felt that tremendous pressure.

After eating lunch, Linley, Wharton, Gates, Zassler, and the others all sat down in the rear flower gardens to discuss the situation.

“Don’t worry too much. Harry has already said, after all, that the Deity won’t have time to get himself involved in other matters.” Linley saw that the others seemed to be rather worried, and so he couldn’t help but laugh and try to encourage them. “By the time that Deity is done, I should have broken through to the Deity level myself.”

“Big bro.” Wharton said nervously. “First of all, is it possible that the Deity will pause his activities to come act against you? Even aside from this, more importantly...even if you reach the Deity level, big bro, will you definitely be able to deal with that Deity?”

Wharton was extremely worried.

Linley, even after becoming a Deity, would only be a Demigod.

The enemy?

Who knew if the enemy was a Demigod or a full God? If the opponent was a God, then Linley wouldn't have any chance to change the situation. Even if the opponent was a Demigod...there were major differences between Demigods as well. Could an early stage Demigod and a peak stage Demigod be viewed as the same?

After all, at Linley's level, even other peak Saints would be easily killed by him.

It wasn't impossible that a peak Demigod would be able to kill early stage Demigods in just one or two attacks.

"Have some faith in me." Linley, seeing the worry etched on Wharton's face, still felt very moved. He understood what his little brother, Wharton, was thinking about.

Zassler encouraged as well, "Wharton, don't worry too much. In four more years, the War God and the others will all have returned as well. By that time, the situation will be different yet again. In addition, since when has your big brother ever let you down? You need to have faith in Lord Linley."

Wharton nodded.

He looked at his big brother. Linley had killed the king of Fenlai Kingdom, become famous in the O'Brien Empire, had fought Haydson to a standstill, and now...just by relying on his own ability, was about to become a Deity.

"Big bro, I believe in you." Wharton anticipated seeing Linley being able to overcome their enemy.

Linley actually felt much more confident than Wharton was.

First of all, if that mysterious Deity was to wait four years before coming, by then...Dylin and the others would have returned as well. He had originally gifted Dylin with that divine spark. Dylin owed him a huge favor in return. Linley believed that Dylin wouldn't just stand by and watch with arms folded.

But of course, that was just relying on external strength.

Linley's greatest support was...Bloodviolet and the Coiling Dragon ring!

Divine artifacts had differences in power as well.

For example, when they had first gone to the sixth floor of the Necropolis of the Gods, they had encountered the Flame Tyrant and that divine artifact greataxe it had wielded. Even Saints could make full use of the special abilities of that divine artifact. Thus...without question, that divine artifact was a low level one.

The harder a divine artifact was to use, the more stringent its requirements were, the more powerful it actually was.

As for his Bloodviolet sword, up till now, Linley still was only able to rely on the hardness and sharpness of Bloodviolet to kill opponent's. Linley was still completely unable to use some of the special abilities of the sword. For example...Linley was completely unable to make Bloodviolet change its size as he pleased.

Divine artifacts could all expand or contract in size. This was a basic ability.

But Linley wasn't even capable of accomplishing this. Clearly, Bloodviolet was no ordinary divine artifact. Actually, when Linley's spiritual energy had interacted with that terrifying baleful aura and seen that terrifying sight within Bloodviolet, he had known that it was a portent of how extraordinary this Bloodviolet sword was.

Bloodviolet was one powerful support. He also had the Coiling Dragon ring!

Up till now, Linley was still utterly baffled with regards to the Coiling Dragon ring. But Linley was certain that for him to not be able to sense anything about it at his current level of strength meant that the power of the Coiling Dragon ring was most likely no weaker than that of Bloodviolet, and perhaps even more powerful.

“Once I become a Deity, I’ll naturally be able to control and use my divine artifacts.” Linley was very eager.

He wanted to know the true power of Bloodviolet and of the Coiling Dragon ring!

“Lord, Chairman Yale of the Dawson Conglomerate has arrived.” A guard of Dragonblood Castle ran into the rear flower gardens and spoke to Linley respectfully. Even the quick glance he snuck at Linley was filled with a hint of worship.

“Yale?” Linley’s eyes instantly lit up.

“Quick, quick, invite him over.” Linley immediately felt very happy. To Linley, these three friends he had made during his youthful days had the exact same status in his heart as his real brother, Wharton.

“Yale?” Wharton frowned, then said to Linley, “Big bro, I forgot to tell you. Five years ago, after the great war began, Yale came to us and asked for us to give him the rights to purchase all of the battle captives we took. At that time, although Cena was rather unwilling, in the end, he had still agreed.”

“Oh?” Although Linley didn’t understand much about managing a country, he understood what purchasing all of the battle captives meant. This wasn’t something a person could do just because they had money.

“That’s not a major affair. No need to worry about it too much. I’ll just say a few things to Boss Yale about it.” Linley didn’t think too much about it and just spoke casually.

Hearing Linley’s words, Wharton didn’t say anything further. At this time, they heard the sound of footsteps. Linley immediately went to the gate of the rear flower garden to greet the person, and indeed...Yale, his face all smiles, walked in. As soon as he saw Linley, his eyes lit up. “Third Bro, it really is quite hard to meet you these days.”

“I’ve been busy with something important. Come, let’s have a seat while we chat.” Linley immediately said warmly.

Linley said to the nearby Wharton and Zassler, “Wharton, you guys can go rest for now. Boss Yale and I haven’t met for a long time. We’re going to have a nice long chat. Oh, right. Make the arrangements for a banquet feast tonight. Yale’s having dinner here tonight.”

Linley’s original plan had been to go back into closed door training after tonight’s meal.

“Yes, big bro.” Wharton nodded, then immediately left along with Gates and the others. Zassler frowned as he glanced twice at Yale, but he didn’t say anything as he left.

The maids of the castle quickly brought fine wine and winecups to the two.

“Boss Yale, why did you want to buy all of our battle captives?” Linley asked curiously. Linley wasn’t planning to interrogate him; he was just a bit puzzled.

Yale intentionally put on a mysterious air. “That’s a business secret.”

“Jeeze, you...you’re going to talk about keeping ‘business secrets’ from me?” Linley immediately began to laugh, and he no longer raised the topic.

“Your arrival is quite the coincidence. If you were a day late, I probably wouldn’t have free time to spend with you.” Linley felt quite moved. After all, he had just come out yesterday, and had been planning to continue his closed door training after dinner today. There had only been a very small window of time, but Yale had just so happened to catch it.

It had to be said that it was quite the coincidence.

“I had some business that required me to pass nearby. When I saw Dragonblood Castle, I decided to come looking for you. I was just trying my luck. I didn’t expect you’d actually be available.” Yale laughed as well.

“Hey, what wine is this, anyhow?” Yale suddenly frowned as he looked at his wine cup.

Linley glanced at the wine bottle, shaking his head and laughing. “How should I know? My knowledge of wine isn’t as deep as yours. But I imagine the wine that the servants at my Dragonblood Castle prepared shouldn’t be too bad.”

Yale immediately began to laugh as well. “I know. You, you genius, spend all your time training. You don’t waste any time on wine. However, although this wine isn’t bad, it can’t be considered exquisite either. Right, in my interspatial ring, I have a bottle of fine wine. Third Bro, come, let’s taste it together.”

As he spoke, with a flip of his hand, Yale withdrew a small bottle of wine from within his interspatial ring.

“Such a small bottle?” Linley was somewhat surprised.

“This is something which a winery which our Dawson Conglomerate owns just finished refining. A single drop of this wine is a thousand times more valuable than its weight in gold. Come, have a taste.” Yale immediately poured Linley a cup, and then poured himself a cup as well.

Yale raised the cup, then frowned, intentionally saying ‘unhappily’, “Third Bro, what are you waiting for? Are you not going to give me face?”

“Haha, Yale, how would I, the Third Bro, dare to not give the Boss face?” Laughing, Linley raised the cup of wine. “Come, cheers.” As he spoke, without hesitating at all, Linley drank it all in one swig. But only after Linley drank did he realize that Yale hadn’t drank yet.

“Boss Yale, why didn’t you drink?” Linley laughed while berating. “You are going too far.”

Yale didn’t reply. He just put the wine cup back on the table. His smile had disappeared, and he just looked coldly and calmly at Linley.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 21, Soulsilk

“Boss Yale, you...?”

Yale’s face was calm, and his cold gaze stabbed at Linley’s heart like daggers. It had been so many years. The four bros of dormitory 1987 had all been on exceedingly close terms with each other. Although they had some squabbles when they were young, there had been none that harmed their friendship.

Linley had never imagined that Yale would look at him in such a way.

It was as though he were looking at a stranger. As though he were looking at...a dead person!

“Huh?” Linley’s face suddenly changed dramatically.

He finally discovered the changes that were going on inside his body. After that cup of wine had entered his stomach, he suddenly realized that the cup of wine actually contained strange, faint gray strands of thin threads. The many silken threads quickly rushed towards Linley’s brain, and they soon entered his consciousness.

The many faint gray threads surrounded his entire sea of consciousness, and then...began to seep through!

“Uhhhh...”

Linley felt his head grow dizzy. He couldn’t help but sway, falling backwards over the seat behind him. After striking the chair, he collapsed to the floor, but right now, he didn’t notice it at all. His concentration was completely focused on his sea of consciousness.

“Lord Linley.” A nearby serving woman immediately cried out in alarm.

Linley, to the serving women and guards of Dragonblood Castle, was a godlike presence. This serving woman had never imagined that the invincible Linley would suddenly faint, as though he were an ordinary person. But the panicked cry of the serving woman quickly drew the attention of the people outside.

The first person whose attention was drawn was Zassler.

Zassler charged into the rear flower garden. Seeing the scene in front of him, his face changed dramatically. “Lord Linley.” Zassler immediately rushed towards Linley, but right now, no one at all could help Linley. Zassler immediately turned his head to stare at Yale.

“It was you!” Zassler’s eyes radiated a freezing light.

Yale maintained his silence, not saying a word.

“Big bro, big bro.” Wharton and a group of others ran over as well. Seeing Linley lying there collapsed on the floor, they were all terrified.

They wouldn’t even be afraid if Linley had been stabbed or slashed, but for Linley to collapse to the ground for no reason at all...how could they not be afraid and worried?

Within Linley's consciousness.

The many faint gray strings had, in the end, penetrated straight through that faint azure layer of light surrounding his consciousness. The many faint gray strings pierced into the sea of consciousness, and instantly began to constrict around that sword-shaped soul of Linley's.

The sword-shaped soul was currently hovering in the deepest parts of his sea of consciousness.

"Not good." Linley definitely wouldn't permit those strange threads to attack his soul. He immediately tried to control his spiritual energy to block it.

The sea of consciousness in his brain instantly began to roil, and large amounts of spiritual energy began to whittle away at those dim gray threads. After having become a Grand Magus Saint, Linley's spiritual energy had been further refined and become easier to control. Those faint gray threads, however, forcefully pushed through his condensed spiritual energy, drawing closer to his sword-shaped soul at high speed.

But in the process of doing so, the threads had also been reduced in power.

Having lost a third of their power, the remaining faint gray threads still wrapped around Linley's soul. With those many gray threads wrapped around his sword-shaped soul, Linley's soul was like a turtle trapped in a jar. Those gray threads tried to penetrate even deeper.

The soul was extremely important. Once it was pierced through, one would most likely die. Linley understood this very well.

"Rumble..." The sword-shaped soul suddenly flashed with blue light, suddenly gleaming as brightly as the sun. Those faint gray threads dissolved in an instant, like flecks of snow. Within his sea of consciousness, not a single faint gray thread was remaining.

Only now did Linley secretly let out a sigh of relief.

He opened his eyes.

"What are you doing?!" As soon as Linley opened his eyes, he couldn't help but roar in fury.

Yale was curled up to one side. Yale's body was covered with blood, but Yale was still moving. He hadn't died yet. Wharton, Gates, and the others, especially his son Taylor, were currently kicking Yale.

"Bam." Yale suddenly vomited out yet another mouthful of blood.

"Big bro (Lord Linley)!" Wharton, Zassler, and the others, upon hearing Linley's furious roar, turned to look with surprised delight.

"Father!" Taylor turned as well. His tear-covered face was now filled with shock and joy.

Everyone from Housekeeper Hiri to Taylor's children were all present. Dozens of people from Dragonblood Castle were clustered here. All of them stared at Yale with eyes filled with hatred. Now that Linley had woken up, however, they all grew joyful and calmed down.

"Father, are you alright?" Taylor instantly rushed over to Linley.

"Everyone, take a step aside for now." Linley was staring at Yale.

Linley was certain...that just then, he had suffered an extremely powerful, insidious attack. If it hadn't been that the protective Dragonblood Warrior energy surrounding his soul had suddenly increased dramatically, it would be hard to say if he would've been able to make it past that dangerous moment.

All of this had been caused by that so-called flask of 'fine wine' of Yale's.

"Cough, cough!" Yale covered his mouth, but fresh blood still continued to dribble out past his fingers. Clearly, just then, Taylor and the others had been absolutely furious. After all, Linley was family. Taylor, Wharton, and the others had been so angry that they had physically assaulted Yale.

If it hadn't been for Yale's special relationship with Linley, he would have been beaten to death long ago.

Linley looked at Yale and his current appearance. He stretched his hand out, resting it against Yale's shoulders. He controlled the 'Pearl of Life' in his body, and as he did, a special energy filled with life force streamed out from the Pearl of Life, passing through his right hand into Yale's body.

Yale's wounds visibly healed in front of them.

"Boss Yale, tell me. Why." Linley stared at Yale. His voice was very low.

Yale's body was fine now, and he no longer coughed. He glanced calmly at Linley. "No reason." After saying these words, Yale no longer spoke.

Linley's heart was as cold as ice.

This was his lifelong friend!

When he had broken up with Alice and had spent eleven days and eleven nights outside in the cold, Yale, George, and Reynolds had accompanied him the entire time, because they were worried about him, their friend. When he had gone to get revenge on the King of Fenlai, Yale, after having learned about the matter, had done his utmost to assist him.

Yale hadn't cared at all that these actions would perhaps cause offense to the Radiant Church.

Once, Linley had believed that the brotherly love between the four of them would never change.

But seeing the cold look currently on Yale's face, Linley's heart felt such pain.

"Boss Yale. I'll call you Boss Yale one more time. Tell me, why did you do this!" Linley suppressed the pain in his heart as he stared at Yale. Was this still the same Boss Yale who had always been so full of laughter, the man who would be willing to throwing himself in any danger for the sake of his friends?

Yale glanced at Linley. "Why so many questions? It was to kill you." Yale's words were very calm, as though what he said was very reasonable."

Linley's heart clenched, as though it had just been struck. A terrible pain slowly began to spread out from his heart, so great that Linley began to shudder slightly. Linley had always been a man who deeply valued love, be it towards his wife, his children, or his friends.

Linley had always believed that the relationship he had were his most priceless assets.

He also believed that his brothers would never abandon him, and that their love was firm and unshakable.

"How...how could this have happened?" Linley's body was shaking slightly. His eyes were filled with incomprehension and pain!

Why had his dear friend betrayed him?

But as he stared at that cold, calm look in Yale's eyes, Linley truly didn't know what he should say.

"Big bro, this Yale wanted to kill you. Why are you hesitating? This sort of person deserves to just be killed!" Wharton was currently still filled with fury, especially after having heard Yale calmly say the words, 'it was to kill you'. On behalf of his big brother, he felt wronged!

Linley took a deep breath, letting his heart calm down slightly.

"Boss Yale. This will be the last time I call you Boss Yale." Linley looked at Yale, his heart filled with stabbing pains. In his mind, he couldn't help but see one scene after another of how the four bros had laughed happily together.

"You can go." Linley turned around, no longer looking at Yale.

Yale glanced at Linley, then turned and left without a word.

"Big bro."

"Father."

"Lord Linley!"

Wharton, Taylor, Gates, Boone, and the others were frantic. Yale had wanted to kill Linley, but Linley was going to release him without punishing him at all?

"Remember. Do not make trouble for Yale. After all...he, he was once my brother." Linley, when saying the word 'once', felt the pain in his heart increase. "Enough. You can all leave. I want to be alone for a while."

All of them looked at each other, then looked at Linley's back, which was turned towards them. And then, they all left, one after the other.

In the entire rear flower garden, aside from Linley, only one person was left – Zassler.

"Zassler." Linley didn't turn around. "You can leave as well."

"Lord Linley, I wonder if you would be willing to tell me what happened to your body just now. Perhaps...I can understand a few things." Zassler stared straight at Linley, his gaze firm.

"No need." Linley said calmly. "I don't wish to discuss this matter further."

Linley was currently in a terrible mood.

"Lord Linley, if you tell me what happened to you within your body, perhaps...I will be able to tell you why Yale did this. There is a possibility that Yale is not to blame for his actions." Zassler paused for a moment, then spoke.

Linley suddenly turned around, staring at Zassler. "What did you say?"

"I said, perhaps Yale is not to blame for his actions. There might be other reasons." Zassler said.

When Linley heard these words, his heart instantly became filled with hope. He truly hoped that Yale had his own difficulties, which is why he had asked Yale earlier why he had done this. But from Yale's eyes, he had seen no pain or embarrassment, only cold indifference.

This caused Linley's heart to turn so cold.

"Alright. I'll tell you." Linley immediately began to describe in detail what had happened in his body to Zassler. Of course, Linley didn't explain too much about how that special protective azure light unique Dragonblood Warriors possessed had increased dramatically. After all, to Zassler, what really mattered was what had been used to attack Linley.

"Soulsilk?" Zassler's eyes instantly lit up as he heard this. "So my suspicions were correct."

"What is 'Soulsilk'?" Linley looked at Zassler.

Zassler explained in detail, "Lord Linley, I've had many suspicions this entire time, but now, I'm absolutely certain. I'll tell you right now that this 'Soulsilk' is based off of Necromantic Magic. It is a type of poison that is specially meant to attack the souls of others. Only, the process of refining it is extremely difficult, and the requirements are very high. Even I have never refined this poison."

"Are you saying that this wine had Soulsilk inside it?" Linley asked.

Zassler nodded. "Right. After Soulsilk has been refined, it needs to be stored in a special type of liquid. That way, the Soulsilk will be able to last for a long period of time."

"So the culprit behind Yale is someone who trains in Necromancy?" Linley's eyes lit up.

Zassler nodded. "Lord Linley, actually...when you informed us that yesterday that after killing those two silver-robed men, that Violet-Gold Rat King, Harry, told you that the Deity behind those two knew that it was the two of you who had killed the two silver-robed men...I began to grow suspicious."

"Because even Deities can't always be casting their Deific presence everywhere at all times. You suddenly killed those two silver-robed men. How could the Deity behind them possibly know? But Harry was so certain that the Deity knew. Thus...in my mind, there's only one possibility!"

"That was a Soulseed!"

Zassler said seriously, "Necromancers can use their own soul energy to condense into a Soulseed, and then place that Soulseed into someone else's soul. That person will then be under the complete control of the Soulseed's creator. At the same time, between servant and master, there will be a spiritual link and ability to communicate. Thus, before dying, those two silver-robed men were been able to inform the appearances of you and Fain to that Deity."

Linley felt utterly shocked.

"Lord Linley, you said that there are nine silver-robed men, and that most likely every single one of them is at Prime Saint levels of power. I imagine...the only type of person capable of controlling nine Prime Saints would be an expert practitioner of Necromancy who has reached the Deity-level." Zassler said with certainty. "This is because Grand Magus Necromancers definitely don't have the ability to control so many Prime Saints. After all, the more powerful the person being controlled, the higher the requirements the Soulseed will have."

"In addition, Lord, you and Yale have an extremely deep relationship with each other, but when he tried to kill you, he was so remorseless and uncaring. He was even able to bring out a poison such as Soulsilk...there's only one explanation. He, too, has been controlled by a Soulseed from that Deity."

Zassler looked at Linley. “Lord Linley, you should forgive Yale. Once a person is controlled by a Soulseed, deep in their mind, they will come to treat the wishes of their master as paramount. Even if one was ordered to commit suicide or commit patricide or matricide, it would be done without hesitation. He’s nothing more than a dominated puppet right now.”

Linley felt both joy and fear in his heart.

Fear for Yale!

“Yale’s been controlled...then...is there any method to allow him to return him to normal?” Linley was filled with worry for Yale.

“There is.” Zassler nodded. “The method is...kill the Deity. At that time, the Soulseed will naturally dissipate.”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 22, (title hidden)

Only after killing the Deity would Yale be rescued?

Hearing Zassler's words, Linley felt a hint of pressure.

"Yale currently..." When Linley thought about how Yale was currently being dominated by the Soulseed and would completely obey the orders of that mysterious Deity, he felt both rage and injustice in his heart. "No matter who that Deity is, I will definitely kill him!"

For the sake of letting Yale become the old Yale once again.

To let Yale regain his sense of self. He had to do this!

"Lord Linley? I want to ask." Zassler paused a moment, then asked, "Lord Linley, after you and Lord Fain killed those two silver-robed men together, did you acquire anything from the corpses of those silver-robed men? For example, interspatial rings..."

"There were interspatial rings." Linley nodded as he looked at Zassler. "But I gave them to Wharton already. Wharton can give them to whoever he wants. What of it?"

Perhaps to a King of a Kingdom, interspatial rings were very precious.

But to an ordinary Saint, they were relatively commonplace items. To an expert like Linley, it would be very easy for him to acquire an interspatial ring. Thus, he didn't care too much about the interspatial ring that he had found on the silver-robed men's corpses. They had acquired two interspatial rings from the two silver-robed men. Fain took one, and Linley had taken one.

"Lord Linley, it's best if you first investigate what exactly is within that interspatial ring." Zassler said solemnly.

"Fine."

Linley listened to Zassler's advice and immediately sent someone to invite Wharton to come over.

Wharton quickly arrived at the rear gardens. On the way over, he was feeling rather worried. "Big bro highly values the love he shared with his bros. But that Yale, he...big bro must feel terrible right now." Wharton was worrying for Linley, but when he saw Linley, he discovered...

Right now, Linley didn't seem heartbroken at all. Instead, he was frowning slightly, a steely look in his gaze, as though he was worrying about something.

"Big bro, why'd you summon me?" Wharton immediately asked.

"I gave you an interspatial ring, right? Have you given it to someone else yet?" Linley asked hastily.

Wharton laughed and said, "Not yet. I was planning to give it to Nina in a few days. Nina and I have been married for so long, but I've never gifted her with anything particularly precious."

“Have Nina come over quickly and have her bind it with blood. Let’s see what’s inside this interspatial ring.” Linley said hurriedly.

Wharton was very surprised. Why was his big brother in such a rush over this?

Soon, Nina arrived. After knowing what Linley wanted, Nina very straightforwardly immediately bound the interspatial ring by blood, and then retrieved all of the contents stored within the ring at once.

There were some clothes, some ore...and in particular, a crystal ball stood out.

“That’s it.” Zassler’s eyes lit up when he saw the crystal ball.

Linley, Wharton, and Nina were all somewhat puzzled. As far as they were concerned, the crystal ball had a bit of a strange aura, yes, but Linley and the other two had no idea what effect the crystal ball had. But Zassler knew what it was, as soon as he saw it.

Zassler reached out and lifted up the crystal ball. The materials on the inside of the crystal ball seemed to be different compared to the materials on the outside of it. When the sunlight shone into the crystal ball, it would distort and then solidify within the heart of the crystal ball.

Zassler controlled his spiritual energy, delivering it into the crystal ball, carefully inspecting the situation within.

“This crystal ball has already been refined.” Zassler said after a pause, trying to find a way to simplify what he wanted to say. “Its current purpose is now to absorb any surrounding unprotected souls within an area of ten square meters or so.”

“Collect souls?” Linley’s heart shuddered.

He understood now.

The ‘dead city’ events were clearly caused by the silver-robed men, who would slaughter people with one hand while holding the crystal ball in the other. Each time a person was killed, their soul would naturally be absorbed into the crystal ball. After wiping out the entire Bluelion City, nearly a hundred thousand souls would have been absorbed.

“What is the purpose of collecting souls?” Wharton said in astonishment. Wharton and Nina both felt a sense of great shock.

Zassler explained, “The collecting of many souls...first of all, because Necromancy comes from the Overgod of Death, generally speaking, those who train in Necromancy are able to become Deities. They mostly train in the Edicts of Death, and the Edicts of Death contain much regarding the usage of souls.”

“By amassing a large amount of souls, one can execute some special attacks.” Zassler explained.

“The...the Edicts of Death, it really is...” Even Linley felt rather uncomfortable.

He knew of the seven Elemental Laws of earth, fire, water, wind, lightning, light, and darkness. He also knew that Death, Destruction, Life, and Fate were four types of Edicts. Edicts and Laws were two different concepts. The Edicts were the rules which governed the functioning of the entire universe.

As for the Edicts of Death, training in them focused on ‘Death’.

“The biggest purpose of amassing so many souls is to refine them and absorb them to increase one’s own soul in power.” Zassler’s words never ceased to amaze.

“Strengthen the power of one’s own soul?” Linley was truly stunned.

In the past, Dylin had told Linley that there were two options to becoming a Deity. The second option was to form a clone Deity body around the divine spark, which would represent that one’s soul was being split in half. The soul was the most basic element to any living creature! Upon becoming a Deity, a Deity’s body, once destroyed, could instantly be reformed from energy.

But if the soul was destroyed, then one would definitely die.

While one trained and grew stronger, one’s soul would slowly grow stronger as well.

“Refine a large amount of souls, then absorb them to strengthen one’s own soul?” Linley felt this was simply inconceivable.

“Right. Only, refining souls is simply too hard.” Zassler sighed. “It requires a thorough understanding of souls. Even I am not capable of doing such a thing. I imagine that a Deity who trains in the Way of Death will be capable of doing this. But most likely even other Deities who train in different Laws will find it very hard to do this.”

Linley nodded to himself.

Refining the souls of others to strengthen one’s own soul. This ability was simply too monstrous.

If any ordinary Demigod was capable of it, that would be too ridiculous. From the sound of it, even Deities capable of doing this were extremely rare.

“I think that I already have a good idea as to where that Deity is currently located.” Zassler said.

Linley’s eyes instantly lit up.

Zassler said calmly, “Putting all the pieces together, such as Yale asking to buy so many battle captives, or those silver-robed men destroying cities and collecting souls...clearly, this Deity is desperately in need of souls. As for this Deity’s location, I imagine that he is located in the place where those battle captives are being delivered to.”

Linley agreed with this point as well.

“We also know that the excuse the Dawson Conglomerate gave us for the reason why they are buying so many slaves is because they are excavating an enormous secret mine, with the location being within a mountain range near the southern edge of our Baruch Empire. Within that mountain range, there is a large valley, where one of the branches of the Dawson Conglomerate are located. I think...that Deity is probably there.” Zassler guessed.

Zassler’s lips revealed a hint of an evil smile. “Not just that. For Yale to be able to arrive so quickly...Lord Linley, you killed that silver-robed man just last night, but Yale arrived right away today. I expect that last night, Yale received the order from that Deity to come deal with you.”

Linley nodded slightly.

“Yale isn’t a Saint. He has to ride a flying magical beast. First, he needs to go to the Deity to retrieve the Soulsilk Poison, and then make haste to Dragonblood Castle. He only spent ten or so hours...and how fast can a flying magical beast be? Thus, that Deity is definitely within a few thousand kilometers of us. Otherwise, there is no way Yale would be able to make haste to Dragonblood Castle so quickly.”

“The only large branch of the Dawson Conglomerate within a few thousand kilometers of us is that valley.”

Zassler was very certain.

“Right.” Linley nodded slightly. “Wharton, Zassler, Nina...all of you can go rest. I’m going to immediately begin training.”

“Big bro, are you in that much of a hurry?” Wharton was somewhat surprised. After all, Linley had said that they would have dinner together, and he would only go back into training after dinner.

“What sort of a mood do you think I am in? Enough. All of you, go handle your own affairs.” Linley turned his gaze towards the southwest. “Collecting souls? Slaughtering living beings? Dominating Yale...” Linley was filled with a killing urge towards this unseen, mysterious Deity.

Linley immediately left the rear flower garden, entering the hidden secret training room deep within Dragonblood Castle.

As soon as Linley stepped into the pocket dimension, Delia, who was seated in the meditative position on the stone bed, opened her eyes.

“Linley, what happened?” Delia was somewhat puzzled.

Seeing Delia, Linley made a decision. He didn’t want Delia to worry. Forcing out a smile, he said, “Nothing. Let’s continue training.” Linley immediately sat on the floor in the meditative position. Outside the pocket dimension, the multicolored chaotic space continued to flow about.

“Upon reaching the Deity-level, the very first Deity I will kill will be that bastard.” Linley’s heart was filled with a murderous urge.

Linley took three deep breaths before he was able to calm down, and then he fully began to absorb himself in attuning with the Elemental Laws of the Wind, constantly experimenting and perfecting the Profound Truths of Velocity...

As he attuned with the boundless Elemental Laws, those three illusionary mental swords which represented the ‘Fast’ aspect, ‘Slow’ aspect, and ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ all began to display their attacks in his mind. Those three swords transformed countless times, and in a single instant, Linley was capable of hypothesizing ten million different methods of usage.

Hypothesize, and then verify using the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ swords. Only then could he slowly gain new insights.

Only one experiment after another would he be able to understand what the right path was.

The more insight he gained, the more Linley could clearly sense that the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects truly weren’t opposites at all. They both contained commonalities. Fortunately, Linley had only gained some low-level insights into the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects, allowing his ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ to also improve.

If he had previously reached an extremely high level in the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects, it would be extremely hard for him to fuse them later.

Time flowed like water, never stopping.

The Grand Warlock also knew that the Soulsilk Poison which Yale had used had failed to kill Linley. This was actually a cause of considerable surprise to the Grand Warlock. This Soulsilk Poison was extremely toxic, and not a single Saint had been able to escape its affects alive yet.

Linley was the very first to survive this technique of the Grand Warlock’s.

“I suppose I’ll let that little punk of a Saint live for a while longer.” The Grand Warlock didn’t care about a Saint. If the opponent was a Deity, he might have been a bit concerned.

But a Saint?

The only reason he wanted to kill Linley was because Linley had killed his silver-robed guardians, making him a bit angry.

“So he actually didn’t kill Yale. He really is ‘soft-hearted’. Someone like him would have been betrayed and murdered in the Gebados Planar Prison long ago. Oh well, it’s all for the best. For him to do this saves me the trouble of spending more soul energy to go control another member of the Dawson Conglomerate.”

This affair quickly disappeared from the Grand Warlock’s mind. Right now, the Grand Warlock focused on refining the large amount of souls in front of him.

In the blink of an eye, more than half a year had passed.

Deep within Dragonblood Castle. The pocket dimension. Within the mind of Linley, who was in the meditative position, immersed in his training. Those three illusionary swords continued to display themselves again and again, representing yet another mystery of the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’.

“Here it comes.”

Linley’s mind and soul began to naturally, clearly sense...that he had just crossed beyond a certain boundary. The boundary between Saints and Deities.

Linley opened his eyes and raised his head!

“Rumble...”

A thunderous, soul-shaking energy suddenly descended, completely enveloping Linley within it. The area around Linley all distorted, seemingly separating Linley from the nearby space. Linley’s entire body was raised into the air.

His body was not under his control at all as he levitated upwards.

“How terrifying...” Linley could sense that enormous, boundless, ancient, unique energy. To be more specific, it was the presence of something like a Law or an Edict. In front of this presence, Linley felt as though he were nothing more than an ant.

“This...should be the natural Edict which determines whether one is to become a Deity or not.” Linley’s heart was utterly shaken.

[TL Note – The title for this chapter is **Linley Becomes a Deity**]

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 23, The Elemental Sea

The terrifying natural Laws descended, and even Delia, who was training on the stone bed, was awakened and shocked. She stared in amazement at Linley, who was hovering in mid-air. That unique aura emanated from him, and in an instant, Delia realized what was happening.

“Linley is about to become a Deity?” Although Delia had never seen anyone else become a Deity, she could sense the presence of that enormous, boundless natural Law. Naturally, she could guess what was going on.

At this moment, Linley didn’t need to do anything at all.

A unique energy swept directly into Linley’s mind, surrounding Linley’s soul. In this moment...all of the secrets of Linley’s soul were laid bare. Naturally, the Profound Truths of Velocity which Linley trained in were also completely laid bare before this unique energy.

“Crackle...”

In the air above Linley’s head, an energy aura that contained the ‘Laws’ began to form, while at the same time, wind elemental essence also rapidly began to coalesce there. Large amounts of natural elemental essence began to charge into the pocket dimension from the chaotic space outside, focusing on that point.

“What is this?” Linley was somewhat puzzled.

But shortly...

The natural elemental essence dispersed, and a black gemstone which was emanating light green light was now hovering directly above Linley’s head. It was a wind-style Demigod spark. In that instant when this divine spark was formed, it automatically became connected to Linley’s soul.

Because this divine spark was formed from Linley’s spiritual aura, it was completely matched with Linley.

In fusing someone else’s divine spark, even if the fusion was complete, it couldn’t match one’s own divine spark, which was naturally formed in accordance with one’s own soul by the natural Laws.

“Divine spark.”

Raising his head, he stared up at that divine spark hovering above his head and glowing with light green light. Linley’s heart was filled with excitement. When he was young, under his father’s tutelage, Linley’s goal had only been to recover his ancestral heirloom. He had never imagined that he would become a Deity!

A Deity, like the War God or the High Priest!

In addition, he became a Deity through relying on his own power, and not through fusing with a divine spark.

“Finally...I’ve become a Deity.” Linley had a hint of a smile on his face. At this moment, Linley’s soul was naturally filled with some certain knowledge. “The natural Laws are currently waiting for me to choose to keep the divine spark outside of my body, or take it into my body.”

If he hadn't been informed by Dylin of this choice in advance, Linley wouldn't have known what the difference was between these two choices. Perhaps he would have found it hard to decide.

But now...

Without hesitating in the slightest, Linley controlled the divine spark to hover next to him.

"Aaaaah!" Linley suddenly let out an uncontrollable scream of agony. An enormous, ripping pain filled Linley, causing all of his muscles to spasm and distort. Deep within Linley's mind, that sword-shaped soul within that sea of consciousness was suddenly surrounded by the natural Laws. With a 'crunch', it snapped into two pieces.

His soul had been broken in half. This sort of pain was countless times worse than mere physical pain.

In this moment, Linley lost all rational thought. He only had the ability to let out agonized howls.

"Linley!" The nearby Delia, seeing Linley like this, couldn't help but grow worried. But Delia also knew...that in this critical moment of him becoming a Deity, no matter what happened, she, Delia, couldn't interfere.

Delia was so nervous that her entire body began to slightly shudder uncontrollably.

She clutched her arms over her chest and prayed mentally, "Linley, you'll definitely be fine." Delia and Linley had been married for many years now, but she had never seen Linley in such agony.

Slowly...

Linley's agonized howls grew softer.

Within Linley's sea of consciousness, those two shattered halves of the first sword-shaped soul had already formed into new 'sword-shapes'. Specifically speaking, Linley's sword-shaped soul had now transformed into two sword-shaped souls that were each a size smaller. One of them remained within Linley's sea of consciousness, while the other flew directly outside of Linley's body.

"What's that?" Delia looked at the sword-shaped soul in shock.

Delia, of course, had never seen Linley's soul, and so she had no idea what it looked like.

The sword-shaped soul, glowing with the colors of the rainbow, flew directly towards the divine spark, and then it easily merged directly into it. The divine spark and the soul became one, a sign that the fusion was a success.

"Was that Linley's soul?" Delia only now understood.

She had been training for over ten years now, but her soul still had yet to fuse completely with her divine spark. But Linley's soul was able to instantly fuse with the divine spark, because this divine spark was formed based on Linley's soul to begin with.

"Whew." Only now did Linley regain his normal faculties.

At this moment, he felt much weaker than he had earlier. The splitting of his soul had caused tremendous damage to it. Perhaps even his ability to mentally envision and hypothesize regarding the Elemental Laws had become only a fraction of what it had previously been. However, for the sake of being able to continue to train in the Profound Truths of the Earth, Linley had to make this choice.

“How strange.”

Whether it was his original body or that divine spark, both contained Linley’s soul. Suddenly...

“Rumble...”

The nearby space began to shake, and the soul within the divine spark miraculously could sense a unique place. This was a place that was located in the heart of the endless multiverse, a boundless, infinite plane which one could only sense upon reaching the Deity level...

The Elemental Sea!

“Rumble...”

This was a foggy, indistinct area. There was no light at all in the skies, but the light green light which emanated from the Elemental Sea itself just barely made this plane visible.

The boundless waters of the Elemental Sea roiled about, rising up and crashing down in waves. This was the Elemental Sea of Wind.

The Elemental Sea...the surface of it was liquid elemental essence, while below it...was boundless divine power!

The deeper one went into the Elemental Sea, the purer the divine power was. At present, Linley was only barely capable of breaking through the ‘surface’ of the liquid elemental essence and sense to a depth of ten meters beneath the liquid elemental essence. From the divine power right beneath the liquid elemental essence to the divine power ten meters below the liquid essence...

Despite the ‘distance’ only being ten meters, the purity of the divine power was doubled.

What Linley didn’t know was that if he had become a Deity by fusing with a divine spark, he would have only been able to sense to a depth of one meter beneath the liquid elemental essence surface.

“Rumble...”

Ten meters below the surface of the liquid elemental essence, suddenly, a good amount of divine power disappeared through a unique corridor formed by the natural Laws, descending into Linley’s so-called ‘pocket dimension’, and then fused directly with the sword-shaped wind elemental essence divine spark, quickly forming a divine body.

“Crackle...” Visibly, from the head on downwards, a naked body that was absolutely identical to Linley’s original body was formed. With but a thought, Linley immediately caused the divine power within the clone body to form into a set of light green robes.

At this moment, that unique energy which represented the natural Laws disappeared, and the pocket dimension once more returned to its normal calm.

“It’s over.” Linley revealed a smile on his face, while at the same time, he controlled the clone body to merge with his original body.

The divine clone merged directly into Linley’s body, fusing with it. It was extremely bizarre.

“Linley, this...this...” Delia had already been quite surprised to see two ‘Linleys’ earlier, but now, seeing the two fuse into one body, she became even more shocked.

Linley looked at Delia and laughed, “Delia, wait a moment. I’ll explain to you in a moment. I haven’t figured it all out yet myself.” Having just become a Deity, there were many things which Linley had to understand, but Linley hadn’t imagined that when he asked Delia to ‘wait a moment’...he actually had to ask her to wait a very long time!

“Okay.” Delia nodded obediently.

Linley immediately sat down into the meditative posture, carefully inspecting the changes in his body.

Within his mind, above that sea of consciousness, there wasn’t just a small sword-shaped soul hovering above the sea. Below that sword-shaped soul, within the sea of consciousness, there was also a human figure floating there, seated in the meditative position. It was the divine clone that was dressed in the light green robe.

“This soul space is truly a strange place.” Linley sighed with praise repeatedly.

Actually, the ‘divine clone’ and the ‘original’...there really wasn’t much difference between the ‘clone’ and the ‘original’. After all, both of them contained a soul, and they were equally important.

“That Elemental Sea...” Through the divine clone, Linley once more sensed that boundless plane which lay at the heart of the cosmos. The boundless elemental sea surged, and Linley could sense to a depth of ten meters beneath the liquid elemental essence surface.

He gave a shot at acquiring some of that wind-style divine power.

“Huh?” Linley found out, to his amazement, that his acquisition speed was simply too slow.

A thread of divine power, through a special channel, entered Linley’s body. Although Linley had been able to withdraw some of the divine power, the speed at which he withdrew could not be compared to when the natural Laws controlled the process. Earlier, he had been able to absorb enough divine power to instantly form a divine body.

“It seems as though in the future, I’ll need to be careful. Once the divine body is destroyed, reforming it will require a large amount of divine power.” Linley sighed.

He could clearly sense how the Elemental Sea contained limitless amounts of divine power, but he could only absorb it in tiny amounts at a time.

“Dylin was right. Once the soul fuses with the divine spark, it becomes impossible to train in other Elemental Laws.” The soul of the divine clone attempted to sense the pulses of the earth elemental essence, but the pulses of the earth were simply too indistinct and blurry. Linley couldn’t clearly sense it at all.

Compared to even when Linley was but a child, the divine clone’s affinity for the earth elemental essence was thousands of times weaker and blurrier.

“Fortunately, I didn’t place the divine spark inside my body. Otherwise...I would never be able to train in the Laws of the Earth again.” Linley felt an after-taste of fear.

Although the divine clone couldn’t sense the Laws of the Earth, he could sense the Laws of the Wind hundreds of times more clearly than before. Only, ‘sensing them clearly’ was one matter; gaining insights into them was an entirely separate matter.

On the path of training in the Elemental Laws, the further one travelled, the harder the road would grow.

“First, let me strengthen my original body.” Linley could clearly feel how powerful the divine body of his divine clone was. Comparatively speaking, his original body was rather weak.

Linley began to control that hint of divine power he had withdrawn from the Elemental Sea and began to infuse it throughout his original body. Divine power was indeed extraordinarily effective; Linley’s body slowly began to transform. His muscles, his meridians, his internal organs, all began to transform and grow more powerful. However, this transformation lasted for only a short while before concluding.

“Although it only lasted a while, this body is now on a higher level as well.” Linley sighed to himself.

Because he himself already was a Dragonblood Warrior, his physical power was already very great. Even after being further refined by divine power, his original body was only able to rise a bit in power, by about one level.

“Switching between the original body and the divine clone is simple enough.”

With but a thought, Linley changed...instantly, Delia realized that the Linley in front of her, who had been wearing a sky-blue robe, transformed into a Linley who was wearing a light green robe.

“Linley changed clothes?” Delia didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. But she could guess that actually, what Linley had just done was to switch into another body.

Indeed, he had transformed into his divine clone.

Right now, it was Linley’s divine clone which was in the world. Within the deepest reaches of the clone’s mind, within that sea of consciousness, there was a rainbow-colored divine spark hovering high above, albeit the light green color being dominant.

Beneath the divine spark, seated in the meditative posture on the surface of that sea of consciousness was the sky-blue robed Linley.

“The two bodies can be swapped out at leisure. It truly is amazing.” Linley sighed nonstop.

Not just that. Even his interspatial ring, Bloodviolet flexible sword, Coiling Dragon ring, and other blood-bound items could be utilized by his divine clone. After all, the soul in his original body and his divine clone was the same. Naturally, the divine artifacts could be utilized by either the original body or the divine clone.

“Using wind-style divine power to execute ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ is so much more powerful...”

Linley sighed in his heart. His body suddenly moved, and in the pocket dimension, dozens of Linleys suddenly appeared, then reformed into one. Just relying on pure speed...perhaps even the War God and the others were not on Linley’s level now. After all, Linley became a Deity through the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’.

Each specialty had its own special benefits. Linley’s greatest specialty was naturally speed!

“Now that I am a Deity, it is time to take a look at Bloodviolet and the Coiling Dragon ring, and see what secrets the two are holding within them.” Linley first withdrew Bloodviolet with a flip of his hand.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 24, Violet Blood, Coiling Dragon

The wind-style divine power in his body seeped into Bloodviolet. Out of nowhere, the edge of Bloodviolet became covered with a thin spatial edge, while at the same time, that faint bloody aura began to circulate on top of Bloodviolet while letting out a nonstop humming sword song.

“Linley, stop, quick, stop!” Delia hurriedly called out.

Linley immediately stopped using his divine power, turning to look at Delia in confusion. “Delia, what is it?”

Delia’s face was ashen. She stared at Bloodviolet in terror, saying in astonishment, “That sword, just now, it...”

“What happened? Quick, tell me.” Linley asked.

Delia’s face slowly returned to her normal color, but she was still filled with the after-taste of fear. “Just then, when Bloodviolet let out that humming sword song, for some reason, I felt my soul begin to shudder, and the energy in my body began to run wild. It was as though my body was somewhat losing control of itself.

“Eh?” Linley’s eyes were filled with surprise and delight.

To Linley, that humming sword song sounded very ordinary. He hadn’t imagined that others would be affected by it in such a way.

“Linley, can you make Bloodviolet not emit that humming sword song? I can’t take it.” Delia said apologetically.

But Linley knew that it was his fault. He hurriedly said, “Delia, don’t worry, I won’t let Bloodviolet make any noise again.” Linley was still quite surprised and delighted at what had just happened. Actually, just looking at the spatial edge which had appeared on the surface of Bloodviolet, he was already delighted.

He hadn’t utilized any Laws, just divine power, but Bloodviolet had already become so incredibly sharp.

“Divine artifacts truly do require divine power in order to reach a truly high level of power. In the past, I was only relying on Bloodviolet’s material strength to do battle.”

Next, Linley used his spiritual energy to enter Bloodviolet, sensing once more that incredibly powerful baleful aura within it. When his spiritual energy had interacted with that baleful aura, Linley had been able to clearly sense the scene contained within that baleful aura.

The boundless sea of blood.

All sorts of corpses from all sorts of races. Skeletons floating amidst the bloody sea...massive corpses that were dozens of meters high...white skeletal corpses that were emitting a green light...scaled creatures, horned creatures, four-armed creatures...

Countless corpses floating within that bloody sea.

Dimly, Linley began to sense a mental picture form. This mental picture had a devilish violet colored longsword that had fresh blood flowing from it. It also had a devilish man with long, violet hair, a long, violet robe, sword-like eyebrows, and a slightly bloodthirsty look in his eyes.

This was nothing more than what his spiritual energy sensed, but Linley still felt a tremendous pressure, so strong that he felt he could barely breathe.

“That sword is Bloodviolet.” Linley was absolutely certain. “And that violet-haired man...is he the previous master of Bloodviolet?”

One scene after another of the devilish man wielding Bloodviolet and engaging in acts of slaughter flashed through his mind as fast as lightning. Each scene, however, was very indistinct and blurry. Occasionally, it would grow bit clearer, but then the scene would disappear entirely.

“Funny. Funny.” Wielding Bloodviolet in his hand, Linley began to laugh.

He had been hoping to discover from within Bloodviolet the secrets to utilizing Bloodviolet.

“No matter how powerful a divine artifact is, it’s still just a weapon. It isn’t a living thing. How could it possibly tell me how its special attacks should be utilized? I still have to rely on myself to find them.” Linley understood that perhaps the previous owner of Bloodviolet knew how to utilize Bloodviolet, but...he couldn’t find that previous owner.

Perhaps the previous owner had already died. After all, if he hadn’t died, how would his blood-bound divine artifact have ended up being used to seal that dimensional gateway?

“However, at least I know two things right now. After filling it with divine power, Bloodviolet will become incomparably sharp. When matched with my ‘Profound Truths of Velocity – Dimensional Decapitator’ attack, the power will become far greater.” Linley felt very confident. “In addition, that humming sword song actually has the power to shake someone’s soul and to affect others in such a way.”

When he did battle, he could let the sword constantly emit noise. The enemy would be impacted, but he would not. This would create a huge advantage.

“However, I still need to slowly analyze how to effectively create the humming sword song.” Linley stored Bloodviolet into his interspatial ring once more, and then he focused his attention on the item he valued most...the Coiling Dragon ring!

He had discovered the Coiling Dragon ring within his ancestral home.

The previous owner of the Coiling Dragon ring was Grandpa Doehring. Because of the Coiling Dragon ring, he had met Grandpa Doehring and was able to step onto the path of becoming an expert.

Linley had been feeling extremely excited, but upon seeing the Coiling Dragon ring, he calmed down. He seemed to see that kindly, white-haired Grandpa Doehring within it. In his time, Grandpa Doehring had dreamed of becoming a Deity, but after being forced to enter the Coiling Dragon ring, he had lost that opportunity. He had thus cultivated and trained Linley, hoping that Linley would be able to reach the highest peaks.

“Grandpa Doehring, today, I have finally reached the Deity-level.” Linley sighed softly in his heart.

“If, Grandpa Doehring, you were still alive, how wonderful that would be.” Linley sighed in his heart.

After taking a deep breath, Linley filled the Coiling Dragon ring with his wind-style divine power, but what Linley discovered was...”Useless? Filling the Coiling Dragon ring with divine power is useless?” Linley

was somewhat confused. Whenever a divine artifact was filled with divine power, it should have some response at least.

But the Coiling Dragon ring had no response at all.

“Could it be that this is a rather special divine artifact?” Linley retracted his divine power, then filled the Coiling Dragon with his spiritual energy.

When becoming a Deity, the natural Laws had surrounded Linley’s soul. Thus, despite splitting in half, after having interacted with the natural Laws, Linley’s soul had already transformed on a basic level.

All people who became Deities on their own would have this sort of transformation.

Linley’s spiritual transformation had also caused his great reservoir of spiritual energy, based on his soul, to change with it as well. After this pure spiritual energy entered the Coiling Dragon ring, a faint, azure light flashed through the Coiling Dragon ring while at the same time, Linley could sense that within the Coiling Dragon ring, there was an extremely strange energy.

“What’s this?”

Linley was extraordinarily surprised.

Suddenly, an extremely powerful aura touched Linley’s spiritual energy. This aura was so powerful that Linley began shaking from the depths of his heart. It was simply too powerful. The aura contained within the Coiling Dragon ring was far more powerful than the aura which Bloodviolet had contained.

“Lucky young fellow.” A deep, rumbling voice echoed in Linley’s mind. “This was a ring that I liked very much when I was alive. It is a soul-protecting Sovereign artifact. Only, it is damaged now. It wasn’t able to successfully protect me, and so, naturally, it was damaged. To repair it, the only thing you can do is to slowly heal it through your spiritual energy...as for how long it will take, even I cannot predict it. Actually, I very much want to know who will be the one to inherit this ring of mine. Unfortunately, I won’t have the chance. I’ll never have the chance...”

That deep, rumbling voice slowly faded away.

Linley was completely stunned.

A soul-protecting Sovereign artifact? A damaged one?

“A Sovereign artifact?” Linley’s body was shaking slightly. He had only heard of ‘divine artifacts’. No one had ever told him that there was such a thing as a Sovereign artifact.

Above the Saint level, there were Demigods, Gods, Highgods, and Sovereigns.

So weapons were divided into ‘divine artifacts’ and ‘Sovereign artifacts’.

“A soul-protecting Sovereign artifact?” Linley discovered that the Coiling Dragon ring contained a special energy within it. “Since it is a soul-protecting artifact, then...” Linley immediately controlled this unique energy, having it enter his soul. Instantly...

A huge, translucent membrane of energy, shaped like countless scales, suddenly formed around his sea of consciousness, including his divine spark and his original body. This translucent membrane contained within it an aura of spiritual energy. The scaly membrane should have been formed from spiritual energy-type power.

Only...

In the center of this translucent membrane, there was a hole, as though it had been cut apart.

“Damaged. It truly is damaged.” Linley sighed to himself.

The most important thing to a Deity was his soul!

A soul-protecting divine artifact was naturally precious. As for a soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, that was something one couldn’t even hope to gain. Unfortunately, this one was damaged.

For example, that Soulsilk attack encapsulated one’s entire soul. Once a large amount of Soulsilk gathered there, it would definitely be able to flood through into his consciousness through that gap. Although the other areas of this translucent membrane were durable, with such a gap in it, the value of it would drop dramatically.

“Use spiritual energy to repair it?”

Linley laughed bitterly.

He could guess that the deep, rumbling voice was most likely that of a Sovereign who had then passed away. As for this soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, it was broken through and damaged. That voice was perhaps nothing more than some information which the deceased Sovereign had left behind.

But of course, perhaps it wasn’t a Sovereign.

It wasn’t necessarily only a Sovereign who could be in possession of a Sovereign artifact.

“Even that expert had no idea how long it would take to repair it. It definitely must take a very long time.” Linley tested fusing his spiritual energy into that scale-like membrane. Instantly, a large amount of his spiritual energy entered the membrane, passing through even the gap.

At the same time, a large amount of spiritual energy began to try and ‘patch’ the gap.

This ‘patch’ formed from Linley’s spiritual energy was able to stop up the gap.

“The defensive strength of the ‘patch’ my spiritual energy made is definitely very low.” However, Linley discovered that as he constantly used his spiritual energy to nourish this translucent membrane, the strength of the ‘patch’ he had over the gap was slowly rising as well, gaining in strength.

Only, the speed of the increase was simply too slow.

“To reach the same level of defensive power as the rest of that scaly membrane will most likely take thousands of years at best.” Linley shook his head, sighing. “Still, right now, all I need to do is focus my spiritual energy on defending that little gap, and I can ignore the rest. This does indeed allow my soul defense to rise dramatically.”

In terms of power, this damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact was actually inferior to an ordinary soul-protecting divine artifact.

“Huh?” As Linley’s spiritual energy once more entered the Coiling Dragon ring, he discovered...

After the translucent membrane’s energy faded away, there were still two other surges of energy auras contained within the Coiling Dragon ring.

One of the energy auras was coming from a gold-colored drop of blood, while the other surge of energy was coming from three azure water drops.

“Gold liquid?” For some reason, when Linley sensed that gold-colored liquid, Linley felt his original body began to tremble. Not hesitating at all, Linley immediately once more transformed into his original body, storing his divine clone back into his soul-realm.

Indeed, the sensation now was much clearer.

The blood within his body was beginning to boil. The strange thing was...at this moment, that golden drop of blood flew out from within the Coiling Dragon ring, then fused directly with Linley’s original body.

“This...?” Linley was shocked.

“Linley?” The nearby Delia had been watching Linley this entire time. When she saw the golden drop of blood fly into Linley’s body, she was deeply surprised. But then...Delia grew frantic, because Linley began to let out low roars of agony.

“Delia...I...I’m fine!” Linley ground out.

Seeing the fierce look on Linley’s face, and how his muscles were spasming, Delia refused to believe that Linley was fine.

Compared to last time, though, when his soul had been cut in half, this time Linley at least maintained consciousness.

“Aaaaaah!” Linley couldn’t help but raise his head and let out an angry roar. “Bang!” The sky-blue robe covering Linley’s body shattered into countless tiny pieces, and instantly, an enormous amount of dark, gleaming draconic scales erupted forth from Linley’s body, and even his draconic tail emerged.

Linley was currently undergoing an uncontrollable Dragonblood Warrior transformation.

“Linley.” Delia looked at Linley, her eyes filled with worry.

Linley’s deep azure draconic scales were slowly transforming. The deep azure scales were changing, first becoming azure, just like the Pure Dragonblood Warriors. And then, Linley’s draconic scales began to emit a faint, golden aura.

The azure-gold draconic scales covered Linley’s entire body.

The horns on Linley’s forehead and along his spine were beginning to transform as well...

“Aaaaaah!” Linley was filled with pain, releasing deep, growling sounds. The pain from this transformation was far greater than when Linley had originally drank the blood of the Armored Razorback Wyrms and transformed. Only, Linley’s endurance was now far greater than before, and so he didn’t pass out like he did when he was young.

Although he was in great pain, Linley’s heart was filled with wild joy.

“What on earth was that golden drop of blood? My body...has become...so powerful!” His Dragonblood Warrior form was still slowly transforming, but Linley could already sense that his body contained boundless power. Every single scale flashed with that azure-gold light, and that horn on his forehead was unspeakably sharp.

This was far more powerful than even his divine body!

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 25, Must Go

The feeling that his current Dragonblood Warrior transformation gave Linley was...power! Boundless strength!

“Whoooooosh!” The swaying of his draconic tail created a howling sound in the air, and the edges of those azure-gold draconic scales which were reflecting that cold, golden light seemed to be as sharp as knives. If one of these draconic scales were removed from his body, they would probably be able to easily chop apart very precious ores.

The gold drop of blood that had entered Linley’s body had transformed every part of him.

He did his best to endure the pain, softly emitting agonized growls.

A long time later...

The transformation finally was over.

“Whew.” Linley let out a long breath, while at the same time, he took a look at his new, transformed appearance. Azure was the primary color, covered by a layer of golden light. The transformed Linley naturally emitted an ancient aura, as though he were an ancient, god-like beast.

“Linley.” The nearby Delia had been nervous the entire time. Now, seeing that Linley was no longer shaking in agony, she felt slightly more at ease.

“Delia.” Looking at Delia, Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face. At the same time, Linley immediately dissolved the Dragonblood Warrior transformation. Only, this Dragonblood Warrior transformation had been simply too explosive. All of the clothes on his body had been completely shattered. He didn’t have a single scrap of clothing on him.

Fortunately, at present, only himself and Delia were here.

“Get dressed, quickly.” Delia laughed while berating him.

Linley immediately withdrew some underwear and outer garments from his interspatial ring. As a Dragonblood Warrior, he always had many sets of clothes prepared in his interspatial ring. Dressing himself, Linley then sat down alongside Delia. Leaning against each other, they began to chat.

“Linley, what does it feel like to have reached the Deity-level?” Delia was very curious. After all, she hadn’t truly fused with the divine spark yet.

“Becoming a Deity?”

Linley was slightly startled. Although he had become a Deity, Linley hadn’t felt that he himself had changed much at all. Now that Delia asked him, however, Linley took a good look at his body and sensed it and his surroundings had indeed changed slightly.

“It’s clearer with my divine clone.” Linley swapped to his other body.

Indeed, with his divine clone present, Linley could clearly sense the control he could now wield over the surrounding area. This was a certain type of authority which that Demigod divine spark conveyed upon Linley. Linley had a feeling...that divine sparks were actually a sort of 'certificate' representing certain powers as well as a certain understanding of the Laws.

The more powerful the divine spark, the more authority would be granted.

"You swapped bodies yet again?" Delia laughed. "If, in battle, one of your bodies were to be destroyed, you could use the other body to continue doing battle, right?"

"Yes, I can do that. Only, the divine clone is more effective when utilizing the Profound Truths of Velocity." Linley sighed.

"Huh?" Linley now sensed another change. Countless thin, silken streams of gold had permeated directly into his soul-world. Although each of them were miniscule, when combined, they still added up to an astonishing amount.

"What are these?" Linley was puzzled.

Linley had never seen this sort of strange energy before. But when he interacted with those countless golden threads, within Linley's mind, he could sense one pious person after another. Every single golden thread represented a person.

"The energy of faith!" Linley instantly understood.

Linley immediately paid close attention to those golden threads. Those gold threads directly entered Linley's soul-world. Only, as this soul-world was vast and boundless, the large number of gold threads could only be considered a single drop of water within that great sea. Linley couldn't sense any changes to himself caused by those golden threads entering his consciousness.

Aside from, that is, being able to sense those pious worshippers.

"I hear that faith energy is extremely beneficial for training, but why is it that I can't sense it?" Linley was somewhat puzzled.

But soon afterwards, Linley laughed. "I just reached the Deity-level and just started collecting faith energy. However, faith energy is nonstop and constant. For example, the War God has accumulated thousands of years of faith energy. As for the likes of Sovereigns, they have followers in all the countless planes. Who knows how much faith energy they have accumulated? Most likely, only after faith energy accumulates to a certain amount will one sense its effect."

Although he didn't understand what faith energy was used for, Linley was very certain that faith energy definitely was beneficial to himself.

After all, even the likes of Sovereigns needed faith energy.

"Linley, what are you daydreaming about?" Delia interrupted Linley's thoughts.

Linley returned to his senses. After Linley carefully explained what he had just sensed, Delia was shocked. "Faith energy? So when your spiritual energy senses faith energy, it appears as golden threads. Faith is an insubstantial, formless thing. Why is it that human faith can create this sort of unique energy?"

"I'm not sure either." Linley laughed. "Delia, in two days, I'm planning to head out."

“Right. You’ve already reached the Deity-level. There’s no need for you to keep working so hard.” Delia nodded.

“No. The reason I am going out is because I am preparing to start a kill-or-be-killed battle with a Deity.” Linley looked at Delia solemnly. Although he previously hadn’t told Delia, at this time, Linley no longer wished to hide it from her. After all, this was simply too important.

Linley himself wasn’t fully confident in his ability to defeat another Deity.

After all, the opponent was a Deity as well.

“What?!” Delia was instantly so shocked that her eyes turned round. “Linley, you are going to battle against a Deity? Who? The War God? The High Priest?” Delia instantly grew worried and frightened. Linley had just become a Deity.

It was too dangerous.

“No, not them.”

Linley, facing the look in Delia’s eyes, felt a hint of guilt in his heart. After all, in this battle against the Deity, it would be wonderful if he won, but if he lost...wouldn’t it have been terribly unfair to Delia?

“Then who is it? Why do you have to engage in a battle to the death?” Delia said hurriedly. “Could it be that this is an unavoidable battle?”

Linley let out a long sigh. “Fine, then. I’ll tell you the truth, Delia.” Linley immediately described Yale’s situation in full to her. He started from Yale’s out-of-character desire to have sole rights to buy the battle captives of the Empire, all the way to the point where Yale came to use poison to try and kill Linley, as well as Zassler’s hypothesis.

If he didn’t kill that Deity, Yale would forever remain a puppet!

In addition, at this period in time, that Deity was in a badly wounded state, and was also busy. In a few more years, that Deity would have recovered his strength, and he wouldn’t be able to find another good opportunity.

Most importantly...

He could afford to waste time, but Yale couldn’t.

Who knew when that Deity would once more send Yale out to be sacrificed? If Yale truly were to die, Linley would probably blame himself for the rest of his life.

“Linley.” After hearing everything, Delia wanted to say something, but she couldn’t get it out.

She didn’t want Linley to risk himself, but she understood Linley’s personality very well. Linley could, for her sake, throw away everything, including his own life. But for the sake of Wharton, Yale, Reynolds, and the others, Linley could do the same.

“Delia, don’t worry. I still have some reason to be confident.” Linley said.

“What reason?” Delia hurriedly asked.

She hoped that Linley could explain it to her and give her an answer that would put her at her ease.

“A person’s battle strength is based on their personal ability as well as their weapons. Delia, this Bloodviolet sword of mine should be an extremely powerful type of divine artifact.” Linley explained. “In addition to that, Delia, you need to remember that I have two bodies; my original body, and the clone.”

Linley rubbed Delia on her shoulders and said seriously, “Delia, I can guarantee to you that if one of my bodies is destroyed, I will immediately choose to retreat.”

Delia had a hint of bitterness on her face.

She understood what Linley meant. Actually, the loss of either of Linley’s bodies would be a huge blow to him. If his original body was destroyed and his soul dispersed, then... Linley would never be able to train in any other Laws again. He would only have that wind-style divine clone.

But if the divine clone was destroyed and its soul was dispersed, then it would be lost forever, and in the future, he would never again be able to train in the Laws of the Wind. Even if he managed to gain insights, he wouldn’t receive the acknowledgement of the universe again, and he wouldn’t be given another divine spark.

From the look in Linley’s eyes, Delia could tell that he had already made his decision.

“Fine, then.” Delia took a deep breath, staring at Linley. “But Linley, you have to promise me that you will remember what you said to me today. If one of your bodies is destroyed, you have to immediately give up. You can’t let yourself die! You have many other friends and family members aside from just Yale!”

Linley and Delia looked at each other.

“I promise.”

Dragonblood Castle. The main hall.

Right now, there were many people gathered here. Linley becoming a Deity was a source of great excitement to everyone, but the vast majority of them didn’t know...that when nightfall came, Linley would secretly head out to the Dawson Conglomerate’s branch and to seek out and engage in a deadly battle with that Deity.

But of course, a few people did know.

Two people. One was Wharton. The other was Zassler.

When nightfall descended, the three of them were hovering in the air above Dragonblood Castle.

“Big bro, you absolutely have to be careful.” Wharton was very much against Linley going to battle that Deity, but he knew Linley’s temperament. All he could do was try to make sure Linley was cautious. “Big bro, don’t forget that there are many people here in Dragonblood Castle who are waiting for you.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Zassler also said seriously, “Lord Linley, this Deity trains in the Ways of Death, and he will be most highly skilled at soul-based attacks. You must be careful. His weakness should be in close combat. If you can engage him in close combat, your chances of victory will be very high.”

Both Zassler and Wharton were actually very worried.

“Don’t worry. Nothing will happen to me.” Linley was filled with confidence in himself.

After smiling towards the two of them, Linley immediately began to fly in the southwest direction. In an instant, he vanished into the horizon, his speed so fast that it would astonish anyone.

“Just judging from his speed alone, big bro should be fine.” Wharton now felt slightly more confident.

Linley, who trained in the Profound Truths of Velocity, was most proficient at speed!

.....

Within that dark, gloomy underground room.

The skinny, skeletal Grand Warlock, his entire body covered with that black robe, was seated on the ground in the meditative posture. In front of him, that crystal globe constantly emitted that gloomy green light, illuminating the cold, sinister face of the Grand Warlock. But right at this moment... “Creaaaaaak.” The door to the room opened.

Another figure, also full covered by a black robe, suddenly appeared in the secret room, as though by teleportation.

“Are you done refining it?” The hoarse voice came out from the person’s mouth.

“So, so it’s Lord Beaumont [Bo’meng’tē].” From the mouth of the Grand Warlock came a hoarse, ear-piercing laugh, the type of laugh that would definitely frighten a baby to the point of bawling.

The mysterious newcomer let out a cold snort. “It has been six full years since we have arrived here from the Gebados Planar Prison. You are already in control of the three major trading unions of the Yulan continent. The slaves that you have killed already number over ten million, and your servants have killed many people as well. I think you should be just about ready to finish successfully refining the Gold Soul-Pearl.”

“Hrmph. Lord Beaumont, do you think refining souls is such a simple task?” The Grand Warlock said with some anger. “Even some full Gods are incapable of refining souls. Souls are extremely fragile and delicate. To purify their essence requires one to be extremely careful and not be the slightest bit overconfident.”

The mysterious newcomer glanced at the Grand Warlock.

After a moment of silence... “You should know what my temper is like. I’ve been protecting you all these years. Otherwise, given how badly injured you are, you probably would have been killed by Muba long ago. I’ll give you three more years. If at that time you still haven’t finished refining a Gold Soul-Pearl, then don’t blame me.”

“Three years. That’s about right.” The Grand Warlock wasn’t worried at all. He said calmly, “In the next three years, I hope you, Lord Beaumont, will continue to help me hold that Muba at bay. Once my soul has fully healed, I won’t have to fear him any longer.”

The mysterious newcomer glanced at the Grand Warlock, and then his body disappeared from within the secret training room.

The Grand Warlock watched as Beaumont disappeared, laughing coldly in his heart. “Gold Soul-Pearl? A lowly, despicable fellow like him also wants to get a Gold Soul-Pearl? If I weren’t heavily injured, would I be afraid of you? Do you know... I actually have already successfully refined one. But unfortunately, I’m not going to give it to you.”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 26, The Coiling Dragon Ring

The night was as cold as water. A gentle wind blew past, and with it, Linley's body travelled dozens of kilometers. Although the Dawson Conglomerate's valley base was thousands of kilometers away from Dragonblood Castle, to the current Linley, that sort of distance was nothing at all.

The wind came to a halt, and Linley's body reformed and became distinct.

Staring down at the chain of mountains, especially that noticeable gorge, he saw that within the center of the gorge was that important branch of the Dawson Conglomerate's. Just by relying on his wind sense, Linley was able to discern that there was a huge amount of people within the gorge.

"Are these the slaves that have been shipped here?" Linley laughed coldly.

By now, he already knew that the reason why the Dawson Conglomerate was buying so many slaves was for the sake of that Deity, who was refining souls.

"Although the Coiling Dragon ring is only a damaged soul-protecting Sovereign artifact, at least all I have to do now is protect that hole." After a day's worth of cultivation, the 'patch' he had used to cover that gap in the scaly, translucent membrane had already become quite firm.

He looked down below, and with a gust of wind, Linley's entire body merged with the wind and charged downwards.

Within the valley, in an eerie, sinister, punishment chamber.

This punishment chamber's floor was black with dried blood. A bald man with bared chest was here, a butcher's blade in his hands. Behind him, there was a crystal ball hanging on the wall behind him. This crystal ball was filled with a dense fog.

A blindfolded and bound slave was pushed into the room by a guard.

"Slash." The bald man ruthlessly plunged the butcher's knife into the slave's heart. "Aaaah!" A hoarse cry sounded out for a moment, then faded away.

Quick, accurate, ruthless!

He killed a slave in an instant. The slave, after having letting out that cry and died, was immediately dragged out by the guard.

The dense fog in the crystal ball rumbled for an instant. Yet another soul had been trapped within!

"Next." The bald man licked the blood on the butcher's blade, growing rather excited.

The bald man loved this job. Ever since he had been arranged to carry out this job six years ago, he had fallen in love with the feeling of killing others. In the past six years, even he himself was no longer sure exactly how many people he had killed.

"At least a million." That was what the bald man guessed.

In the past six years of killing, every day, he killed several hundred people. Sometimes, even as much as a thousand. Over six years, the number of people he had killed was more than a million. Within the valley, there were quite a few people in his line of work. Although the bald man wasn't sure about the exact figures, he himself knew that there were at least six other butchers.

"The fog in this crystal ball should be dense enough by now." The bald man turned and glanced at it.

He was already quite experienced. After having killed so many people each day, he knew exactly how dense the fog would have grown. But when he turned, he suddenly discovered...

The crystal ball had become incomparably clear, without a hint of fog within.

"Ah!?" The bald man was so frightened that his forehead and back instantly were covered with sweat. "What's going on? Why is there nothing? Impossible. Impossible. No one is near here." The bald man, despite being normally fearless, was now so frightened that he was trembling.

The souls in the crystal ball had all disappeared.

Not just in the bald man's punishment chamber; all of the souls in all of the punishment chambers had suddenly disappeared as well.

Linley had descended into the valley, and was standing near a large tree.

"This...this...what is this?" Linley was shocked. Through the Coiling Dragon ring, he could clearly sense that within the radius of a kilometer, there were twenty places with a large amount of souls that were clustered together. Right; he sensed it through the Coiling Dragon ring.

"Why are there so many souls here?"

Linley frowned. He understood. These definitely were the result of the machinations of that Deity. Constant killing, constant collection of souls.

"Hrmph. He killed so many people in a single day. After several years, how many have died?" Linley felt shocked just thinking about the numbers involved. "This Deity...what has he resorted to, in order to collect so many souls?"

Linley indeed had no idea. The Grand Warlock hadn't just sent those nine silver-robed guardians to collect souls; he had also controlled all three of the major trading unions of the Yulan continent, who worked together to constantly deliver slaves to him, slaughtering them and harvesting their souls.

After all, there were many slaves in the Yulan continent.

With the three major trading unions joining forces, it wouldn't be too hard for them to gather tens of millions of slaves over the course of six years.

"Hey?" Linley suddenly sensed as though the Coiling Dragon ring had a strange power that was binding the souls in those twenty-plus crystal balls. He had a feeling as though with but a thought, he could seize all of those souls and pull them into the Coiling Dragon ring.

Linley gave this a test.

In an instant!

The many souls that had been in the crystal ball all disappeared, reappearing within the Coiling Dragon ring.

“So many souls? There’s more than ten thousand.” The combined number of souls in those twenty crystal balls were indeed more than ten thousand. But these souls were all directly devoured by the Coiling Dragon ring. What astonished Linley the most was...after devouring the souls, the Coiling Dragon ring began to naturally refine them.

The countless souls were being transformed into a large amount of golden fog of energy.

This golden fog of energy, as soon as it interacted with Linley’s spiritual energy, immediately began to naturally be absorbed by Linley’s soul.

“Rumble...” A large amount of golden energy streamed directly through Linley’s spiritual energy into Linley’s soul-world.

“Zassler said that once one reaches a certain level of understanding with regards to souls, one can refine souls and then absorb them to strengthen one’s own soul.” Seeing this, Linley began to understand. “So this Coiling Dragon ring can draw souls and also naturally refine them.”

When those golden fogs of energy drew near to the sword-shaped soul, the sword-shaped soul absorbed these golden fogs as though it were drinking water.

“Indeed...” Linley could sense an extremely comfortable feeling. His soul was slowly growing. Soon, those ten thousand refined souls in the shape of a golden fog had been completely absorbed by Linley’s sword-shaped soul, but the sword-shaped soul only grew slightly larger.

But even such a small amount of souls already made Linley feel much more comfortable.

“This Coiling Dragon ring...” Linley was utterly astonished.

Refining souls was an extremely complicated process. Only a very few Demigods were capable of doing it, and even the majority of full Gods were not capable of it either. It required a person had a thorough understanding of the nature of souls. Even the Grand Warlock had to be extremely careful when refining them.

“This ability makes the ring more suited to its reputation as being a Sovereign artifact, albeit damaged.” Linley had a hint of a smile on his face.

He took a closer look at the ring. He sensed that this Coiling Dragon ring was only capable of absorbing those souls that were not protected by their bodies. If a person was alive, his soul would be very hard to capture. But the binding power the crystal balls held over the souls was clearly inferior to the seizing power of the Coiling Dragon ring.

The seizing ability was superior to the binding power, and so the souls in the crystal balls had been seized.

“The radius is just a kilometer or so. Outside of a kilometer, I wouldn’t be able to sense anything.” Linley discovered that only when he flew down into the valley and reached a distance of a kilometer away had he been able to sense those collected souls.

Taking a deep breath, he calmed himself.

“Time to spread my spiritual energy to find that Deity. I have to kill him in as short a time as possible.” With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved Bloodviolet. Linley knew very well that once his spiritual energy discovered his opponent, his opponent would also realize he was here.

He had to attack in the shortest possible timeframe, not giving the opponent any time to prepare.

“Time to begin.”

Linley’s gaze turned sharp.

Within that gloomy, secret room.

The Grand Warlock, shrouded in his black robe, was staring intently at eight crystal balls he had retrieved from his interspatial ring. Including the one in front of him, there were nine crystal balls in total. These nine crystal balls all held foggy energy within them along with that golden liquid.

The Grand Warlock stretched out his two empty hands, and the nine crystal balls instantly began to float in front of the Grand Warlock.

“Crackle, crackle...”

The golden liquid in eight of the crystal balls immediately flew out, flowing towards that most important, central crystal ball. The golden liquid was emitting that misty, foggy aura, causing the entire room to be filled with a large amount of mist. The mist was all the essence of many souls.

If an ordinary person was here, if he just took a deep breath, he would probably accidentally breathe in two or three soul essences.

The eight streams of golden liquid flew through the air. While making their way to the ninth crystal ball, they most likely released over a hundred soul essences as foggy mist. But the Grand Warlock didn’t care about losing this small amount of soul essence, because it was the golden liquid which mattered.

Finally, all the gold liquid coalesced within the ninth crystal ball.

“Haha...” The Grand Warlock let out a hoarse, unpleasant laugh. “Three days. In just three more days, these twenty million soul essences will form into yet another Gold Soul-Pearl.” The Grand Warlock was extremely delighted. How could he have encountered such a wonderful environment in the Gebados Planar Prison?

In the Gebados Planar Prison, his level of power could only be considered average.

Two Gold Soul-Pearls represented forty million souls!

In the past six years, through the three major trading unions and the nine silver-robed guardians, the Grand Warlock had gone all out to gather souls. Actually, it was still the three major trading unions that contributed the most. The three trading unions were deeply rooted in the Yulan continent, and they had people secretly situated in every single city.

After six years, including all the slaves they bought from slave traders, it wasn’t an impossible task for them to gather forty million souls.

“Refining is hard, and absorbing them is slow as well. Most likely, it will take several months before I’ll be able to finish absorbing this Gold Soul-Pearl.” The Grand Warlock let out a sigh, but his words held a hidden meaning within. A single Gold Soul-Pearl would not only allow him to heal his soul completely, it would also allow his soul to grow several times more powerful.

If he had to rely just on training, who knows how many tens of thousands of years it would take to accomplish this.

“Huh? Someone’s here!” The Grand Warlock’s glowing green eyes suddenly looked upwards. He could clearly sense a surge of spiritual energy suddenly sweep past him. “A Deity.”

“Not Muba.” From the spiritual energy, the Grand Warlock was immediately able to tell that this wasn’t someone he was familiar with. “Which Deity is it?” The Grand Warlock, while pondering, drew out a black sickle with his right hand while grabbing the crystal with twenty million souls, preparing to store it into his interspatial ring.

However...

“What?!” The Grand Warlock’s face instantly changed, his eyes filled with shock.

Previously, within the crystal, there had been twenty million soul essences in the form of a golden liquid, but in the blink of an eye, the crystal suddenly became empty. The entire crystal ball was now so clear and pure!

“Where are the soul essences? Impossible, impossible!” The Grand Warlock felt this was simply too bizarre.

Although he had already finished refining one Gold Soul-Pearl, the soul essences that had suddenly disappeared had come from over twenty million souls he had spent countless amounts of time gathering and refining for several years. How could it be that in the blink of an eye, they all disappeared?

Before he was able to figure it out, he heard a humming sword song.

The humming sword song was quite pleasant to hear. Upon hearing it, the Grand Warlock felt very comfortable, but almost instantly, the Grand Warlock, so skilled in analyzing souls, instantly understood: “What a powerful soul-type attack.”

The Grand Warlock paid no further attention to the sudden disappearance of those twenty million souls. He had to face the opponent!

With the humming sword song, a devilish violet light suddenly descended. Wherever the violet light flashed by, space itself was ripped open...the violet light carried with it a terrifying aura, causing the Grand Warlock to feel stunned. Without hesitating at all, he immediately chose to retreat. “Who is it? Could it be the War God of the O’Brien Empire?”

Although this was what he was guessing, while retreating, the Grand Warlock began to emanate a wave of gray fog which poured towards Linley.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 27, Battle to the Death

In the dark, gloomy underground room, that hazy gray fog instantly filled the entire room. If Linley chose to dodge, the only option he had would be to move backwards, in which case, the Grand Warlock would seize the opportunity to flee far away. When Deities did battle, everything happened in an instant.

“Hrmph!” Linley’s eyes were fierce and determined. Ignoring the gray fog, he charged straight towards the Grand Warlock.

“Since when have I had enmity with this person?”

The Grand Warlock, seeing that Linley wasn’t dodging and was still charging straight for him, was so frightened that ignoring everything else, he flew straight upwards.

“Bang!” The stone ceiling above them split apart like tofu, and a tunnel was easily dug out.

The gray fog completely ignored the protective wind-style divine power covering Linley as well as his draconic scales, directly entering his body and pouring towards his mind. Linley laughed coldly to himself. “As I thought, a soul attack!”

Linley had already made preparations for this duel against the Grand Warlock.

“Crackle, crackle...” The gray fog attempted to attack Linley’s soul, but unfortunately, as soon as they touched that translucent, scaly membrane, they instantly dissipated. Only the gray fog which struck against the gap which Linley used his own spiritual energy to ‘patch’ over was able to last a bit longer.

But the amount of gray fog at the gap was simply too small, while Linley had focused a large amount of his spiritual energy to block that part off.

“This old bastard really is fast.” Linley raised his speed to the limit, pursuing after the person through the newly formed tunnel.

Actually, upon reaching the Deity level, there was no longer much of a distinction between a ‘magus’ and a ‘warrior’. The ultimate goal of both a ‘magus’ and a ‘warrior’ was to become a Deity. After becoming a Deity, both classes would train in the Elemental Laws. Only, because one was a warrior or a magus in the past, when battle began, one might be more skilled in close combat or distant combat.

But in terms of speed!

A light-style Grand Magus Saint, such as Desri, upon becoming a Deity would most likely be faster than even most warriors who became Deities.

The Grand Warlock was extremely fast, most likely above average amongst Demigods. But Linley’s speed...was simply astonishing. The only area in which Linley dared to claim superiority over other Deities was in speed, and from the underground room of the gorge to the surface, there was a distance of just a thousand meters.

A little bit of distance like this was nothing. Linley quickly caught up to the Grand Warlock.

The humming sword song was so clear and distinct. The Grand Warlock forced himself to stay calm, not allowing his soul to be affected. “This Deity is capable of a sound-based soul attack. When did I ever anger someone like this?” The Grand Warlock wondered angrily to himself. Facing this deadly sword attack, the Grand Warlock waved his own black sickle as well.

“Clang!”

The Grand Warlock’s attack speed was at an inconceivably fast speed as well, and was able to block Linley’s attack.

After reaching the Deity level, the might of a divine-power fueled ‘Dimensional Decapitator’ was simply too great. Enormous rips in space had appeared nearby, and the terrifying force of the blow struck onto that black sickle. However, the Grand Warlock clearly had many more tricks and much more experience than Linley.

“Bang!”

Relying on the momentum generated by the collision, the Grand Warlock quickly fled across the skies, with a massive explosion following him. The buildings on the ground of the gorge were blasted apart by the colliding blows, while the Grand Warlock himself charged high into the sky.

However, the even faster Linley caught up to him in the blink of an eye, blocking off the Grand Warlock in mid-air.

It must be understood that this gorge was an important base for the Dawson Conglomerate which was responsible for all sorts of missions of the Dawson Conglomerate here in the Baruch Empire. There were over ten thousand people stationed here long-term. Linley and the Grand Warlock’s battle caused the ground of the entire valley to shake, and even those buildings began to crumble. Instantly, lamps started to be lit throughout the valley.

Angry roars could be heard successively, as the managers of the Dawson Conglomerate’s base here began to restore order to their people.

“What is going on?” Yale barked furiously as he walked to an empty spot.

Right now, most of the people in the valley were walking out of their residences, arriving in the empty grounds. Just then, the earthquake as well as the sudden explosion of that building had startled many people. They now no longer dared to stay in their own homes.

“Lord Chairman, just then, that building over there exploded for no reason at all. A person was killed by having their head smashed in by flying rocks, while three others were wounded.” Someone instantly reported to Yale.

“There’s people above us!” Suddenly, excited shouts could be heard. “And they are floating in mid-air!”

“Saints!” Many people cried out in shock. The people here all raised their heads to stare up into the air above the canyon. Although it was currently night, many people had already lit lamps, and the light of those lamps, as well as the hazy moonlight, allowed them to make out those two blurry figures in mid-air.

Seeing those two figures in mid-air, Yale’s face changed.

“The Grand Warlock? And...Dragonblood Warrior?” Because of his spiritual connection, Yale could clearly sense that the Grand Warlock was up above him. But as to who the Dragonblood Warrior was, Yale couldn’t be sure, because the draconic scales of the Dragonblood Warrior up above was glowing with a faint azure-gold light.”

“That’s a Dragonblood Warrior!” Someone called out in surprise.

Everyone below all stared upwards excitedly.

Linley stared at the Grand Warlock in front of him. He was secretly shocked. “I didn’t expect that this fellow is so amazing, even in close combat.”

He had launched three sword attacks just now, all of which the Grand Warlock had been able to block with that black sickle.

If he was poor at close quarters combat, the Grand Warlock would have died long ago in the Gebados Planar Prison. To survive in a place like that, one couldn’t have too any obvious, glaring weaknesses. If one had too great a weakness, there would definitely come a time when someone else would seize that weakness and kill you.

“Who are you? It seems the two of us shouldn’t have any enmity against each other?” The Grand Warlock stood in mid-air, staring at Linley as he spoke. “Are you perhaps mistaken about something?” The Grand Warlock didn’t want to start a pointless fight, especially right now, when he was badly wounded.

Staring at the transformed Dragonblood Warrior in front of him, the Grand Warlock’s first thought was of Linley.

But in the next instant, he discarded that notion. “It isn’t Linley. Linley is only a Saint. In addition, Yale told me that after Linley became a Dragonblood Warrior Saint, his draconic scales are deep azure, and not this coloration...the person in front of me is clearly a Deity.”

“Can it be that he is one of the elders of the Dragonblood Warrior clan?” The Grand Warlock muttered in his heart.

After returning to the Yulan continent, he had learned a few things, and knew that five thousand years ago, four Supreme Warrior clans had appeared.

“Can it be that the elders of the Dragonblood Warrior clan have discovered that I sent Yale to kill Linley?” The Grand Warlock couldn’t help but guess.

“No enmity?”

A cold, calm voice rang out from Linley’s mouth. “If we didn’t have enmity, why would I come...” Halfway through his words, Linley transformed into a gust of wind, striking towards the Grand Warlock. The Grand Warlock’s black sickle once again transformed into a blur to block.

“Hrmph.” The Grand Warlock now was filled with a killing desire as well. Since the opponent wasn’t willing to call it quits, then even if he had to risk being injured yet again, he would still kill this person in front of him.

The black sickle shook, and the green light in the Grand Warlock’s eyes shone dramatically brighter. A low, sinister sound erupted from the Grand Warlock’s mouth, and instantly, an enormous black sickle appeared out of nowhere, chopping towards Linley. As for Linley, he slanted his body, moving to dodge it while striking out with the Bloodviolet sword in his hands in a stabbing blow towards the Grand Warlock.

Trillions of sword blurs appeared...

Profound Truths of the Wind – Rippling Wind!

At his current level, when executing the ‘Rippling Wind’ technique, every single sword was able to create tears in space. The trillions of swords instantly enveloped the Grand Warlock’s entire body. Although the Grand Warlock wielded his sickle very quickly, no matter how quick he was, he couldn’t block these trillions of sword shadows.

The Grand Warlock’s heart was filled with fury.

His sickle instantly swung up, transforming into a blur to block the sword shadows stabbing towards his head. At his sword-wielding abilities, this was the best he could do. He simply wasn’t capable of blocking all of the sword shadows. The many violet sword shadows chopped the rest of the Grand Warlock’s body to mincemeat, which was devoured by the tiny tears in space.

The Grand Warlock’s head immediately flew far away, and even that black sickle flew away alongside it.

“I’m badly injured, but, you are about to die.” The Grand Warlock knew exactly how powerful that last attack of his had been. Generally speaking, the souls of most Demigods, upon encountering that enormous, spiritual energy sickle attack he had just used, would be split in half.

The enormous black sickle that had been formed by the Grand Warlock out of nothing but spiritual energy had chopped straight through Linley’s skull, chopping against his mind.

“Clang!”

The black sickle, upon smashing against that scaled membrane, instantly shattered, more than half of its energy immediately being dispersed.

A small amount of remaining energy transformed into black energy, but only a good amount of this wildly striking, unfocused black energy struck against that ‘hole’. The ‘patch’ which Linley’s spiritual energy had formed only lasted a short while before being broken through, but by then, only a small amount of black energy was remaining as well. Linley quickly used his remaining spiritual energy to break it all down.

“What a terrifying soul attack.” Linley was astonished.

It was very difficult to control spiritual power. Generally speaking, an Arch Magus of the ninth rank was only capable of expanding and contracting their spiritual power.

As for Saints, they generally could only move their spiritual energy a little bit. It was very hard to form spiritual energy into an attack. As for this Deity in front of him, he had been able to use it to form a black sickle that was essentially solid. This truly was astonishing.

“He lives up to his reputation as being an expert capable of refining souls. He truly is formidable in the area of souls.” Linley felt amazement.

If he hadn’t had the protection of that damaged, semi-translucent membrane which had absorbed the vast majority of the attack, Linley probably would have been badly injured at the least by that simple attack.

“Crackle, crackle...”

The Grand Warlock’s body quickly healed, while at the same time, he caught and wore the interspatial ring which had fallen down. A Deity’s body usually stored a large amount of divine power. The Grand Warlock naturally wouldn’t make the mistake of not doing so. His body quickly completely recovered to its normal state.

“That fellow should be dead by now.” The Grand Warlock looked at Linley carefully.

He discovered...that Linley was looking at him with the barest hint of an upward curve to his lips. Was he smiling?

“What?!” The Grand Warlock was astonished.

Even in the Gebados Planar Prison, he relied on this attack to dominate. This attack had only failed a single time; that was when he encountered the peak Demigod, Muba. Afterwards, he had been forced to badly injure his own soul in order to utilize his ultimate attack, which deeply wounded Muba and forced him to flee.

“I want to see how much divine power you can spend on recovery!” Linley sneered.

Linley knew very well that gathering more divine power was a very slow process. Being able to quickly repair one’s body was the result of using up the divine power that had been already accumulated in the body, but the amount of stored divine power was only enough to be used once or twice. After all, the amount of divine power which the Grand Warlock had to use just now, with nearly his entire body destroyed, had been an astonishing amount.

The devilish violet light flashed again, and that pleasant, humming sword song rang out once more.

Trillions of sword blurs descended.

The Grand Warlock’s face was pale. After having experienced so many life-threatening battles in the Gebados Planar Prison, he was capable of instantly determining the eventual outcome of this battle; if this was to continue, his divine power would be all used up, and then he would no longer be able to block Linley’s attacks, and he would definitely die!

“Aaaargh! This is the second time!!!” The Grand Warlock felt utterly aggrieved.

No longer hesitating, the Grand Warlock made his choice...to use the same technique he had used against Muba.

“The last time I used this technique, my soul was badly injured. I hope this time, after using the technique, my soul won’t directly collapse.” The Grand Warlock had no other options. If he didn’t do this, he would definitely die. The Grand Warlock’s eyes shot out two rays of black light, which pierced directly into his black sickle, which began to shake.

Instantly, nine rays of illusory black sickles appeared out of nowhere in midair. Moving in accordance to a strange rhythm, the nine illusory black sickles actually swirled around then chopped towards Linley, giving him no place to dodge.

Soundless and all but undetectable!

“Not good.” Linley wanted to flee, but those nine illusory black sickles could actually curve, giving him no place to flee.

Linley was unable to block those nine illusory black sickles, which chopped directly towards his mind.

“Bang!”

Most of those nine illusory black sickles slammed against that translucent, scaly membrane and dispersed. But one sickle chopped directly against the gap, and the patch Linley had recreated with his spiritual energy instantly crumbled, and the black sickle chopped directly towards Linley’s soul.

Spiritual energy flooded in like waves through the opening, charging towards that sword-shaped soul.

“Clang!” The black sickle chopped directly against the sword-shaped soul.

“Rumble...” The sword-shaped soul trembled violently.

At this moment, of the three azure water droplets hidden within the Coiling Dragon ring which Linley was wearing, one emitted just a hint of energy, and instantly, the protective azure light on the surface of Linley’s sword-shaped soul increased dramatically, in the end destroying that black sickle.

“Ah!” Linley himself, holding his head, collapsed from the sky with a miserable scream. His soul hadn’t been destroyed, but the trauma from the massive collision had truly been very severe.

Watching Linley fall from the skies, the Grand Warlock revealed a hint of a smile on his face. “He’s finally dead.”

But just as Linley’s original body fell from mid-air...

“Swoosh!” The divine clone (the light green robed Linley) came flying out from Linley’s original body. Bloodviolet flew into his hands, and gripping Bloodviolet tightly, the divine clone charged directly towards the Grand Warlock, whose soul was already at the point of collapse.

Countless sword blurs flashed and lit up.

The Grand Warlock raised his black sickle in despair. “No——!”

The Grand Warlock’s body was chopped into mincemeat by trillions of sword blurs, and some blows from Bloodviolet even smashed violently against his divine spark, causing the Grand Warlock’s soul, which had been fused into the divine spark, to shatter. As for the divine spark itself, it fell straight downwards.

The divine clone stretched his hand out and snatched the divine spark, then transformed into a blur, flying directly into the original’s body.

A look of confusion flashed through Yale’s eyes, but then in the next instant, his gaze grew clear again.

Staring at Linley, who was already back in human form on the ground, Yale’s eyes instantly turned red, and he immediately charged over. “Third Bro!”

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 28, The Grand Warlock's Treasure

As the Grand Warlock fell from the skies, it wasn't just Yale who regained his sense of self. The chairmen of the other two major trading unions of the Yulan continent, the Snow Island Syndicate and the Gere Group, regained their senses of self as well. They all knew what disastrous things they had been doing in the past six years.

"The Grand Warlock is dead! Haha, he finally died!"

Within a desolate area, two silver-robed figures were laughing wildly.

"How many years has it been? We have finally been freed of that devil's control." The two silver-robed men simultaneously ripped away the silver robes from their body, which shattered into countless pieces of cloth. "I feel disgusted just looking at these silver robes." The two men changed their clothes.

They were so excited that their bodies were trembling slightly.

Of the two silver-robed figures, one was a human, while the other was a panther-man.

"Finally free. Finally free!" Their eyes were filled with tears, and they were filled with inexpressible excitement. Over the countless years, under the control of the Grand Warlock, they had done countless things, all of which they now clearly remembered.

If the Grand Warlock remained alive, they would have never been able to regain their freedom.

"Who killed the Grand Warlock? We really should go thank him." The panther-man was still uncontrollably excited.

"What, Wiggin [Wei'gen]? You still want to go thank someone else?" The human expert said mockingly.

The panther-man chuckled, then shook his head. "Of course not. I've had enough of those long years of being controlled by others. The person who killed the Grand Warlock didn't do it for our sake. Laghman [La'ge'man], what are your next plans?"

"This is my homeland." The human expert stared at the wilderness, letting out a long sigh. "The Yulan continent. It has been eight thousand years since I was last here. Eight thousand years. Ever since I encountered the Grand Warlock in the Gebados Planar Prison and was controlled by him, my power didn't improve at all. I plan to make a good long tour of the continent, and then find a place to studiously train."

"Wiggin, do you want to go to the Necropolis of the Gods?" The human expert looked at the panther-man.

"The Necropolis of the Gods? The Yulan continent..."

The panther-man laughed at himself mockingly. "In the past, I followed my master to the Yulan continent and wanted to go to the Necropolis of the Gods to find treasures. Only, I didn't expect that the Bloodviolet Devil was there as well. Back then, many were killed, while others were imprisoned. I no longer dare to have too much hope towards the Yulan continent."

"I've already had enough of being subject to the orders of others, to the life of a mindless puppet. I want to find a place to live quietly for a while." The panther-man said with a self-mocking laugh, "Given the situation in the current Yulan continent, we Prime Saints are better off being a bit low-key."

The human expert nodded as well.

And then, the two experts separated, hiding themselves within the Yulan continent.

Those who had never been controlled by the Soulseeds would find it hard to imagine what that was like. Upon being controlled by a Soulseed, one would be loyal to one's master from the deepest parts of one's soul. The master's orders were the number one priority. Under the master's order, they would kill their parents and kill their family and friends without resisting at all.

They didn't feel anything when they were controlled.

But once they regained their own will, when they remembered what had happened during those long years, they would often go insane.

"What...what have I done?!" Yale's heart was filled with agony.

After being controlled by the Grand Warlock, Yale had begun to use cruel, bloodthirsty methods to kill a large number of slaves and collect their souls for the Grand Warlock. During this process, there had been some high level members of the Dawson Conglomerate who had tried to stop Yale. For those who tried to stop him, he suppressed the ones he could suppress, and used bloodthirsty means to kill the ones he could not.

Some of them were his relatives in the Dawson clan!

These vicious, bloodthirsty actions, along with the fact that those silver-robed men assisted Yale, resulted in Yale gaining absolute, unquestioned power within the Dawson Conglomerate. This was a power that was forged through wielding a bloody butcher's blade.

"Everyone, go back." Yale said to the surrounding people.

"Lord Chairman, should we arrange some people to take care of this place?" A nearby silver-haired old man said.

"No need, Uncle Alberts [Ai'bo'ci]." Yale said sincerely.

Alberts was instantly stunned. Six years ago, Yale had turned cruel and ruthless, and the administrative operations of the Dawson Conglomerate had become harsh and rigid. Ever since then, Yale had never again called him 'Uncle Alberts'. Hearing these words, Alberts felt somewhat lost, and he began to think of the affairs of the past.

"Uncle Alberts. These past six years. I'm sorry." Yale said in a low voice.

"Chairman...young master Yale." Alberts tried to forcibly suppress the excitement from showing on his face. Yale was back. The Yale of six years ago was back!

"Enough. Everyone, go back and get some rest." Alberts said to the surrounding people in a loud voice. His voice right now was the loudest, most confident he had been in the past six years.

"The people I owe...are far too many." Yale knew how many mistakes he had made in the past six years.

"And Third Bro." Yale looked towards Linley, who was currently kneeling on the ground in agony.

Right now, Linley was in terrible shape. His soul had been concussed massively. It must be understood that generally speaking, when a soul suffered a sufficiently powerful blow, it would collapse. As a Deity, Linley's soul was naturally very strong, but still, he currently felt miserable. His entire body felt as though he was rather woozy.

Linley forced his eyes to open. He looked at Yale.

Seeing the look of concern in Yale's eyes, Linley instantly felt relief in his heart.

He had risked his life, and in the end, he had brought the old Boss Yale back.

"Third Bro." Yale knelt down in front of Linley, supporting him. "Third Bro, are you alright?" Yale's heart was filled with boundless guilt.

"Yale, I'm fine. Wait a moment."

Linley forced out these words, then sat down in the meditative position. The liquid gold soul essences within the Coiling Dragon ring were currently sending one surge after another of golden fog into Linley's soul-world, and as it did, Linley's soul drank it all in as though it was water.

Previously, when the twenty million liquid gold soul essences the Grand Warlock had refined had disappeared, they had been seized by Linley using the Coiling Dragon ring.

To the Grand Warlock, only after refining the 'gold liquid' to a 'Gold Soul-Pearl' would the soul essences become relatively easier to absorb.

But Linley, as the owner of the Coiling Dragon ring, could easily absorb large amounts of soul essences. As his sword-shaped soul constantly absorbed them, the glow of that sword-shaped soul continuously grew brighter, as it also slowly increased in size.

"How comfortable." Linley had a comfortable feeling in his heart.

The pain caused by his soul being shaken had long since disappeared. Right now, this sensation of his soul growing was very comfortable to Linley. He didn't need to focus at all on his soul absorbing those soul essences. While chatting with others or focusing on his training, he could continue to absorb soul essences.

Only now did Linley open his eyes.

"Third Bro, you...how do you feel?" Yale had been by Linley's side this entire time. His heart was filled with worry.

"I'm fine. But, Boss Yale, you aren't going to give me any more of that terrifying poisoned wine for me to drink, right?" Linley said with a smirking grin.

Hearing Linley's words, Yale felt relief in his heart.

"Third Bro, thank you." Yale's eyes were filled with a hint of tears.

In his heart, Yale understood very well that his attempt to use the Soulsilk Poison to kill Linley was, rationally speaking, not of his own free will. But he still felt guilty. Hearing Linley say those words, he had the feeling...that his bro, Linley, didn't care about that matter at all.

"Thank me for what?" Linley said as he stood up, and Yale stood up as well.

"I'm sorry. I've made a huge mess of your place here." Linley glanced at that nearby, exploded building, then laughed towards Yale. Linley was currently in an excellent mood. On this trip, Linley had come to battle with that Deity to the death, and had come prepared to risk his life.

Fortunately, he had succeeded.

"Linley, don't apologize to me. I can't bear it." Yale said solemnly.

Yale felt that he owed Linley too much.

"You can't be blamed. It was a Deity who was controlling you." Linley sighed with emotion.

"The Grand Warlock was a Deity?" Yale was somewhat shocked. Although he had been controlled by the Grand Warlock, Yale only knew that the Grand Warlock was powerful, and had no way to determine if the Grand Warlock was a Deity or not.

"Right. Otherwise, how could it have been so hard for me to kill him?" Linley felt that he was rather lucky as well.

If it hadn't been for this damaged soul-protecting barrier, and if it hadn't been for...

Linley lowered his head to look at the Coiling Dragon ring. In the past, Linley had never truly controlled the Coiling Dragon ring, and had no way to learn what it contained within. But now, Linley knew exactly what it held. Just then, during that dangerous moment, he had clearly sensed one of those three azure drops of water emit a ray of energy which allowed the protective azure layer of light around his soul to glow much more brightly.

"So in the past, when the azure layer of light around my soul suddenly shone dramatically brighter, it was the doing of this mysterious azure water droplet." Linley sighed with emotion.

"Wait, that's not right."

Linley realized something. "According to the ancestral records of my Baruch clan, that layer of azure light covering the soul is something only possessed by Dragonblood Warriors. Ordinary Saints wouldn't possess it. So why is it that this azure water droplet is capable of causing that layer of azure light to dramatically brighten? In addition, that drop of gold blood...why did it cause my Dragonblood Warrior form to evolve?"

Linley glanced at the Coiling Dragon ring, and at the draconic lines carved onto it. "Can it be that the earliest owner of the Coiling Dragon ring had some sort of relationship with the Dragonblood Warriors?"

Linley was forced to come to this sort of hypothesis.

After all, there were simply too many coincidences.

"Linley, what are you thinking about?" Yale, seeing Linley suddenly pause, couldn't help but ask.

"Nothing." Linley didn't think about it any further.

"Third Bro, I have to congratulate you." Yale laughed.

"Congratulate me for what?" Linley laughed. Yale stared at him. "Third Bro, you killed a Deity-level expert this time. I expect that you have already reached the Deity-level, Third Bro...the Deity level! It seems like such a distant, exalted level. Third Bro, when we were young and fooled around together, I truly would never have been able to imagine that my friend would become a Deity."

Deity!

Going from being a mortal to becoming a Deity was a change in one's level of existence.

No matter what race, be it magical beast, beastman, human, metallic lifeform, plant creature, or any other unique, bizarre races, upon reaching the Deity level, they would all have divine bodies and divine sparks. They all had a common term of address; Deity!

Linley had become a Deity!

In the Yulan continent, amongst the human society, the highest, most exalted figures were the War God and the High Priest.

But now, there was another one; Linley!

"Haha..." Linley began to laugh as well. "In the past, who possibly could have imagined it? Ah, I almost forgot something important."

Linley suddenly turned and stared towards a black patch of ground. It was currently late at night, and nothing could be seen clearly on the ground.

"Third Bro, what are you looking for?" Yale was somewhat puzzled.

"The treasures which the Grand Warlock left behind." Linley had only taken the divine spark just now, but had forgotten to take two other important items; the Grand Warlock's divine artifact as well as his interspatial ring. Linley wanted to know what the Grand Warlock held within his interspatial ring.

Spreading out his spiritual energy, Linley instantly discovered the location of that black sickle as well as the interspatial ring.

In order to utilize the interspatial ring, one first had to bind it with blood. Linley was in no hurry to open it, and so he just directly stored both the black sickle as well as the interspatial ring.

"Yale, as long as you are fine, I'll be at ease. I think...during the past six years, you must have done some foolish things. Of course, none of it is your fault, but your father and the other members of the Conglomerate don't know that, right? You need to have a good think about what to do. I won't disturb you. To be honest, I have to get back to Dragonblood Castle right away. Delia and my little brother and the others are all very worried about me. They are worried that I won't be able to come back from this trip." Linley's laughter was so free and unburdened now.

Yale felt a surge of gratitude in his heart.

He knew that Linley was a Saint not too long ago, so he was only an early stage Deity. For the sake of him, Yale, Linley had charged over here without even knowing how powerful the enemy was. This was extremely dangerous, but Linley had done it anyways, even though he, Yale, had tried to use poison to kill him.

Yale believed that never in his life would he forget this.

"Thank you." Yale had nothing else to say.

Laughing, Linley clapped Yale on his shoulders. "Yale, you will always be the Boss Yale of our dormitory 1987." Linley's smile was brilliant. And then, Linley turned and left, because in Dragonblood Castle, there were people worrying about him!

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 29, The Disposition of the Divine Sparks

There was a group of people within Dragonblood Castle who were unable to sleep. Linley's departure to do battle with the Grand Warlock was something which Taylor, Gates, and the others hadn't known. Only Wharton and Zassler knew. But after Linley left, Wharton and Zassler informed everyone of this affair.

Zassler's thoughts were very clear.

If Linley didn't come back, he still had to tell Taylor and the others anyways.

If Linley came back successfully, it would be a joyous affair that everyone had to share in.

No matter what, it was best to let everyone know.

The candles in Dragonblood Castle's main hall were all lit. A large group of people were assembled here. After Zassler and Wharton had informed them that Linley had gone to do battle against a Deity, they had been utterly shocked. Right now, all they could do was wait impatiently.

Suddenly, footsteps could be heard.

"Mother, why have you left your training?" Taylor, who had been worrying about Linley's battle with the Deity, turned and saw the person who had just arrived. He couldn't help but call out in surprise.

"So you are all here?" Delia squeezed out a smile.

Originally, Delia was preparing to wait patiently in the pocket dimension, but Delia discovered...that she just couldn't calm down. She kept on worrying, and so she decided to just come out and wait for Linley's return in Dragonblood Castle.

"So you all know?" Delia looked at everyone.

Wharton, Nina, Gates, the Barker brothers and their spouses, Taylor, Sasha, Hillman, and Housekeeper Hiri all nodded.

Delia nodded slightly as well.

All of them were waiting and praying. They raised their heads to stare at the distant night sky, hoping to see that familiar figure appear.

"Everyone, don't be impatient. There's a distance of thousands of kilometers from here to the valley. The flying time alone will take a good long while." Wharton urged everyone.

"It's father!" A cry of delight and joy rang out. It was Sasha, who had been staring at the sky.

Instantly, everyone turned to look at the night sky.

Indeed, a human figure dressed in a sky-blue robe was flying gracefully through the sky. Taylor, Delia, Sasha, and the others all ran forward excitedly.

Seeing everyone here, Linley felt a comforting, happy feeling in his heart.

“Delia. Taylor. Sasha.” Linley had a hint of a smile on his face. He was the calmest person here.

“Lord Linley, you killed that Deity?” Gates, coming from behind, shouted out excitedly. Wharton and Zassler all looked at Linley as well. Delia was worried as well...she was worried that Linley might have lost one of his bodies and been forced to flee back.

“Of course.” Linley grinned.

Instantly, smiles blossomed on the faces of everyone present.

“Wonderful.” Taylor was incredibly excited. “My father is someone who killed a Deity. Tonight, nobody is going to sleep. I’ll immediately arrange for wine and food to be brought over. Tonight, all of us are going to have a wild party!”

“Right! Wild party!” Gates shouted loudly as well.

Everyone was incomparably excited.

“Wild party!” Linley laughed and nodded as well. Normally so somber and serious, he was very happy right now as well. Before the battle, Linley had felt nervous as well, but now, not only had he returned without being injured at all, he had freed Yale. Linley naturally was incredibly happy.

Tonight, Dragonblood Castle was more festive than ever before.

They partied until the dawn was beginning to break. Only then did everyone leave, while Delia and Linley asked Zassler to stay behind.

Within a guest room in Dragonblood castle, Zassler stood there, looking at Linley and Delia, wondering why they asked him to remain behind. However, he had an inkling in his heart, because he had long ago hypothesized that this Deity level expert was a practitioner of the Edicts of Death.

When Linley killed the Grand Warlock, he had definitely gained some special items, which others wouldn’t even be able to use.

“Lord Linley?” Zassler had a visible smile on his face, only, Zassler’s face was simply too eerie and astonishing to begin with. Even smiling, he looked terrifying. “Why did you ask me to stay?”

Linley removed an interspatial ring and tossed it to him.

“Zassler, this interspatial ring belonged to that Deity. It should be much better than yours. Go ahead and bind it by blood. Go ahead and withdraw its contents as well.” Linley had great faith in Zassler. Actually, if Zassler intentionally left something inside of it, Linley wouldn’t know about it.”

“Yes.” Zassler, trembling slightly, accepted the interspatial ring.

He didn’t care much about the interspatial ring, but of course he was greatly desirous of the possessions of Deities. After binding it with blood...

Zassler waved his hand, and withdrew a large pile of things from within the interspatial ring, filling up almost half the main hall. Amongst them were many herbs, jars, and the like, as well as some scattered pieces of ore. Seeing these things, Zassler’s eyes instantly lit up.

“A golden pearl of souls?” Linley looked at the Gold Soul-Pearl held within a translucent glass. He could sense the dense concentration of spirits within it.

Through the Coiling Dragon ring, Linley directly drew the Gold Soul-Pearl into his Coiling Dragon ring. Actually, Linley had absorbed perhaps just one percent of those liquid gold soul essences. To absorb all of them, it would probably take Linley half a year.

But Linley could clearly sense how beneficial it was for his soul to be growing stronger.

“Lord Linley, many of the materials here are extremely valuable, and very beneficial to me. But these two divine artifacts should be used by warriors.” Zassler pointed out two divine artifacts.

Linley couldn't help but laugh.

So the Grand Warlock didn't just have that black sickle. He had two other divine artifacts as well.

“Zassler, do you want to become a Deity?” Linley looked at Zassler, a not-quite smile on his face. Behind him, Delia also grinned towards Zassler.

Zassler was stunned.

“Become a Deity?” Zassler was somewhat numbed. Become a Deity? Who wouldn't?

Someone as intelligent as him immediately understood from Linley's words what Linley's intentions were. But Zassler still found it rather hard to believe. Zassler knew exactly how important a divine spark was. Even Dylin had felt incredibly grateful towards Linley for gifting him with a divine spark.

A divine spark represented the creation of a Deity.

“Can it be that you don't want to?” Linley asked. “If you don't want to, then forget about it.”

“I want to. Of course I want to.” Zassler said hurriedly.

“Haha...” Seeing the look on Zassler's face right now, Linley immediately started to laugh. Delia couldn't help but laugh as well. “Linley, stop teasing Zassler. Where's that Death-style divine spark? Give it to Zassler.”

“This is the divine spark of a Deity. Go and fuse it.” With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved the Grand Warlock's divine spark, then tossed it over to Zassler.

Seeing the divine spark fly towards him, Zassler felt as though his entire body had turned light and airy, as though he were on a cloud.

This was a divine spark. After fusing with it, he would become a Deity!

Zassler couldn't help but swallow. Trembling, he stretched his hands out and caught the divine spark. Zassler felt as though this divine spark in his hands weighed trillions of pounds, and his hands couldn't help but shake.

“Lord Linley, thank you, thank you.” Zassler was extremely grateful.

Before meeting Linley, he had been an Arch Magus necromancer of the ninth rank. Finally, he had become a Saint, but Zassler knew very well the limits of his talent...it had taken him eight hundred years just to reach the Saint level. To reach the Deity level, the amount of time it would take him would be measured in ten-thousand year units.

Who would have thought that without having experienced any difficulties, a divine spark would just suddenly appear in front of him like this?

“Don’t say thank you so many times. But Zassler, you have to work hard. Your understanding of the Laws is deeper than Barker, but Barker has already begun fusing with his divine spark before you. I want to see who amongst you two will become the third Deity of Dragonblood Castle.” Linley said with a laugh.

Without question, the second Deity of Dragonblood Castle would be Delia. After all, she was already more than halfway through fusing with her divine spark.

“Lord Linley, don’t worry. I will definitely work hard.” Zassler’s heart was burning with eagerness!

The goal of countless experts, and even countless Saints of the Yulan continent, was to become a Deity.

Next, Linley asked Zassler to leave.

“Linley, in another few dozen years, our Dragonblood Castle will have a total of five Deities.” Delia said with a laugh. Linley, Delia, Zassler, Barker, and the fully grown Bebe. “Five.” Delia felt amazed as well.

“But for some reason...”

Linley frowned. “Delia. I still feel a bit uneasy. Right now, the Yulan continent feels like a chaotic pond. No one has any idea anymore what is inside the pond, nor will any of us be able to predict what sort of experts will suddenly appear from within it.”

“Right.” Delia nodded slightly.

The sudden appearance of the Grand Warlock, as well as that mysterious god, ‘Muba’, of that secretive church...and that was just what Linley knew about. Many Saints had appeared in the past few years in the Yulan continent as well which had previously been unknown.

Who knew when a full God would emerge?

Even though Linley’s side had the advantage of numbers, the disparity in raw power would be too great.

“Linley, how about we go ahead and put this wind-style divine spark to good use as well?” Delia said. “Desri and the others haven’t come looking for you in the past few years. I think they won’t come asking for this divine spark again.”

Right now, Linley still had an unused wind-style divine spark.

A divine spark would have to be fused with for dozens of years before a Deity would be created.

“The wind-style divine spark?” Linley paused for a moment. “No rush. Right now, we aren’t lacking for Deities.”

After this last battle, Linley’s life returned to its normal tranquility. His divine clone focused on training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’. Presently, Linley’s ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ had only reached a fairly early stage. It was still very far from full mastery.

After all, after the Profound Truths of Velocity was fully mastered, that represented the simultaneously mastery and fusion of the ‘Fast’ and ‘Slow’ aspects, which together formed the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’.

At that time, Linley would enter the realm of full Gods.

“Given my current speed, who knows how long that would take? A thousand years? Ten thousand years?” Linley himself wasn’t certain. The more he trained, the more he felt this Profound Truths of Velocity was inconceivably vast and complex.

At the same time, Linley’s original body focused on training the Profound Truths of the Earth.

In Linley’s original body, due to having absorbed the soul essences, his soul continuously grew. In just three short months, he had absorbed half of those liquid gold soul essences, and his original body’s sword-shaped soul had already increased by a sizable amount, while the power of his soul had increased nearly sixfold. For a soul to increase sixfold in power...this was truly astonishing.

Actually, even the Grand Warlock’s soul would have been strengthened multiple times after absorbing those twenty million soul essences. In addition, the Grand Warlock’s soul was much more powerful than Linley’s to begin with, and so it was only logical that Linley would grow stronger at such a rapid rate.

One of the great benefits of his soul growing stronger was...

The pace at which he gained new insights in the Laws and was able to visualize attacks was rapidly rising!

After ascending from the Saint level to the Deity level, Linley’s soul had been slightly touched by the natural laws, and so had begun a fundamental transformation, allowing his hypothesizing abilities to increase greatly. Now that his soul was six times more powerful than normal, Linley’s hypothesizing ability was nearly a hundred times faster than in the past when he was a Saint.

In addition, Linley was constantly draining and refining souls, allowing his hypothesizing abilities to continue to increase.

In the past, it might have taken him eight years for a breakthrough, but now, in just those three short months, Linley broke through from the 64 Fused Waves of the Throbbing Pulse of the World to the level of 32 Fused Waves. But upon reaching the level of 32 Fused Waves, Linley clearly sensed that the difficulty had just increased yet again.

“Given this level of speed, breaking through to the 16 Fused Waves level will most likely need another year. Then...how long will it take to break through to the 8 Fused Waves?” Linley was rather astonished.

The Throbbing Pulse of the World rose exponentially in difficulty as one learned more of it. From the 256 waves to the 128 Fused Waves, and then to the 64 Fused Waves, the difficulty increase hadn’t been too great. But the further one went, the exponentially harder it became. In truth, the Throbbing Pulse of the World was one of the fairly high level components of the Laws of the Earth. It was extremely hard to fully master it at the Saint level.

Fortunately, Linley’s soul had dramatically risen in power, after he had absorbed so many soul essences.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 30, Haeru

These quiet, comfortable days passed, one after the other. In the blink of an eye, half a year had passed.

The liquid gold soul essences had been completely absorbed by Linley. Right now, although his sword-shaped soul was just one size larger than before, in terms of quality, it had absolutely transformed.

“No wonder that Deity wanted to collect so many souls and refine them.” Linley couldn’t help but laugh.

But unfortunately, despite the meticulous efforts of the Grand Warlock, in the end, it had all been to someone else’s benefit.

After completely absorbing the soul essences, Linley left the secret pocket dimension, wanting to take a stroll about Dragonblood Castle. Just as he walked along a flowery path, Linley saw a black blur flash right past the air above him from afar.

“Master.” The black shadow flew over to Linley. It was the Blackcloud Panther, Haeru.

“Haeru, heading off to the Forest of Darkness again?” Linley laughed.

Haeru nodded his great head.

Linley knew that Haeru as well those three Saint-level dragons actually were not accustomed to always living alongside humans. The four of them only occasionally stayed in Dragonblood Castle. Most of the time, they flew to the Forest of Darkness, the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, or the Mountain Range of the Setting Sun.

Those places were their real homes.

“Hm...” Linley suddenly had a thought.

“Haeru, you are darkness-style and wind-style, right?” Linley asked.

“Yes, Master. What of it?” Haeru was quite puzzled. Why had Linley suddenly asked this?

Linley laughed and said, “Nothing.” Linley continued walking forward. Haeru stared at Linley’s back, puzzled. But Haeru didn’t think too much of it, and he immediately flew to look for his three good friends; those three Saint-level dragons.

Arriving at the training fields in front of Dragonblood Castle, Linley saw Wharton and several others training.

“Wind-style...Haeru actually would be a good choice.” Linley had been pondering the question of who to give the wind-style divine spark to for quite some time now.

Gates and the others had almost no affinity for the Elemental Laws of the Wind. Although any Saint was capable of fusing with a divine spark, it was best to fuse with a spark of an element one was skilled in. For example, Delia was fusing with a wind-style divine spark, while Barker was fusing in an earth-style divine spark, and Zassler was fusing with a Death-style divine spark.

And now, Linley had found another candidate; Haeru.

Haeru was a dual-element, darkness and wind affinity magical beast. It indeed would be an excellent choice for him to refine this divine spark.

“Big brother Ley.” A familiar voice rang out.

Linley looked over. It was Jenne.

“Jenne.” Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face. Jenne was wearing water-blue magus robes. The passage of time had left no mark on her face at all. Back in the day, Jenne was a famous ‘iron lady’ of the Baruch Empire’s administrative bureaus. Nowadays, Jenne was in a magus academy working as a magus instructor.

Jenne had worked very hard in her magus training, and she had spent thirty-plus years refining her abilities.

Currently, she was at the level of a magus of the seventh rank. She was more than qualified to be a magus instructor.

“Haha, Jenne, you are back. Ever since you became a magus instructor, you started to spend less and less time here.” Wharton and the others walked over as well.

Actually, everyone in Dragonblood Castle knew how Jenne felt towards Linley. Only, they all knew Linley’s temperament as well, as did Jenne...they rarely spoke, and Jenne didn’t try to force Linley to spend more time with her. As Jenne saw it, her life was already a very blessed one, for her to occasionally be able to see the person she liked, and for her to be able to do something she enjoyed. She enjoyed this sort of leisurely, fulfilling life.

“There’s nothing I can do. There’s only two breaks each year at the institute.” Jenne smiled as she spoke. “Wharton, where’s Arnold?”

“Arnold is playing around in the rear flower gardens, along with the maidservants.” Wharton laughed.

Jenne glanced at Linley. “Big brother Ley, I’m going to go find Arnold.” Linley laughed and nodded. Jenne doted on Arnold very much. Everyone in Dragonblood Castle knew this.

Within the pocket dimension.

The multicolored energy streams swirled in the chaotic space outside the membrane. Dimensional cracks could be seen everywhere. Linley and Delia, husband and wife, were quietly training here. Linley’s divine clone and his original body were separately training in the ‘Profound Truths of Velocity’ and the ‘Profound Truths of the Earth’.

“Whew.” Linley stopped training.

“Delia.” Linley called out.

“What is it?” Delia opened her eyes, looking at Linley in confusion. “Is something wrong?”

“Delia, right now, we still have one more divine spark left. I’m preparing to give this divine spark to Haeru and have him fuse it. What do you think?” Linley wanted to ask Delia for her opinion first. Delia’s eyes lit up. “Haeru? If it is Haeru...that actually is an excellent choice. He is your magical beast, and all these years, him and those three Saint-level dragons have handled many tasks on behalf of the Empire during those battles.”

Delia appreciated Haeru very much.

Haeru was very low-key in Dragonblood Castle, but whenever any problems arose, Haeru would carry out the tasks which others didn't want to carry out without a single word of complaint.

"Then it is settled." Linley made up his mind.

After becoming a Deity, Linley was no longer under much pressure. Generally speaking, he would let his divine clone fully focus on training, while his original body would occasionally go wandering about Dragonblood Castle. After all, there was more to life than just training.

Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle.

Dozens of people were seated around that ten-meter long table. They were eating together, and Linley was seated in the main seat.

"Rumble..."

A unique energy ripple came from the south. The other people in the main hall didn't notice anything, but Linley raised his head, staring towards the south in amazement. "Yet another person has become a Deity!"

Linley, who had once sensed the energy signature of the natural Laws, was very familiar with that energy wave.

Although that energy wave had travelled a great distance and was now very weak, Linley could still sense it very clearly. That was a unique energy wave generated by the descent of the natural Laws when a person became a Deity.

"Someone to the south became a Deity. Who?" Linley secretly wondered.

To be precise, right now, both Tulily and Desri were located to the south of Linley. Aside from those two familiar figures, there were also the various Prime Saints who had appeared out of nowhere in recent years, such as those two in the Rohault Empire. All of them had the capability of reaching the Deity-level.

So who was it?

"You keep eating. I need to make a trip." Linley rose to his feet.

Wharton, Gates, and the others stared at Linley in confusion, but they didn't ask him about it. Linley walked out of the main hall, then immediately flew into the air.

In mid-air, Linley could now clearly sense the area the energy ripples were coming from. "Directly from the south. It shouldn't be Tulily." No longer wondering, Linley immediately spread out his spiritual energy. Upon reaching the Deity level, spiritual energy could also be described as 'divine sense'.

Linley's divine sense instantly spread out. If he hadn't absorbed those twenty million soul essences, Linley's divine sense would only be able to cover roughly a thousand kilometers or so.

But now...Linley's divine sense was able to cover ten thousand kilometers. But of course, this was only in the Yulan continent's plane. If he were in some other, higher planes, the area his divine sense covered would be much smaller.

His divine sense spread out like a ripple in water, quickly reaching the mountain where Desri resided.

“Right here.” Linley could clearly sense the powerful natural Laws rippling forth from this location. Linley no longer dared to continue spreading his divine sense. All he did was wait. After all, the process of being given a divine spark and forming a divine body was a very short one. Indeed...

Just a short while later, the ripples of those natural Laws disappeared.

Linley once again spread out his divine sense, instantly covering that person who had just become a Deity.

“It is Desri.” Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face.

At the moment, Desri was currently within an underground training room in his mountain residence. There were quite a number of people gathered there, including Pennslyn, Higgingson, Reynolds, and others. These people were all excitedly watching as Desri became a Deity. Desri had also chosen the second method; dividing his soul in two!

“Desri, congratulations.” Linley’s voice transmitted directly into Desri’s mind.

“Haha, Linley, I was half a year slower than you.” Desri spoke modestly, but in his heart, he was overjoyed. He had stopped at the Prime Saint level for too long a period of time. Today, he had finally broken through, and it was through relying on his own ability.

The two Deities were separated by thousands of kilometers, but they spoke to each other spiritually.

“Desri, why did you choose to separate your soul?” Linley asked, puzzled. “Don’t you only train in the Laws of Light?”

“Linley, although this soul splitting process is extremely harmful to the soul, with time, the soul will grow and heal. But now, I have two separate bodies. At least, when I’m fighting, if one of my bodies is destroyed, I’ll still have another body. It basically means I’ll have a second life. And more importantly...although I’m currently only training in the Laws of Light, does that mean in the future, I won’t be able to train in anything else?”

Linley laughed as well.

Actually, the majority of people who became Deities on their own, if they knew the difference between the two choices, would choose this second option.

The damage to the soul caused by the soul splitting was only temporary, after all. But what it represented was an additional life, as well future possibilities for further training! After all, after one became a Deity, one would have an unlimited lifespan. One could train in the other Elemental Laws.

For example, if Linley had enough time, he could definitely continue to train in the fire-style, or even the Way of Destruction.

“Desri, you just became a Deity. I imagine you have quite a few things to attend to. I won’t bother you anymore. Afterwards, when you have some free time, come for a stroll at my place.” Linley laughed.

“Definitely.” Desri agreed.

Desri, too, sensed that the variables and changes in the Yulan continent had become highly unpredictable. Joining forces with Linley would be beneficial to both of them in their ability to protect themselves. After all, generally speaking, a person who became a Deity on his or her own was more powerful by a good margin than someone who had become a Deity through fusing with a divine spark.

Fusing with a divine spark was like simply reading a book to understand the Laws contained within it, while becoming a Deity independently was like actually writing a book. The author of a book would naturally have a greater understanding of it than the readers. He would fully understand every part of the book, and would be able to apply the principles within more easily as well.

Linley withdrew his divine sense.

Linley stood there in mid-air, directly summoning his magical beast. “Haeru, come over, quickly.” At this moment, Haeru was still in the Forest of Darkness, but upon hearing Linley’s order, he immediately flew over in haste. Only, Haeru was still a few thousand kilometers away from Dragonblood Castle.

Linley waited in the rear flower garden for Haeru’s arrival.

“Swoosh.” Haeru landed on the ground.

“Master.” Haeru looked at Linley in confusion. Linley had never so urgently summoned him before. After all, his power in Dragonblood Castle was below average. There were only a few who were weaker than him.

“Haeru, want to become a Deity?” Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face.

Haeru’s eyes suddenly turned around, and all the fur on his body stood up. He stared at Linley in astonishment. “Ma...master? Did you just say?” Haeru, having lived in Dragonblood Castle, knew that Barker and Zassler had both acquired divine sparks.

Could it be...

That the same good fortune was about to descend upon him, Haeru?

Haeru felt somewhat numb. He himself felt that within Dragonblood Castle, he was an unimportant, unnoticeable figure.

“Right. Divine spark.” Linley’s smile was very bright.

With a flip of his hand, Linley retrieved a black divine spark, radiating a faint green light. Haeru stared at the divine spark, forgetting to breathe. All of his attention had been completely captured by that divine spark. The world of magical beasts was one where the strong were venerated.

The friends which Haeru had made were mostly Saint-level magical beasts as well.

The Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, the Mountain Range of the Setting Sun, the Forest of Darkness...perhaps Haeru hadn’t met a hundred Saint-level magical beasts yet, but he had definitely met more than fifty. These Saint-level magical beasts worshipped Lord Beirut and Lord Dylin, because Lord Beirut and Lord Dylin were both magical beasts who had trained to the point of being able to take human form. Magical beasts who had become Deities!

All of these Saint-level magical beasts longed for the day when they, too, would become Deities!

Deity-level magical beasts, standing atop all the other magical beasts of the world!

“I, I, Haeru, am going to become a Deity?” Haeru felt his head grow numb.

Haeru had always been quite satisfied. After all, Blackcloud Panthers were generally of the ninth rank. He was already quite satisfied at having become a Saint, and was very grateful towards Linley for having given him a Saint-level magicite core and allowing him to break through to the Saint level. Thus, Haeru did whatever Linley asked him to do without a word of complaint.

“What, you don’t want to?” Linley snickered.

“I want to!” Haeru responded very quickly this time.

Laughing, Linley tossed over the divine spark. Glimmering under the reflected rays of the sun, the divine spark flew towards him.

Haeru stared at the divine spark, his mind filled with thoughts. How could he have imagined that a magical beast of the ninth rank like himself would not only become a Saint, but also...it seemed he was about to become a Deity-level magical beast whom other Saint-level magical beasts worshipped!

“I, Haeru, am also about to become...Lord Haeru?” Haeru was currently imagining the look of awe and veneration in the eyes of countless magical beasts as they referred to him as ‘Lord Haeru’. “Hrm, how about...in the future, I’ll choose the Mountain Range of Setting Sun. I’ll become the King of the Mountain Range of Setting Sun. I, Haeru. King of the Mountain Range of the Setting Sun.”

Haeru had never been so happy before.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 31, The Deity-Level Expert, Muba

The Baruch Empire's southwest area. Within the valley amongst a chain of mountains.

This was an important base for the Dawson Conglomerate. In the past, there had been many people stationed here, but ever since Linley had killed the Grand Warlock, Yale naturally had stopped the practice of shipping slaves to this location, and thus the number of people stationed here was lowered as well. These days, there were only a few thousand people present, mostly responsible for trading activities.

Night had descended.

The Dawson Conglomerate employees who worked here now had much easier lives. At night, many men would get together to drink deep into the night, with them only wobbling home in small groups of two and three.

"During the past year, life has gotten so much better." A muscular young man, reeking of wine, said loudly. "A few years ago, in this valley of Mt. Swallow, each day was like hell. Damn..."

"Right. Back then, I didn't even dare to go out at night. Too many people died. I don't even know how many corpses I had to dispose of." A middle-aged man with curly golden hair, thinking back to the affairs of the past, couldn't help but sigh with amazement.

Those days, over ten thousand corpses had to be shipped away on a daily basis.

The employees who lived and worked at this branch of the Dawson Conglomerate within the valley always felt as though they were at the psychological breaking point.

The three men, walking shoulder to shoulder, suddenly realized to their astonishment that they could no longer move. The space around them seemed to have solidified, causing them to be unable to move at all. They were so frightened that they wanted to open their mouths, but they could not. The three of them all stared with round eyes, terrified.

From within the darkness a human figure wrapped in a black robe appeared before them.

Seeing this mysterious black robed man, all three felt their hearts shake. They somewhat understood...that the reason they couldn't move and couldn't even open their mouths was the result of the actions of this mysterious man in black.

"How long ago did this canyon cease trading in slaves?" The black-robed man's low, gravelly voice rang out. "Speak, but don't shout too loudly. Nobody will be able to hear you. In addition, if someone shouts loudly and irritates me, I'll kill him."

He swept the three men with his dark, cold gaze. The three men's forehead and back were utterly drenched with sweat. To their astonishment, they found that their mouths could move again.

"Speak." The mysterious black robed man said.

"Half a year ago." That golden-haired, middle aged man was somewhat more mentally disciplined. The other two were scared speechless.

“Half a year ago. Half a year ago, did something happen? Such as a battle?” The black robed man asked.

“Yes, there was a major battle.” The muscular youth came to his senses as well. He hurriedly said, “Half a year ago, late at night, two Saints battled, causing the ground of our entire valley to shake, and even many buildings were damaged.”

“The ground shook?”

The mysterious black robed man seemed to have thought of something. “Continue. Describe what happened that night in detail to me.”

The youngster with inch long short hair added, “We were all present. At first, we didn’t notice the battle, only that the ground was shaking, followed by buildings exploding. We were so frightened that we ran outside, at which point we discovered that in the air above the valley, two experts were battling. One was a Dragonblood Warrior, while the other was a black robed person. Oh, right. He wielded a black sickle. That sickle was so enormous, at least ten meters long.”

“Right. It was very long, and then we saw it transform into nine of those black sickles.” The muscular youngster added.

They didn’t know that those sickles were created from the Grand Warlock’s spiritual energy, because at that time, it was dark. Although there were torches on the ground, they were only just barely able to make out the scene. They did, however, clearly see the enormous black sickle formed from spiritual energy.

“Sickle?” The mysterious black robed man was silent for a while.

“And the results?” The mysterious black man continued.

“The battle happened too fast. We only saw that the black robed man was turned into a pile of mincemeat, and then the Dragonblood Warrior fell to the ground. It was the Dragonblood Warrior who won. Our Lord Chairman then ordered us to go back to our homes, and then the Lord Chairman stayed with the Dragonblood Warrior for a very long time.” The muscular youth stuttered.

The mysterious black robed man immediately asked, “That Dragonblood Warrior, was his name Linley?”

“Right. It should have been Lord Linley. Lord Linley is on very good terms with our Lord Chairman.” The golden-haired, middle-aged man said.

“Very good.” The mysterious black robed man nodded in satisfaction. “I am very satisfied with your answers.”

The three men let out secret sighs of relief.

“Crackle...” A very soft sound. The bodies of the three men instantly crumbled into three piles of dust.

“He really did die.” The mysterious black robed man was extremely angry. “He actually died, and before he finished refining the Gold Soul-Pearl he promised me.” The black-robed man was Beaumont, whom the Grand Warlock had promised to help fuse a Gold Soul-Pearl for.

“Linley?”

Beaumont’s eyes were cold. “I didn’t expect that in such a short time period, he was able to become a Deity, and that he even managed to survive in the face of the Grand Warlock’s ultimate attack.”

Beaumont knew very well that the Grand Warlock's ultimate attack was a self-damaging attack that would devastate the opponent. For an expert who had just reached the Deity level to be able to withstand it caused Beaumont to feel shocked.

"Indeed, he lives up to his reputation as being an ultimate genius of the Yulan continent." Beaumont's heart was actually filled with hatred. The Gold Soul-Pearl was very important to him. The benefits of absorbing one were simply too great. Not only would one's soul be strengthened, one's future rate of improvement in training would also be sped up dramatically.

"Hrmph. Linley."

Beaumont muttered Linley's name, then with a cold laugh, disappeared into a black ray of light, disappearing into the horizon.

Yulan calendar, year 10040. December 29th. The previous night, there had been a great blizzard. By daybreak, the snowfall stopped, and the entire Dragonblood Castle was now transformed into a world of snow. Under the light of the sun, the accumulated snow was as brilliant as a gemstone. Even Delia temporarily paused her training.

After all, the Yulan Festival was about to arrive. Everyone would get together over the next few days.

Outside Dragonblood Castle.

A middle aged man with a head of neat, short silver hair, wearing a thick white robe, walked through the snow to stand in front of Dragonblood Castle. This middle aged man's face had a hint of a smile on it, but his eyes looked like black jade.

"Stop, citizen." The Dragonblood Castle's guards instantly called out.

The middle-aged man glanced at the guards with a smile. "Go make a report that I have come to meet with the master of Dragonblood Castle, Linley."

The faces of the two guards outside Dragonblood Castle changed. In the Baruch Empire, the name 'Linley' was inviolable, like the name of a god. Even if someone were to refer to him by name, they would still respectfully refer to him as 'Lord Linley'. There were very few people who dared to refer to Linley by his name directly.

The two guards were just about to shout in rebuke, but suddenly...

"Let him in." Linley's voice rang out in the minds of these two guards.

The two guards were both shocked. Linley had actually mentally spoken to them for the sake of this person.

"Please, come in." Although puzzled, the two guards still allowed this person to enter.

Within the rear flower garden, Linley and Delia were currently seated together, enjoy the snowy scene and the sunlight.

"Delia, soon, an important guest is going to be coming." Linley smiled as he looked at Delia. Delia was somewhat surprised. "An important guest? Who? How do you know?"

"That guest directly used his divine sense to contact me." Linley shook his head with a laugh.

“Are you saying he is a Deity?” Hearing the words ‘divine sense’, Delia instantly understood. She seemed very shocked. “Linley, which Deity? The War God and the others are still in the Necropolis of the Gods, right? They won’t be back for three more years.”

“You’ll know soon enough.”

At present, Linley was in a fine mood. “I didn’t expect that he would so politely ask the guards outside to send a message. How amusing.”

Generally speaking, the likes of Desri and Tulily would fly directly into Dragonblood Castle. If a Deity wanted to meet with Linley, they could simply fly directly in. There was no need to insist on the gate guards to make a report.

Soon afterwards, the Deity walked into the rear flower garden.

“Mr. Linley, greetings.” The silver haired middle-aged man said with a smile. “My name is Muba.”

“Mr. Muba, I’ve heard of your name long ago.” Linley spoke. The god of that mysterious religion was named ‘Muba’. Earlier, when he had just arrived at the gate to Dragonblood Castle, Muba had directly greeted Linley with his divine sense.

Although Linley was surprised, he still warmly welcomed the man.

After all, this person had come in an extremely polite manner.

Hearing Linley say this, Muba understood that this founding of a religion was probably already known to Linley. He began to laugh as well. “I truly am sorry. Without getting your permission, Mr. Linley, I started to proselytize in your Empire.”

Towards this, Linley didn’t openly express if he was upset or not.

“Mr. Muba, please sit.” Linley pointed at a nearby stone bench.

Laughing merrily, Muba sat down. Muba’s face was perpetually sunny and smiling. Even his gaze made a person think of the nourishing spring wind. This sort of person really was the sort which few would think of as an enemy.

“Might I ask what the purpose of this visit is, Mr. Muba?” Linley was the first to speak.

Muba laughed, “Actually, the first reason I came is to apologize. Before this, I knew that you, Mr. Linley, were a Saint. As I saw it, you shouldn’t care too much about faith energy. At that time, when I erected my religion, it actually didn’t affect you very much, Mr. Linley. But now that you have become a Deity, Mr. Linley, I feel rather embarrassed.”

Linley and Delia were both very surprised.

He had come to apologize, just for that?

Could it be that a Deity was so courteous and pleasant?

“Mr. Muba, since you explain it so courteously, of course I won’t be upset about it.” Linley said with a calm laugh.

Muba quickly continued, “Mr. Linley, don’t worry. In a short period of time, I will resolve this issue of proselytizing. At least, within your Baruch Empire, you won’t find my religion again.” Muba’s attitude was very sincere.

Linley actually didn’t know what to say.

“Mr. Linley, I imagine that as you have only just reached the Deity level, there are a few things you don’t know yet. I’ll tell you a few common facts as a form of apology.” Muba said sincerely.

Given how he was acting, Linley found it hard to hold a grudge against this Muba.

Only, in his heart, Linley still felt puzzled...this Muba was perhaps being a bit too courteous. Linley had just reached the Deity-level. There was no need for Muba to act in such a way.

“It is true that I have just reached the Deity level. I’d gladly welcome some advice from you, Mr. Muba.” Linley said.

Muba nodded slightly. “Upon reaching the Deity-level, we can all be considered gods, now. To us, both our divine spark and our soul are very important. The divine spark is unbreakably strong, but the soul is very weak...I imagine that you, Linley, have also sensed the benefits of faith energy by now.”

Linley nodded slightly.

As soon as he had become a Deity, Linley had absorbed just a bit of faith energy. At that time, Linley didn’t sense much, but after the past half year, Linley could clearly sense that the faith energy was slowly fusing with his own spiritual energy, while at the same time forming a protective layer around his soul. But of course, to Linley, it seemed that this protective layer was extremely weak.

“Faith energy is exceedingly beneficial to the soul’s growth. At the same time, it will also protect the soul. When faith energy reaches an extremely powerful level, faith energy’s protection alone will be capable of blocking many soul attacks.” Muba sighed.

Linley nodded slightly.

After all, he had only absorbed half a year’s worth of faith energy. The likes of the War God, who had absorbed five thousand years of faith energy, would have a far denser, deeper reservoir of faith energy than himself. The likes of Sovereigns, who absorbed faith energy from countless planes, had been doing so for trillions of years.

The amount of faith energy they had was surely at an astonishing level.

“Faith energy is extremely beneficial to us. You understand this as well. Next, I’ll explain some important common facts regarding divine artifacts. This will be extremely important to your future training.” Muba didn’t try to conceal anything at all. This ‘common knowledge’, however, for many experts who had just become Deities, was knowledge they would only gain after having suffered quite a few mishaps.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 32, Divine Artifacts and Divinities

Hearing these words, Linley couldn't help but frown.

Important common facts about divine artifacts? Important to his future training?

"Divine artifacts are just a type of weapon. How could they impact training?" Linley was puzzled, but he didn't say anything. He just quietly listened to Muba's explanation. Actually, Linley wouldn't fully believe Muba's words.

Muba's arrival today was simply too strange.

According to what Linley knew, in the Four Higher Planes and the other major planes, experts engaged in battles against each other. How could they be so courteous? But since Muba was acting in such a way, Linley naturally would receive him with equal courtesy. He carefully listened to Muba's explanation.

"I trust that you, Mr. Linley, also know that divine artifacts are divided into low, middle, and high quality artifacts. Different divine artifacts have different levels of power." Muba looked at Linley.

Linley laughed. "Although I don't know too much, I have heard of divine artifacts being divided into several levels, and that they have differences in power. What of it? What are you trying to say by discussing this, Mr. Muba?"

Muba laughed. "Let's not discuss the differences in power between divine artifacts just yet. First, let me ask you, Mr. Linley. Do you know how divine artifacts are created?"

"I do not." Linley replied succinctly.

Linley found it harder and harder to understand the meaning of Muba's words.

"Linley, I am about to tell you...that actually, all divine artifacts, be they high or low level, are exactly the same when first created." Muba said with a calm laugh. He paid attention to Linley's face, and indeed...it was as he had suspected.

Linley was very surprised.

"How can they be the same?" Linley was extremely puzzled.

In the Yulan continent, ordinary ores and valuable ores would naturally produce weapons of varied quality. But divine artifacts...

"The materials which divine artifacts are made from might have some differences, but generally speaking the differences aren't major." Muba explained in detail. "The level of a divine artifact isn't determined by its 'birth'; it is determined by the 'experiences' it has after being created."

"Experiences?" Linley didn't really understand.

The nearby Delia maintained her silence. She was also listening carefully.

“Right. For example, an ordinary divine artifact that was just created. It is very ordinary, very average. But if it is in the hands of a Highgod, one which treats this weapon like family and often uses his divine power and spiritual energy to nourish the divine artifact, as well as often uses it to battle...hundreds of millions of years later, that divine artifact will most likely have killed over a million Deities. By then, you would discover that this divine artifact has actually transformed into a high level divine artifact.”

Muba smiled as he looked at Linley.

Hearing this, Linley seemed to understand a bit.

“What do you think?” Muba laughed.

Linley felt as though he now dimly understood the meaning of Muba’s earlier words; ‘The level of a divine artifact isn’t determined by its ‘birth’; it is determined by the ‘experiences’ it has after being created’.

“How much of a difference can there be between divine artifacts in terms of what mineral ores were used to create them? But the baleful aura and ‘spirit’ of a divine artifact is determined by its experiences, and are formed slowly. Those things cannot possibly be granted by lifeless minerals.” Muba continued.

Linley was beginning to understand.

“Baleful aura. Spirit?” Linley rather agreed with Muba’s explanation.

“People like us, after stepping onto the path of training, should understand how hard and arduous this road is. When we become Deities, it can be considered that we have succeeded to a certain extent already.” Muba said with a sigh. “Only, in the Seven Divine Planes and the Four Higher Planes...there are far too many Demigods like us.”

“Divine artifacts are what we rely on to protect ourselves and kill enemies.” Muba said solemnly.

Linley once again agreed with Muba’s explanation.

The soul was the fundamental part of a Deity!

What Deities in turn truly relied on was their insights in the Laws, as well as a suitable set of divine artifacts! Relying on divine artifacts and insights into the Laws, one could protect one’s self and deal with enemies.

“To truly become attuned to the spiritual nature of a divine artifact isn’t an easy task.” Muba continued.

“Can it be, Linley, that you think that just by binding it with blood, you will be able to fully make the divine artifact yours?”

Linley looked at Muba in confusion.

Binding something by blood to become its master; this was common knowledge!

“Binding by blood is nothing more than showing that this divine artifact belongs to you. However, to truly make it one with your will isn’t that simple. You must understand...a divine artifact, especially one which has existed for countless years, has a spirit of its own.”

Muba said solemnly, “As an expert grows, his divine artifact will grow alongside him and his experiences. We must treat our divine artifacts as we would our family. We must make our spirits become as one over a long period of time. Divine artifacts that have killed many Deities will have extremely powerful spiritual natures, making it easier to use them once you are one with it.”

“For example, an expert who trains in the Way of Destruction might use an ordinary divine artifact, but after using it for ten million years and killing many Deities, this divine artifact will become a divine artifact with a Destruction-style nature. For example...just by filling it with divine power, the divine artifact’s vibrations alone can cause space to shatter and create spatial blades.

Linley’s heart trembled.

Bloodviolet!

Bloodviolet was exactly like this. Linley only had to fill it with divine power, and Bloodviolet would not only create spatial fractures, it would also generate a humming sword song that could cause vibrations in the souls of others. Linley had been wondering this entire time about this. A divine artifact was nothing more than something formed from minerals; how, then, could it have such an unusual effect?

Now, it seemed, it was because of its ‘spiritual nature’.

Compared to Bloodviolet, the adamantine heavy sword was much inferior.

Linley was already beginning to believe Muba’s explanations.

“Let me make an example. A newly forged divine artifact is like an infant. What will the infant be like when it grows up? That depends on its future experiences. What we need to do is to cultivate it!” Muba explained. “Linley, if you have a powerful divine artifact, then what you need to do is make it acknowledge you.”

Linley began to worry.

“What does Muba mean by saying this? Could it be that he knows that I have powerful divine artifacts?” Linley was still very suspicious regarding this visit by Muba. Hearing Muba’s words, he became even more cautious.

“Mr. Muba, you said ‘acknowledge’?” Linley looked at Muba.

Muba nodded slightly. “Powerful divine artifacts are exceedingly rare and valuable. This is because generally speaking, a Deity is only capable of protecting and cherishing one or two divine artifacts, valuing them like his own life. It’s virtually impossible to make them give it up to someone else.”

“Just now, I said that newly made divine artifacts are like infants, while those very powerful divine artifacts are like adults. Powerful divine artifacts possess their own spirits, and are naturally powerful. But since they are already ‘adults’, it will be very hard for them to truly acknowledge another master.”

“Only after it has truly acknowledged you will you be able to utilize its full power.”

Linley listened intently to these words.

His adamantine heavy sword was most likely an ‘infant’ right now. He needed to spend time to nourish it and help it grow.

As for Bloodviolet, it was already an ‘adult’ with a soul of its own. It wouldn’t so easily acknowledge him. Most likely, the person which Bloodviolet truly acknowledged was ‘that one’...the devilish, purple haired man who had nurtured it from an ordinary divine artifact to its current level of power.

Muba was finished with his explanations.

But his words had a major impact on Linley.

After all, one of the most important things to a person training on this path was his weapons.

“Acknowledge? Acknowledge how?” Linley asked.

“Hard to say.” Muba frowned. “I can tell you a simple method. That method is...normally, often use your spiritual energy and divine power to nourish it. This is the most ordinary and most common way. Actually, to make a divine artifact that has a spirit acknowledge you as its master will require you to pay a high price.”

“A divine artifact will be able to sense the love you bear it as well.”

Muba laughed. “To put it simply, don’t treat it as a lifeless weapon. Treat it as you would a living creature. As time goes on, I imagine that the divine artifact will eventually acknowledge you.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Treat divine artifacts like living creatures!

“What if you are the first master of a divine artifact?” Linley asked.

“That’s simple. Just keep nurturing and cultivating it. It will naturally and completely acknowledge you.” Muba said with a laugh.

Linley suddenly had a thought...

His adamantine heavy sword didn’t have to be bound with blood at all. That meant...it hadn’t reached that level yet.

“If a weapon’s quality makes it very close to a divine artifact in power, but isn’t at the level of needing to be bound by blood, what then? After reaching the Deity level, can one continue to use this weapon?” Linley asked. He actually truly did have some affection towards his adamantine heavy sword.

He didn’t want to give up the adamantine heavy sword. And, in terms of quality, it wasn’t too far off either.

“Haha...”

Muba began to laugh loudly. “Linley, ‘binding by blood’ doesn’t necessarily determine whether a weapon is good or not. For example, interspatial rings. In the Higher Planes, interspatial rings are as common as bags or sacks here in the Yulan continent. They are very ordinary. Interspatial rings need to be bound by blood, but does that mean they are powerful?”

Linley was stunned.

All these years, Linley had always believed that binding by blood was something which a weapon would only acquire after reaching the divine artifact stage. But now, from the sound of it, that was a mistake.

“Binding by blood is nothing more than a technique.” Muba laughed.

“For example, an ordinary blade, even just a wood cutting machete, in the hands of a Sovereign who often uses his Sovereign power and his spiritual energy to nourish it, after trillions of years...will most likely have transformed into a ‘Sovereign artifact’ which is beyond the level of ‘divine artifacts’!” Muba explained.

Linley’s eyes lit up.

“Sovereign artifacts?” This was the first time Linley had heard him mention Sovereign artifacts.

“Right. Sovereign artifacts.” Muba laughed. “I forgot to tell you. The various levels which divine artifacts can be divided into also are based on the power of the divine artifacts master. Some newly forged divine artifacts, if given to a Demigod to use and nurture who remains at the Demigod level, most likely will only be a low level divine artifact.”

“But a full God who nurtures it, as long as he spends time and effort on it, will allow it to become a middle level divine artifact. From this, we can tell...that if a Sovereign wholeheartedly devotes himself to nurturing a weapon, then the weapon will most likely reach the Sovereign artifact level. As for what the weapon started off as, that really doesn’t matter much.”

Linley nodded slightly.

Muba could tell that this Linley most likely had a mortal, ordinary weapon.

Hearing Muba’s explanation, Linley felt at ease.

He didn’t need to change weapons, at least. Linley had been worried that if in the future, he grew too strong, if the adamantine heavy sword would perhaps be unsuited to high level combat. But now, it seemed, there was no need...as Muba had put it, even an ordinary wood chopping machete, in the hands of a Sovereign, could become a Sovereign artifact with enough time and attention from the Sovereign.

“My adamantine heavy sword is much better than a wood chopping machete at least.”

Linley was in an excellent mood after hearing this.

“Mr. Linley, I won’t disturb you further. I’ll head back for now.” Muba laughed as he stood up.

Linley and Delia hurriedly stood up as well.

No matter what Muba’s intentions were, he had told Linley many things today. Linley felt very grateful towards him. In addition, Linley felt that what Muba had said was most likely real, based on Linley’s own experiences with Bloodviolet.

After Muba left.

“So the creation of a powerful divine artifact is so complicated.” Delia sighed.

Linley laughed. “Actually, that makes sense. Only if you wholeheartedly nurture it will a truly powerful divine artifact slowly be created. If just by relying on good materials and good forging skills, you could create a powerful divine artifact, then they would be all over the place.”

Linley had already made up his mind.

In the future, he would have to pay more attention to his adamantine heavy sword and Bloodviolet.

While he travelled on his path to the peak of training, his divine artifacts would grow alongside him...

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 33, A Wave of Refugees

Deep within Dragonblood Castle. Within the pocket dimension.

Linley was seated on the ground in the meditative posture, his adamantine heavy sword resting across his legs. Linley was currently using his spiritual energy to encompass and nourish it. He didn't dare to use his divine power yet. According to Linley's plan, when he later had a divine earth clone, he would have his divine earth clone wield this weapon.

Thus, he had to use earth-style divine power to nourish it, but right now, the only type of divine power in Linley's body was wind-type.

"Dong!" "Dong!" The unique throbbing pulse of the world thudded in Linley's mind.

After becoming a Deity and absorbing twenty million soul essences, at present, Linley's soul was already extremely powerful, and he could clearly sense the Throbbing Pulse of the World. Within Linley's mind, a visualization even came to mind; the heart of the world, which possessed a unique tempo.

With each beating tempo, a water-like ripple spread forth.

From the 64 Fused Waves to the 32 Fused Waves, Linley had only needed three months.

But from the 32 Fused Waves to the 16 Fused Waves, Linley had to spend one year and three months. And this was after Linley's soul had changed, with his hypothesizing and visualizing abilities increased a hundredfold.

"If I were at the Prime Saint level, most likely I would have had to spend over a hundred years before being able to transform the 32 Fused Waves to the 16 Fused Waves level."

Linley broke through to the 16 Fused Waves, but he didn't pause at all, continuing to train.

From the 16 Fused Waves to the 8 Fused Waves, all he had to do was fuse them in eight pairs of two. The number of fusions wasn't very high...but every single fusion was so complicated that Linley felt extreme difficulty.

Within Linley's mind.

Sixteen illusory adamantine heavy swords were constantly demonstrating various moves at various speeds. In every second, they transformed tens of thousands of times. This nonstop visualization resulted in occasional improvements, while at the same time he continued to attune with the sensations of the Throbbing Pulse of the World itself and the correct direction towards which he should try.

Complicated, vast.

"Only when I fuse it to the single wave will I have truly mastered the Throbbing Pulse of the World." The more he trained bitterly, the more Linley sighed to himself. "But with each level, the difficulty of fusing the waves yet again increases tenfold. From the 16 Fused Waves to the 8 Fused Waves, it will most likely take several years."

Linley didn't care too much about several years.

But Linley had the feeling that from the 8 Fused Waves to the 4 Fused Waves, it would take even longer. And then he would have to fuse them into the 2 Fused Waves, before the final destination of the Throbbing Pulse of the World, the single, true wave of the earth.

That last step was a barrier!

For the likes of Desri, that barrier had halted them for thousands of years.

"For them to all become one! I don't know how long it will be before I'll be able to completely comprehend the true Throbbing Pulse of the World." Linley was filled with anticipation towards the profound truths within the 'Throbbing Pulse of the World'. He had the feeling that once this profound truth was mastered, its power would definitely be exceptional.

Since his conversation with Muba, Linley had trained for another three years.

Within those three years, with regards to the Profound Truths of the Earth, Linley was still stuck at the '16 Fused Waves' level of the Throbbing Pulse of the World. He worked hard to break through to the 8 Fused Waves level. As for the Profound Truths of Velocity, although he had some improvements, compared to the vastness of the Profound Truths of Velocity, his improvements didn't count for much.

"What the War God had originally said was very true. If one's understanding of the Elemental Laws were measured in percentages, then only after one mastered 10% of an Elemental Law would one become a full God. Right now, my understanding of the Profound Truths of Velocity is perhaps only a tenth of just the Profound Truths of Velocity, to say nothing of the Elemental Laws of the Wind."

Linley was in no rush.

He had trained for just dozens of years. He knew that he should be satisfied with the amount of accomplishments he already had.

There were some poor people who had been stuck at the Prime Saint level for ten million years, after all.

Within these three years, the greatest breakthrough for Linley was...

In his soul!

After having absorbed twenty million soul essences, the quality of Linley's soul had risen dramatically, and his ability to control his soul was much stronger now as well. In particular, faith energy's nourishment allowed Linley's spiritual energy to be further purified and be controlled more easily.

In the past, Linley could only expand or contract his spiritual energy, but now, Linley could control it effortlessly.

For example...

Soul defense!

Linley was able to control a large amount of spiritual energy as if it were battle-qi, forming a 'Pulseguard Defense' via the usage of a large amount of spiritual energy which would form a spherical membrane around his sword-shaped soul, protecting it. This 'Pulseguard Defense' of spiritual energy was far more powerful than the raw 'patch' of spiritual energy which Linley had used to defend himself in the past.

“In the past, it wasn’t that I didn’t have any idea of what I wanted to do. It was that I didn’t have enough control over my spiritual energy.”

Linley felt very moved.

A more powerful soul, as well as the transformation of his spiritual energy, did indeed bring many changes.

“Big bro.” Wharton’s voice rang out as he walked into the pocket dimension.

Linley opened his eyes.

“Big bro, the Yulan Festival will be in two days.” Wharton said. Linley and Delia would generally pause their training around the Yulan Festival. Linley and Delia, exchanging glances, rose to their feet, following Wharton out.

Yulan Festival. The most important holiday of the Yulan continent.

Even in times of war, generally speaking, during these days, there would be a temporary truce, allowing the warriors and commoners to enjoy the Yulan festival. However...right now, the citizens of the Rohault Empire were filled with terror, grief, and rage!

“Don’t be afraid, child. We’re almost there.” A thin woman, dressed in tattered clothes, carrying a child on her back, was running towards the north nonstop.

“Mother, where’s Father?” The five or six year old child on her back asked with a confused look. “When will Father come to see us? I want to see Father.” Hearing these words, the woman’s eyes turned red. “Be good. We’ll see Father soon.”

But the woman knew very well in her heart...that the two of them, mother and son, would never be able to see the child’s father again.

It wasn’t just the two of them. There were many other fleeing people as well. The entire road was filled with people carrying their possessions and fleeing.

A wave of refugees!

Today was year 10044 of the Yulan calendar, January 1st. It should have been a day of celebration.

By now, the Baruch Empire and the Rohault Empire were separated at the Spring River. The Rohault Empire had two powerful Prime Saints, while on the Baruch Empire’s side, Linley, despite being a Deity now, didn’t want to hasten the speed of the battle.

The two sides had naturally thus fallen into a state of stalemate.

Over the past few years, the grand armies of the two sides had been separated by Spring River.

“You call this a war?” On the Baruch Empire’s side, a sentry was grumbling. “I’ve been sent to the front lines for two years now, but I haven’t killed a single enemy. All we do is stand guard, train, and rest...this is so boring.”

“Isn’t this great? People will die in wars.” An older soldier next to him clearly didn’t like wars.

“But wars will also have excitement. This sort of life is utterly boring.” The younger soldier grumbled. Suddenly, he heard the sound of a commotion from the other side, and he hurriedly turned to look. “Hey,

quick, take a look. What's going on, over on the opposite shore?" Actually, the two military camps of the two Empires were separated by two or three kilometers of river water.

The sentries all moved forward.

"Refugees. So many refugees." The two soldiers were both shocked.

A large number of refugees streamed around the military camp, rushing towards a large bridge over the Spring River. Only, the bridge was guarded by the soldiers of both sides. However, there were simply too many refugees, and amongst them there were some powerful people as well.

Soon, the refugees charged through.

Actually, the soldiers on each side didn't try to stop them either.

"What is going on?" The two sentries were very puzzled.

"Who cares. As long as these refugees don't attack the military camp, don't bother with them." With battle having ground to a halt for two years, the soldiers of the two sides weren't too cautious. Generally speaking, refugees who didn't charge the military camps wouldn't be attacked either.

They were just some refugees.

However...

Ever since that day, one wave of refugees after another passed through the border between the two countries, from the Rohault Empire to the Baruch Empire. The numbers grew greater and greater, attracting the attention of the Baruch Empire. But when they began to investigate, they discovered something astonishing.

Within Dragonblood Castle.

Just a few days after the Yulan festival was over, Cena came to visit Linley from the imperial capital.

"Uncle, starting a few days ago, there has been a nonstop flow of refugees from the Rohault Empire to our Empire's borders. The number of people coming is simply astonishing." Cena took a deep breath. "The most important thing is, it isn't just the citizens of the Rohault Empire. Even many soldiers are fleeing to our Baruch Empire."

"Huh? What's this all about?"

Linley was puzzled.

The citizens might be fleeing to his side because of danger, but soldiers were under strict supervision. Any who were caught fleeing would be put to death.

"Cena, speak clearly." Wharton was there as well.

Cena nodded. "I can put it like this. Citizens and some soldiers are moving in streams. Some fleeing to our Empire, others fleeing to the Yulan Empire. The morale of the citizens of the Rohault Empire has been completely destroyed!"

"What's going on?" Linley, hearing this, was shocked.

The morale of the citizens had been completely destroyed? Everyone in the Empire was fleeing in all directions? This was unheard of.

When he had first arrived in the Anarchic Lands, at that time the Anarchic Lands were engaged in constant warfare, but there still hadn't been this sort of a large-scale wave of refugees who fled in every which way. After all, people had some affection towards their homelands. If they had any options at all, they wouldn't leave them behind.

"Did you investigate what this is about?" Linley asked.

"We're not sure. But we did find out one thing, and this one thing, by itself, was enough to make me feel horrified to the bones." Cena's eyes were filled with amazement.

Cena took a deep breath. "Based on our investigations, many of the cities of the Rohault Empire have already turned into dead cities. The situation is very similar to what the situation in our Bluelion City had been. Only, this time, the situation is a hundred, no, a thousand times as severe...and it should have happened recently."

"Dead cities?"

Linley instantly thought of that Deity he had killed.

"Can it be yet another Deity who trains in the Edicts of Death and is absorbing a large amount of souls?"

Linley was somewhat puzzled. Zassler had said before that refining souls was an extremely difficult process. Even most full Gods weren't capable of such a thing. But a Deity who trained in the Edicts of Death was a very rare thing; it was quite rare for a plane to have a single one. And now there was one?

What's more...

Linley had killed the last one. If there was yet another Deity who trained in the Edicts of Death, wouldn't he be afraid that Linley would deal with him as well?

"Or perhaps, is it that this hidden culprit is extremely confident?" Linley was far more powerful than he was three years ago.

His soul was much stronger, and his spiritual energy could now form into a spiritual 'Pulseguard Defense'. Given that translucent scaly membrane's defense of his soul...Linley had a degree of confidence in dealing with other Deities.

"According to our rough estimates, the population of the dead cities of the Rohault Empire add up to nearly a hundred million." Even Cena, when saying this number, felt a cold shudder.

The death of a hundred thousand people in Bluelion City was already astonishing.

A hundred million?

"I'll personally go investigate this affair." Linley's heart was filled with fury. "These Deities from other planes don't treat the people of our Yulan continent as human beings at all. A hundred million? The entire Rohault Empire has only a few hundred million."

Currently, the War God and the High Priest were not present. The human experts of the Yulan continent at the Deity level were only Linley and Desri. The Yulan continent's plane was their homeland! How could Linley possibly forbear and permit these experts from other planes to wantonly slaughter people here?

"I'm heading out." Linley couldn't sit still for a minute longer. After saying those words to Wharton and the others, he flew out of Dragonblood Castle, then began to fly to the south.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 34, Accepting the Heavy Burden

Linley's sudden departure caused the group of people in Dragonblood Castle to feel rather worried.

“Father, is the reason Uncle left just now because he is going to go search for...?” Cena said softly.

Although he didn't finish the words, everyone in the hall understood. They, too, suspected that the culprit behind the large-scale appearance of dead cities in the Rohault Empire was a Deity. If Linley were to fight against another Deity, what would the result be?

“I know my big brother's temper very well.” Wharton furrowed his brows. “Although he doesn't like to get involved in things that have nothing to do with him, he definitely will not shirk from any of his responsibilities.”

Right. Linley's responsibilities!

Everyone in the hall, Delia included, nodded slightly.

Right now, aside from the human Deities in the Necropolis of the Gods, the only human Deities in the Yulan continent were Linley and Desri. Linley and Desri, as Deities, stood at the very peak of mankind in this plane.

To Linley and Desri, the Yulan continent was their root and foundation!

Their homeland!

Deities from other planes had descended onto their homeland and had begun to wantonly slaughter humans.

At a time like this, as Deities, Linley and Desri absolutely had to stand out. If even they stayed hidden and only protected themselves...then didn't that mean that the humans of the Yulan continent would be slaughtered freely by those experts who had fled from the Gebados Planar Prison?

“At a time like this, all we can do is rely on Lord Linley and Lord Desri.” Cena said softly.

In front of Deities, even Saints had to lower their heads. Only other Deities such as Linley and Desri were able to hinder them.

Within the quiet mountain village where Desri was living.

Linley's sudden arrival naturally was a source of great joy to Desri's people. Reynolds, as well, hadn't seen Linley for a long period of time. He wanted to have a good chat with Linley, but this time, Linley had come on an important mission. Nobody dared to get involved, allowing Linley and Desri to speak in detail.

Within the mountain residence.

The warbling of the springs could be heard. Linley and Desri were seated facing each other.

The two of them were currently the two most powerful humans of the Yulan continent plane.

“What!!!” Desri suddenly rose to his feet. Linley had just started to speak, but Desri was already shocked.

Linley’s face was heavy, and he nodded. “Right. The citizens of many cities in the Rohault Empire have been utterly slaughtered, and the cities are now dead cities. You should know that this happened in the Baruch Empire before as well, but this time, too many cities have died. In just a short period of time, the total number of deaths has exceeded a hundred million!”

Desri’s eyes were filled with shock. “A hundred million. If they had to be killed one at a time, how long would that take?”

A hundred million!

A simple number to say. A single town usually had around ten thousand people in it. This represented ten thousand small towns.

“Linley, what do you think we should do?” Desri looked at Linley.

Linley rose to his feet. His eyes seemed to be blazing with fire. His voice couldn’t help but turn clear and loud. “What we should do? Desri, regardless of what happens between the Empires of the Yulan continent, these are the affairs of our Yulan continent! Internal affairs!”

“The Yulan continent is our root! I definitely will not permit those Deities of other planes to engage in this sort of wide-scale slaughter here. What do they take our place to be? A butchery?”

Linley’s heart was filled with fury.

Linley stared at Desri. “Desri, are you planning to just hide here?”

Desri’s gaze turned sharp and fierce as well. “Linley, what the hell do you think you are saying? Right now, O’Brien and the others are in the Necropolis of the Gods. Amongst the humans of the Yulan continent, only we two Deities are currently present. Do you actually think I would hide away in a time like this?”

“A hundred million were killed this time. Who knows how many more will be killed next time? A hundred million? A billion? The entire Yulan continent only has a population of a few billion. Most likely, within a few decades, the entire Yulan continent would become entirely devoid of human life.” Desri said in a harsh, serious voice. “Linley, there are some things that must be done. A long life isn’t necessarily a good one.”

“The Yulan continent is our base. I naturally will stand out to defend it.”

Desri’s voice was very firm.

Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face. Desri laughed as well.

The two experts now understood what each other was thinking.

They actually weren’t afraid of death. What they were afraid of was dying like a blade of wild grass, to no purpose whatsoever.

To be able to train in the Elemental Laws to the point of becoming Deities meant that both Linley and Desri had extremely strong wills. If they set their mind to something, even if they died, they would accomplish it. If a person had fallen to such straits that even his homeland had become someone else’s butcher shop without him doing anything about it, then that would be a life worse than death.

The setting sun shone down upon the fleeing refugees on the desolate road, stretching out their shadows. Tattered clothes, dirty and thin faces, eyes filled with both fear as well as hope for the future. They worked hard to move towards the north.

In mid-air.

Linley and Desri, shoulder to shoulder, came to a halt. By now, Linley and Desri had entered the borders of the Rohault Empire.

“Let’s go down and take a look. Let’s ask those refugees. Perhaps we can get a truer understanding of the situation.” Desri said. Ever since they had crossed over the border into the Rohault Empire, Linley and Desri’s faces had lost their smiles. Their faces were very solemn.

The Rohault Empire was in a state of utter chaos.

A wind arose, then dispersed. Linley and Desri appeared in the midst of some wild grass by the side of that desolate road, then strode from the grass onto the road. On this road, there were many fleeing refugees. Nobody paid attention to Linley and Desri.

“How much suffering have they endured?” Desri looked at the dim, terrified looks in the eyes of those refugees, sighing as he spoke.

Linley had the same feeling in his heart.

Linley’s gaze suddenly fell on a muscular youngster. That youngster’s gaze was resolved, and on his back he was carrying an ancient, silver-haired old lady. Amongst the hundreds of people present, Linley felt that only this youth seemed to have a bit more spirit, and Linley could also tell at a glance that he was a warrior of the fifth rank.

Linley immediately walked over, and Desri followed him.

Seeing Linley and Desri walk over, the youth instantly looked at the two of them warily. “Milords, what do you need?” This muscular youth had some worldly experience, and he could sense that these two people in front of him were not ordinary.

“My friend, I want to ask you a question. What exactly has happened, to cause you all to flee like this?” Linley’s attitude was very gentle.

Hearing these words, the muscular youth was actually a bit puzzled. “Many of the citizens of our Rohault Empire have been slaughtered, milords. I imagine every refugee knows this. Why do you ask me?”

“I, too, know that many citizens have been slaughtered, and that the number is very high. I am just puzzled. For so many people to have been slaughtered, this shouldn’t have been something that happened just a day or two ago. Why is it that you are only fleeing now, after so many people were killed?”

Linley had been wondering about this the entire time.

A hundred million people.

A Saint, even one who killed hundreds of thousands of people each day, would still have to spend several months in slaughter. News of the ‘dead city’ events should have spread very quickly. How could the citizens have waited for over a hundred million to be slaughtered before they began a wide-scale refugee flight?

He had asked Cena this earlier, but all Cena could say was that they hadn’t had a chance to investigate this yet.

Hearing these words, the muscular youth couldn't help but reveal a bitter smile on his face. "Milords, if you asked an ordinary person, they probably really wouldn't know the answer." As he spoke, the muscular youth let out a long sigh. Linley and Desri's eyes couldn't help but light up.

Clearly, this muscular youth knew some secrets.

"Please tell us." Desri spoke.

The muscular youth didn't know that the two in front of him were Deities. His eyes were filled with a hint of pain and helplessness. "This isn't a major secret. When I was stationed in the Barrow [Ba'luo] Legion, many people there knew about this."

The Barrow Legion?

How could reclusive experts like Linley and Desri pay attention to the legions of an Empire?

"Roughly three years ago, our Barrow Legion, a legion of roughly three hundred thousand people, was divided into many smaller units. We were sent to various intersections throughout the southern reaches of the Empire. Our order was that we were to be stationed there, and that nobody was to be permitted to pass through. Anyone who dared to pass through would be killed.

Desri and Linley were secretly shocked.

They somewhat understood now.

This was why the massacre had claimed a hundred million lives before everything had exploded into chaos.

"At first, we didn't understand either. Although there were a few people who wanted to pass through the intersections we controlled, and they talked about 'dead cities', we soldiers viewed carrying out our orders as paramount. When they tried to pass, we immediately killed them."

"Initially, when we killed the first two, we didn't pay attention. But later, one time...one of the people who wanted to flee through our intersection was the good friend of our senior captain. For the sake of our senior captain, we didn't immediately kill him. But who would've thought that this person told us that many cities throughout the southern regions of the Empire had been massacred. In the hometown of our senior captain, the only survivor was that friend. The only reason he had survived was because that day, he had went boar-hunting in the mountains, and thus he had escaped that calamity."

As the muscular youth spoke, his voice shook.

"By then, we had been stationed there for two full months." The muscular youth said bitterly. "At that time, our entire unit was stunned. The senior captain immediately sent someone to investigate in the nearby cities. And the result was...well, you should know."

The muscular man shook his head. "We were preparing to inform the other units, but then we found out that we weren't the first to make this discovery. Another unit had made this discovery before us."

Linley and Desri now both understood.

When Saints moved to exterminate a city, when they spread out their spiritual energy to cover the place, generally speaking nobody would escape their notice. The lucky survivors would generally...be like that person who was boar-hunting at night. Only when they returned to the city would they realize what happened.

Thus, the number of escapees was extremely low.

But there were so many possible corridors of escape. A single Legion had many subunits. All of them were stationed in separate intersections, and most likely, each of them would only encounter two or three lucky survivors, but most of those lucky survivors would be slaughtered.

After all. Obeying orders was paramount.

“After learning everything, all the brothers in our unit revolted. Our parents, our spouses, or children were all dead. The people in our homeland were all dead. What was the point of us brothers staying in the army?” The muscular youth was somewhat angry as well. “Compared to those brothers of mine, my luck was a bit better. My homeland wasn’t in the south, and so my family members managed to avoid this calamity.”

The muscular youth turned to look at the old lady he was carrying on his back, his face revealing a hint of concern.

“Thank you.” Linley said sincerely.

At this moment, Linley and Desri’s hearts felt so cold. They could all guess how this came about.

Many cities were massacred, and most likely, there were still more Saints flying in the air, from city to city, killing those lucky survivors. Those who managed to flee to the army camps were extremely rare. But something like this couldn’t be hidden forever.”

“From what this youth said, this slaughter seemed to have been going on for two months.” Linley made this hypothesis.

Linley and Desri glanced at each other. Both of them quietly snuck back into the wild grass by the road, and then the two of them shot into the air, flying towards the south at high speed. Linley and Desri both had new targets.

“What we need to do is to find those Saints located within the Rohault Empire.” Linley was very certain that the Saints within the Rohault Empire would definitely be aware of a major event like this.

In fact...

These events should have been carried out by Saints.

After all, it wasn’t too likely that a Deity would personally go from city to city slaughtering people. Linley expected that a Deity would control and order some Saints to go carry this out. What they needed to do was to find out some information about this Deity from the Saints.

Know thy enemy, know thy self. Only then would one win every battle.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 35, Claws and Fangs

As they flew in midair, Linley directly began to search using his divine sense.

“Southeast.” Linley quickly discovered the nearest Saint. “This Saint’s aura is very unique, and his appearance is also strange. He isn’t human.”

“Let’s find him then.” A cold, fierce look flashed through Desri’s eyes. “Hrmph. There is a better than 90% chance that these Saints from other planes obey the commands of that hidden Deity. If they didn’t engage in slaughter, there is no way they would be able to live so comfortably in the Rohault Empire.”

Linley nodded slightly.

If this person wasn’t willing to be in cahoots with that Deity, he most likely would have fled long ago. How could he still be staying in the Rohault Empire?

Linley and Desri flew straight towards that foreign Saint at high speed.

A skinny, black-skinned man with a turban around his head was currently lying comfortably upon a reclining chair. Next to him were beautiful maids who were respectfully holding platters of fruit out to him. The skinny man had a hint of a smile on his face, but these maids were extremely nervous.

They all knew that their master’s temper was very bizarre. Although he was laughing very merrily right now, sometimes he would brutally begin to whip and abuse them.

“This sort of life is wonderful.” The black-skinned man let out a sigh of content.

He had arrived in the Yulan continent plane four years ago. His life in the Yulan continent was thousands of times more enjoyable than it had been in the Gebados Planar Prison. In that place, he was a low level person, but here in the Yulan continent, he easily controlled the lives and deaths of others.

“I came a bit later. Many of those fellows arrived six years ago.” The skinny man actually felt a bit dissatisfied.

In the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts, that fog shrouded valley was a place where reality was unstable. Generally speaking, Demigods were capable of ripping through space and arriving at the Yulan continent. Even just Saints by themselves were capable of ripping open that tear and arriving in the Yulan continent, if eight of them joined forces.

“Um, you, come over.” The skinny man’s gaze swept towards a nearby serving maid.

That serving maid instantly knelt down respectfully, raising the fruit platter up high. Only now did that skinny man happily take a piece of fruit, gnawing it contentedly. In his heart, he said to himself, “Who would’ve thought that I, Bloom [Bu’long], would also be able to enjoy these things. In the Gebados Planar Prison, fruits were things which only Deities could enjoy.”

Only when there was a contrast would one know how lucky one was.

Only after one had lost something did one know how to treasure it!

Bloom, in his original plane, had been a major figure as well, but when he had power, he didn't care too much about it.

After having been trapped in Gebados for so long though, he had learned how to enjoy power.

"Huh?" Bloom's eyes suddenly realized that two people had appeared within the main hall. Bloom was instantly terrified. He was a Prime Saint, but these two had appeared in his main hall out of nowhere. He stared at them, only to find...

Bloom suddenly rose to his feet.

"Milords, who are you?" Bloom's attitude was extremely respectful.

Bloom had a strange feeling, as though he had once more returned to Gebados. This was the feeling he got when facing a Deity; that he had to be extremely subservient. The people in front of Bloom were Linley and Desri.

"What is Master..." The serving maids were shocked. They had personally witnessed how powerful their master was.

"Let them leave." Desri spoke.

Bloom immediately looked at those serving maids, urging them to leave with his gaze. The maids nervously, carefully left. While leaving, all of them secretly glanced at Linley and Desri with curiosity and fear.

What sort of a person could cause their master to be so terrified?

"We are from the Yulan plane." Linley spoke.

Bloom was stunned.

But in the next instant, he realized what this man wearing a sky-blue robe meant. Clearly, they already knew where he was from.

"You should know what our trip here is regarding, yes?" Linley and Desri's expressions were cold.

Bloom's heart shook. Could it be....?

Bloom forced out a smile. "Milords, I don't know why..."

"Hrmph." Linley let out a cold, angry snort. "Don't tell me you don't know what has been happening during this period of time in the Rohault Empire. Speak. Which Deity directed the deaths of those hundred million people from behind the scene?"

Bloom's heart lurched. He wanted to speak, but he didn't dare to. He knew exactly how terrifying that Deity was.

"Milords, I'm only a Prime Saint. How would I..."

"WHAP!"

A palm slapped directly on Bloom's face, who was knocked flying away like a ripped sandbag, spewing blood everywhere. Even several of his teeth fell out. His body spun in midair several times before collapsing to the ground.

“So fast.” Bloom was secretly amazed. He didn’t even see the move being made.

Linley glanced at Bloom coldly, then said calmly, “If you don’t tell us, you will die right now. If you do tell us...that Deity might not necessarily kill you.”

“Milords, I’ll tell, I’ll tell.” In front of Linley and Desri, Bloom didn’t dare to put on any airs at all. He immediately said, “This affair of killing many humans and collecting their souls was done completely at the direction of Lord Beaumont.”

“Beaumont?” Linley and Desri exchanged a glance.

Yet another foreign name.

Yet another Deity!

Desri said coldly, “Beaumont. I imagine that this Beaumont wouldn’t personally go kill the humans, right?”

Bloom hesitated slightly, but upon hearing Linley’s cold snort, he hurriedly said, “Of course Lord Beaumont wouldn’t personally act. He ordered many Saints to go act on his behalf. Everyone who helped Lord Beaumont would receive some benefits.” Bloom now somewhat realized that these men in front of him most likely were looking to make trouble for Beaumont.

“Many Saints. I imagine you were amongst them.” Desri sneered.

“No, not, not me.” Bloom hurriedly said. Bloom was terrified that these people would instantly kill him in fury. How would he dare admit to participating?

Linley let out a cold laugh. Actually, this topic was entirely pointless. After all, they hadn’t been present.

“Fine. I’ll ask you. Where is Beaumont?” Linley barked.

Bloom shook his head, lost.

“Hm?” Linley’s face changed, and he stared at Bloom coldly. “It seems you really are quite loyal to Beaumont.”

Bloom’s face changed dramatically. He hurriedly said, “I really don’t know. Milords, I’m telling the truth. I only know one thing. Lord Beaumont usually doesn’t live at the Yulan continent. He lives in the boundless seas.”

Linley and Desri glanced at each other, both feeling that the situation just grew tricky.

The seas?

Although Linley had absorbed twenty million soul essences and his divine sense was powerful, Linley’s divine sense still only encapsulated an area of ten thousand kilometers. In the Yulan continent, that was fairly large. But in the endless seas, it was nothing at all. In addition, who knew if Beaumont was on the surface of the ocean, or in the bottom?

“How do you usually communicate?” Desri snapped.

“We don’t communicate...” Bloom said hurriedly.

“Enough bullshit.” Linley said coldly. “You are able to stay in the Rohault Empire. How could you have no connection to Beaumont at all? If you keep on lying to us, you know what the consequences will be.” Linley was already furious. He could tell that this Bloom wasn’t telling the complete truth.

The best way to lie was to mix in truth amongst the lies.

Bloom was terrified. Instantly, he replied honestly, “Milords, Lord Beaumont is extremely cautious. He usually just reaches out to us through his divine sense, one at a time, to arrange us to work for him. He has promised us that after the Gold Soul-Peas have been refined, we will get part of the benefits.”

Gold Soul-Pea?

Linley began to understand. Refining soul essences didn’t necessarily require a specific amount of souls.

For example, twenty million soul essences could be refined into a two or three centimeter thick Gold Soul-Pearl, but a million soul essences could also be refined into smaller Gold Soul-Pea.

“This Beaumont is also capable of refining souls?” Linley finally asked the question he wanted to ask.

There should only be very few Demigods who trained in the Edicts of Death.

“Lord Beaumont isn’t capable of refining souls.” Bloom said with certainty. “We all know this. We have heard that amongst the Demigods, only the Grand Warlock is able to refine souls, but I heard that the Grand Warlock died three years ago.” Bloom had stayed in the Gebados Prison for a long time, and he knew many things.

Linley instantly understood that this ‘Grand Warlock’ was the person he had killed.

“If he isn’t capable of refining it, why is he collecting souls?” Desri asked directly.

“I don’t know the answer to that either.” Bloom replied.

“How often does that Beaumont reach out to you people?” Linley asked coldly.

Bloom said hurriedly, “Generally speaking, every four to five days.” He didn’t dare to tell the complete truth; the reason it was every four to five days was because Beaumont would order them to hand over the now-filled soul crystals, while handing over empty ones.

“How is Beaumont’s power, compared to the Grand Warlock?” Linley asked.

Bloom laughed bitterly. “They are all Deities. To the likes of us, they are all so far above us. I’m not certain, but I have heard that Lord Beaumont is somewhat more powerful.”

Linley and Desri exchanged glances, communicating to each other.

“Fine.” Linley said to Bloom. “Remember. The next time Beaumont contacts you, inform him to come meet me at Dragonblood Castle. I imagine...he can guess who is looking for him.” Linley didn’t try to hide his identity.

After all...

All of the Deities present knew that right now, the only human Deities in the Yulan continent were Linley and Desri. There was no need to spell it out.

“Yes. I will definitely remember to do so.” Bloom lowered his head in terror and respect.

But by the time he lifted his head, Linley and Desri had already disappeared from within the main hall. Only now did Bloom dare to let out a long sigh. "My life is saved, for now."

Beaumont was actually hiding in the boundless seas? It truly would be difficult to locate him. Linley and Desri were forced to temporarily choose to go back. On the way back, Linley and Desri both felt vexed by the question of how to deal with Beaumont.

"Linley, you say we should kill him?" Desri looked at Linley. "First of all, that Beaumont is stronger than that so-called 'Grand Warlock'. But we are Deities who have just reached the Demigod stage; how can we compare to him? If we are to act against him, our chances of success are not high."

Linley continued to listen.

Desri said seriously, "That's the first problem. The second problem is, even if we are able to kill Beaumont, I imagine we will still be badly injured. In addition, we don't know how many Deities are currently in the Yulan continent. If we are able to kill Beaumont, that will be a good thing. If we are instead killed by him, then...there won't be a single person capable of posing a threat to those Deities from other planes."

Linley nodded.

This was indeed a problem.

Actually, the Yulan continent had another person present. Beirut. But Beirut was a magical beast Deity! To magical beasts, there wasn't much of a difference between humans and other races. When Dylin had exploded forth from the Mountain Range of Magical Beasts on the Apocalypse Day, how many humans had died?

What's more...

Beirut had already said that his requirement was that no one was to cause trouble in the Eighteen Northern Duchies or in the Forest of Darkness. He never said that those foreign experts were forbidden from massacring humans.

"The most important issue is still that we are not strong enough, and that there are too few Deities present." Desri frowned as he spoke. "Unless all else fails, it is best if we don't fight Beaumont to the death." Although this conclusion was rather hard to swallow, the truth was the enemy was simply too strong.

If they weren't able to kill the enemy and were instead killed, wouldn't the humans of the entire Yulan continent be doomed?

"Even if we don't kill him, we have to demand that he leave the Yulan continent, and also hand over all of the soul essences he took. Otherwise...I want to see if I'm able to kill him or not." Linley wasn't like Desri; he was far more powerful than he had been three years ago.

Desri looked at Linley, wanting to say something.

But suddenly...

Both Linley and Desri turned to stare towards the north.

"Yet another person has become a Deity?" Linley and Desri's eyes were filled with shock. The descent of those natural Laws once again enveloped the Yulan continent. Even at a great distance, the descent would cause some ripples, which Linley and Desri were naturally capable of sensing.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 36, Olivier Has Arrived

“Who just became a Deity?” Linley suddenly thought of multiple possibilities.

“I hope it isn’t a Saint from the foreign planes.” Desri said softly. Hearing Desri’s words, Linley nodded as well. In the Yulan continent, the native Deities were already in the minority. If this person who just became a Deity was also one of the outsider Deities...

Then their situation would become even worse.

“Desri, come. Let’s go take a look and see who has become a Deity.” Linley said.

Desri hesitated, but then laughed as well. “Right. Let’s go take a look and see who was so lucky as to break through.” With regards to those Demigods who had reached that level thousands or tens of thousands of years ago, they were still a bit worried, but they weren’t too afraid of new Deities.

Linley and Desri instantly flew towards the north at high speed.

Desri was skilled at high speed movement as well. After having become a Deity, his speed reached an astonishing level. Although he wasn’t a match for Linley, as the two flew together, they only needed a short amount of time before arriving in the air above the Forest of Darkness. At this moment, they both could sense that the natural Laws and the ripples had vanished.

“The north, and very far away.” Linley frowned.

He had just spread out his divine sense, but it only was able to stretch to the edges of the North Sea. It was still quite a distance off from the source of the ripples.

“Could it be that it was at the Arctic Icecap?” Desri guessed.

Since it was to the far north of the Yulan continent, there were two possibilities. The first was the North Sea, while the second was the Arctic Icecap. Linley and Desri were both very curious. Who had become a Deity? Aside from curiosity, Linley also felt a hint of anticipation.

He hoped that the person who had become a Deity belonged to the Yulan continent’s side.

“Desri, I’ve never gone to the Arctic Icecap yet. Would you mind taking a trip with me there?” Linley turned his head and chuckled towards Desri.

“Of course not.” Desri was going to suggest the same thing.

Immediately, Linley and Desri transformed into blurs, streaking across the sky and flying at high speed towards the Arctic Icecap.

In the Yulan plane, the Yulan continent itself actually took up only a small portion of the space. From north to south, the size of the continent was roughly just twenty thousand kilometers. Even from east to west, which was much longer, the distance was only thirty thousand kilometers or so. Compared to the seas, there was a huge difference.

Forget about the South Sea; the South Sea could completely be described as endless.

Ten thousand Yulan continents would take up less than a tenth of the South Sea.

The North Sea, by contrast, was much smaller, but it was still much larger than the Yulan continent.

“Whooooosh.” A cold wind blew.

The further north they went, the colder it became. In addition, this was still January. It was the coldest season. Even at Linley’s speed, they had to fly for several hours before they were able to see that utterly white, distant Arctic Icecap.

Linley and Desri landed at the edge of the Arctic Icecap.

“The Arctic Icecap truly is an astonishing sight.” Linley sighed in praise.

This place was too cold. The cold wind felt like ‘wind blades’. Weaker warriors who arrived in this place would be ‘chopped’ to pieces by the wind. But of course, to Linley and Desri, the cold wind was nothing at all.

The Arctic Icecap was formed from one enormous iceberg after another.

In the Yulan continent, mountains that were over ten kilometers high were quite rare, but here, icebergs that were over ten kilometers high were commonplace. There was sunlight in the Arctic Icecap, but the sunlight here didn’t carry any warmth with it.

The wind which constantly blew pieces of ice about made the world seem so grey and indistinct.

“So the one who became a Deity really was Olivier.” Linley revealed a hint of a smile on his face.

“You’ve found him?” Desri’s face instantly revealed a look of wild joy. Desri, despite having trained for thousands of years, in terms of soul strength, was far inferior to Linley, who had absorbed twenty million soul essences.

This was the reason why Beaumont and the Grand Warlock wanted to refine soul essences so badly.

“Come with me.” Linley flew in a straight line towards the northeast, and Desri followed behind him.

After flying for roughly several thousand kilometers, Linley and Desri arrived at the base of an enormous iceberg, roughly a hundred thousand meters tall. By now, Desri had also discovered that Olivier was living deep within this enormous iceberg. At this moment, a man with long silvery white hair walked out from a tunnel within the enormous iceberg.

“Linley, Desri, please come in.” Olivier actually had a hint of a smile on his face.

Linley and Desri were both shocked.

Olivier’s hair had been a mix of black and white, but currently, Olivier’s hair was silvery white. In addition, the current Olivier’s aura was very close to ‘light’.

“Olivier, you reached the Demigod level through the Laws of Light?” Desri spoke out.

Olivier didn’t respond. He only nodded.

Linley and Desri immediately flew down and followed Olivier into the tunnel. This ice cave was extremely deep. Linley and Desri made many turns and curves within it, and occasionally flew downwards...after flying for a few dozen kilometers, they arrived at Olivier's abode.

"It's so cold here." Desri sighed.

Olivier lived deep within the enormous iceberg. It truly was very cold here. It was dozens of times colder than in the outside areas of the Arctic Icecap.

"Drip drop."

There was a pool of water nearby. The ice above it actually had green drops of water dripping down into it, which emanated an astonishing cold.

"This is the coldest place in the entire Arctic Icecap." Olivier said with a laugh. "In the past, I continuously dug deeper. You don't know how tough the ice in the deepest parts of this place is. It definitely is comparable to some extremely valuable ores. After digging for a long time, I finally dug to the core. Which is to say, this place..."

Olivier pointed towards that pool of water.

"My mystic icesword came from that freezing pool as well." For there to be a pool of water in such an astonishingly cold place was already quite bizarre. But it actually had this mystic icesword within it? Linley and Desri were both guessing that this mystic icesword had to have had a major history behind it.

"Come, let's sit inside."

Olivier led Linley and Desri into a large hall which he had dug out.

"Ah?" Linley and Desri were both shocked.

Within this hall, there was another Olivier, with a head full of long black hair. The white-haired Olivier walked over, and then fused into one with the black-haired Olivier. The two Oliviers became one, and then his hair became gray.

Bizarre!

"Olivier, I didn't expect," Linley and Desri both began to laugh, "That not only did you reach the Deity level in the Laws of Light, you also became a Deity in the Laws of Darkness. Amazing, amazing!"

"Right, where is your original body?" Desri immediately asked.

For Olivier to be able to create two divine clones meant that, with his original body added in, he should have three bodies.

"I made the decision to have one divine spark go into my body, while the other one went outside." Olivier said calmly. "I don't want to train in any other Laws. As long as I can train to the limit in both the Laws of Light and the Laws of Darkness, that will be enough for me."

Linley and Desri both nodded secretly.

Since he had chosen to train in just those two Elemental Laws, there truly was no need for him to have three bodies. If he had done that, his soul would have been split into three pieces. By making his current decision, Olivier only had to split his soul in half.

Puzzled, Linley asked, “Olivier, what about your hair? When you became a Deity in two different aspects, you should have silvery white hair when you are using your divine light clone. When you are using your divine darkness clone, you should have black hair. Why is it that when you fuse the two, this is the result?”

“Because...”

Olivier laughed calmly. “After my two bodies fuse, I can fuse light divine power alongside darkness divine power and use them together. As for my hair, it’s just formed from divine power. I can make it look like whatever I like.

Linley and Desri didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry. They hadn’t imagined that Olivier would have this side to him.

But they were very surprised. Linley knew very well that it was impossible combine two different types of energy. For Olivier to have accomplished it undoubtedly meant that his power had dramatically increased.

“Olivier, can you tell us how you accomplished this?” Desri hesitated for a long while before asking.

Olivier glanced at him, but still answered. “Linley, remember my duel against Haydson? You were watching back then.”

“I remember.” Linley nodded. Haydson had nearly killed Olivier, but ten years or so later, Olivier had went to challenge him again, and this time had killed Haydson with a single blow.

“That time, I was in a coma for several months. After waking up, I was able to fuse the two types of power and use them together.” Olivier said it very simply, but this answer caused Linley and Desri to both feel astonished. Even if others knew the way, they couldn’t possibly duplicate it.

Linley began to understand as well.

Many people had been puzzled as to why Olivier had been in a coma for so many months after being badly wounded by Haydson.

This was because no matter how badly damaged the body was, light-style healing magic could repair it. So why was Olivier still in a coma? It wasn’t strange for a Saint to die, but for a Saint to be in a coma for months was something one might not see in ten thousand years. Nobody had known, back then, why he was in a coma.

But now, they somewhat understood.

“That coma had something to do with his soul. Most likely, it is the reason for why Olivier’s soul is so special now.” Linley still remembered how the Beholder King had attempted to freeze Olivier’s soul, only to fail.

Linley glanced at Olivier. “I wager this Olivier has left out some of the details. This transformation of his souls definitely impacts the way in which he trains in the profound mysteries of these two opposite Laws.” Linley understood this, but naturally, he wouldn’t inquire into someone else’s training methods.

It was enough for one to train himself properly.

“Olivier, we have come on an important mission, this time.” Linley went straight to the point, describing what had happened in the Rohault Empire to Olivier, as well as the situation in the Yulan continent in general.

Olivier, listening to this, frowned. “I didn’t expect that in nine years, the Yulan continent would have so many things happen.”

“Olivier, what is your decision regarding these many outsider experts? Will you stay here in the Arctic Icecap, or will you...?” Linley looked expectantly towards Olivier. Olivier wielded that mysterious mystic icesword, and also had two divine clones that were fused together.

His power was such that even Linley wasn’t confident in his ability to defeat him.

Linley wasn’t jealous of Olivier. Quite the contrary, he was very happy. At this point in time, the more powerful the native forces of the Yulan continent were, then the easier it would be for them to protect the Yulan continent.

“Do you need to ask?” A hint of a cold smile was on Olivier’s lips. “This is our turf. Those bastards dare to come to our place and massacre people? If we don’t act, they’ll think we’re afraid of them.” Olivier had always been utterly fearless.

When he had just arrived in the Arctic Icecap, he had dared to immediately go challenge Rutherford.

“What’s more, now that I’m a Deity, it’s impossible for me to make any further breakthroughs in a short period of time. It’s time to go out and have a good fight.” Olivier’s eyes were flashing with a hint of fire. “So many outsider experts have come. How can I give up such a good chance to have a fight?”

Linley and Desri glanced at each other. It seemed they had worried for nothing.

Given Olivier’s temperament, he wouldn’t be willing to live in the Arctic Icecap like before, now that he was a Deity.

Olivier glanced at Linley. Actually, there was something he hadn’t said...in the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had saved him several times. If nothing else, for the sake of Linley’s kindness towards him alone, Olivier definitely wouldn’t shirk his duties and hide.

“Haha, excellent. With you by our side, Olivier, how can the three of us be afraid of that Beaumont?” Linley laughed loudly.

“Beaumont. I want to see if he is capable of blocking this sword of mine.” Olivier’s eyes were filled with confidence.

Desri began to laugh as well.

“Let’s go. Let’s go to Linley’s Dragonblood Castle. He’s already arranged to let that outsider Saint inform Beaumont to come look for us at Dragonblood Castle.” Desri spoke. “We’ll wait for Beaumont there at Dragonblood Castle.”

Linley began to chuckle. “I wonder, if that Beaumont was to use his divine sense to search and discovered that we have three Deities present, will he be so frightened that he won’t even dare come?”

Olivier and Desri couldn’t help but laugh as well.

And then, Linley, Desri, and Olivier, the three Deities, left the Arctic Icecap, traversed the North Seas, and returned to Dragonblood Castle. Within Dragonblood Castle, they quietly awaited Beaumont’s arrival.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 37, The Great Botha Levee

The Yulan continent. The Rohault Empire. Bloom's residence.

"Lord Beaumont!" Bloom bowed respectfully.

Beaumont was tall and muscular. His entire body was covered in a black cloak. Next to Beaumont were four extremely respectful Saint-level experts. Beneath the black hood, Beaumont's gloomy eyes stared at Bloom. "Bloom, is everything which you transmitted to me mentally earlier true?"

"Absolutely true. If I, Bloom, said a single false word, then you can kill me, Lord Beaumont." Bloom was very respectful.

Beaumont was silent.

Bloom didn't dare to say a single extra word. Beaumont was a person with a brutal temper. The Gebados Planar Prison was actually just a single, special plane. Naturally, it was extremely large, and there were many internal 'territories' within, which the many Deities scattered throughout the prison had claimed.

Amongst them, Beaumont, Muba, the Grand Warlock, and Dylin were all in the same general area. And within this area...

Muba was a kind, good-natured fellow. The Grand Warlock was sinister and cold. Beaumont was brutal. And of course, Dylin was the most powerful of the Demigods. Even Beaumont didn't dare to offend Dylin. However, one day, Dylin simply vanished. Dylin's disappearance caused Beaumont to become the local tyrant of their area.

Only at the very end did the experts of this area slowly begin to learn that Dylin had left through a 'weak point in space'. After that, Beaumont, Muba, the Grand Warlock, and some Saints had all passed through it as well. Naturally, they didn't notify any others.

Thus...

The only people who had arrived in the Yulan continent were the few experts who lived close to that spatial weak point in the Planar Prison. Naturally, the vast majority of experts within the prison weren't aware of their escape. As for that weak point in space, if someone wasn't right on top of it, there is no way one would notice it.

This was the reason why Bloom had arrived in the Yulan continent only four years ago.

Even in that very area, there were still many Saints who had no idea there was an escape and were still suffering within the Planar Prison, much less the experts in other areas.

Thus, there weren't that many outsider Deities in the Yulan continent. There were just a few more Saints than normal. All of these Saints, in turn, knew very well how terrifyingly brutal Beaumont's temper could be.

"Bloom, I'm giving you an assignment." Beaumont said coldly.

Bloom bowed.

“Immediately go to Dragonblood Castle. Invite Linley and the other Deity to meet me, and say that I, Beaumont, tomorrow morning, will... wait for them at the Great Botha Levee of the Yulan River.” Beaumont said calmly. “Go immediately. Don’t dawdle.”

Bloom was startled. Originally, Linley had asked Beaumont to go pay a visit to Dragonblood Castle. But now, Beaumont was arranging to go to the Great Botha Levee.

“Yes, Lord Beaumont.” Bloom didn’t dare to disobey. He immediately transformed into a blur and streaked towards the north.

Beaumont turned and glanced at the others.

“Chiquita, you keep refining souls.” Beaumont said calmly.

“Yes, Lord Beaumont.” One of the four Saints behind spoke, a man who was tall and muscular, his entire body covered with a white cloak.

Chiquita. It was indeed the same Chiquita who had fled from the Sacred Isle!

Whenever Chiquita thought about what his life had been like after he had fled from the Sacred Isle, he felt miserable. He, Chiquita, was a member of the Three-Eyed Winged Men race in the Divine Plane of Light. Many Deities viewed the Three-Eyed Winged Men as a precious race.

Why?

Three-Eyed Winged Men had a special ability. Their third eye was naturally capable of refining souls.

In the eyes of many Deities, the Three-Eyed Winged Men were like a ‘silkworm’. If they could capture a Three-Eyed Winged Man, they could keep him bound and order him to refine souls for them to enjoy. Thus, it was very common in many places for Three-Eyed Winged Men to be kept as pets.

This Chiquita was a Three-Eyed Winged Man.

In the Gebados Planar Prison, he had been captured by a Deity and had suffered greatly. Afterwards, that Deity had died, and he had luckily managed to escape... he usually hid his third eye, and amongst the other Saints, claimed that he was a Winged Man, a type of beastman. Finally, after a long time, he had been lucky enough to escape to the Yulan continent.

In the Yulan continent, his power was naturally, unquestionably, at the Prime Saint level.

At the Sacred Isle of the Radiant Church, he enjoyed countless amounts of souls. When he saw that the divine phantasm had died, he immediately fled by himself and abandoned Heidens. But after living just a few good years in the Yulan continent, he was discovered by Beaumont.

Beaumont was overjoyed.

He had been bitter this entire time over the fact that with the Grand Warlock dead, there was now no one capable of refining a Gold Soul-Pearl for him.

“Just keep refining for me. Hrmph. I know exactly how many soul essences are produced from how many souls. Don’t try to steal any. Keep working hard and refining for me, and at the end, I will grant you a tenth of the souls you have refined.” Beaumont was still quite generous.

What could Chiquita do?

Under Beaumont's orders, all he could do was to continue helping to refine souls.

This was the reason why Beaumont had suddenly engaged in a wide-scale massacre. If he didn't have Chiquita, he, Beaumont, truly wouldn't have any method of acquiring soul essences.

Late at night. Dragonblood Castle. The lamps were shining.

"Yulan River, the Great Botha Levee?" Linley glanced at the extremely respectful Bloom. "Fine. I understand. You can leave now."

"Yes." Bloom bowed respectfully, then immediately flew away from Dragonblood Castle.

Within the main hall of Dragonblood Castle, Linley, Desri, and Olivier were all present. At the same time, Linley's friends and family were present as well.

"The Great Botha Levee. This Beaumont really knows how to pick a place." Desri snickered.

"It seems this Beaumont knows a little bit about the history of the Yulan continent." Linley sighed in praise. "He even knows about the Great Botha Levee. For him to choose the Great Botha Levee means that he has the intention of resolving this matter peacefully with us." The nearby Olivier nodded slightly as well.

The Great Botha Levee was an extremely famous scenic spot in the Yulan continent.

The Great Botha Levee, according to legend, was built even before the start of the Yulan calendar. In other words, the age of the Great Botha Levee was at least ten thousand years old. Although it had endured ten thousand plus years of storms and disasters, the Great Botha Levee was still undamaged and unblemished. This was indeed an amazing, bizarre thing.

Five thousand years ago, the War God and the High Priest had engaged in battle at the Yulan River, with the result being a draw.

They thus entered a settlement at the Great Botha Levee, and agreed upon boundaries for their two Empires. For Beaumont to choose this location was most likely a sign that he wanted to settle with them.

"He wants to settle with us." Olivier snorted coldly.

Desri recommended, "Olivier, we have to look at the big picture. Right now, we don't know how many outsider Deities have arrived at the Yulan continent. Making them hesitate is enough. There's no need to necessarily go all out. We don't know exactly how powerful Beaumont is, anyhow."

Olivier didn't say anything else.

"Wharton, the rest of you can go and get some rest." Linley turned and said to his family members.

Wharton and the others were nervous, but it wasn't appropriate for them to interject themselves into the conversations of these three Deities; Linley, Desri, and Olivier. Hearing Linley's words, Wharton spoke out. "Big bro, if it's possible to avoid fighting tomorrow, it's best to not fight."

"Enough. Don't worry." Linley laughed as he patted Wharton on the shoulders.

Immediately afterwards, a large group of people left the main hall.

"Olivier." Linley looked at Olivier.

"Hrm?" Olivier was a bit puzzled.

“Olivier, now that you have two powerful divine bodies, when they are fused, I expect your attack power will be very great. But Olivier, I hope you will be a bit more cautious.” In truth, Linley was worried about Olivier the most. Desri knew that he was weak, and thus would be very careful.

But it would be terrible if this Olivier went to fight all out with the enemy, and was killed by him instead.

As Linley viewed it, Olivier was a talent as well.

“I know.” Olivier nodded.

Linley laughed, then said, “Olivier, Desri, I have to tell you something. It is regarding divine artifacts.” Linley immediately told Desri and Olivier everything which Muba had told him.

Hearing this, Olivier and Desri were both shocked.

Desri, after having become a Deity, had been gifted a divine artifact by Linley as well. The main reason was, after killing the Grand Warlock, Linley once again had extra divine artifacts. But Desri didn’t have a single divine artifact, so Linley naturally gave him one.

“Olivier, I have the feeling that your attacks primarily rely on the opposing forces of light and darkness. But I have to remind you of something. Strength is just one aspect; divine artifacts themselves also need to be utilized well.” Linley reminded. “Divine artifacts have their own souls. You need to learn how to let your attacks become one with your divine artifact.”

Olivier was somewhat puzzled.

As he saw it, his sword skills didn’t actually have much to do with his weapons.

“Olivier, spend some time carefully reflecting on it. The way of training for Deities is very complicated and vast. It definitely isn’t as simple as you think it is. Also, don’t underestimate this Beaumont.”

Linley could tell that Olivier, because of that battle with Haydson, had a transformation occur in his soul, with light and darkness fusing. Relying on that, Olivier’s training speed had increased by leaps and bounds. But just by watching Olivier’s attacks in the Necropolis of the Gods, Linley had seen that the attacks were simply too ordinary. They were just simple blows! They completely relied on the power of those two opposite, fused energy sources.

Linley was different.

Whether it was in terms of understanding the Laws of the Earth or the Elemental Laws of the Wind, Linley continued to try and think of methods to increase his attack power. From the Rippling Wind to the Tempos of the Wind...he had continuously developed his power, up until the end, with the Dimensional Decapitator. Linley had always sought more powerful attacks.

The Laws were one aspect, but applying them was another aspect.

It was just like fusing a divine core; if you understood the Laws, but not how to apply them, how useful would it be?

“The path of training is indeed boundless, with countless roads to take.” Linley thought back to the three years of training he had undergone. His original body had trained in the Laws of the Earth, but when Linley’s divine wind clone had been researching the Profound Truths of Velocity, it had also been analyzing the Bloodviolet sword.

As soon as he had heard Muba discuss divine artifacts, Linley had begun analyzing Bloodviolet.

When Linley had first filled Bloodviolet with divine power, causing it to vibrate and emit that soul-shaking sound, Linley had immediately known: “This sort of soul-attack has no specific target. In a real battle, it would probably attack both friends and foes. Its real attack, however, should be able to be aimed at a specific target.”

Linley had immediately understood that in reality, he still didn’t understand a single thing about Bloodviolet.

“In addition, in the past, I was able to utilize the baleful aura to attack others. And now? Also, the Grand Warlock was able to use his spiritual energy to attack people. Then how about me? Can I fuse a spiritual energy attack into the physical attack of Bloodviolet?” These were the things which Linley had spent three full years analyzing.

Linley was constantly exploring the special qualities of Bloodviolet.

He merged that strange sound, his spiritual energy, the innate special qualities of Bloodviolet, as well as the Laws of the Wind. Linley had spent nearly two years on this, and in the end, he was finally able to develop the true attack from that basic, omnidirectional vibration.

This was the first attack he had developed based on Bloodviolet itself.

Only at that moment did he and his divine artifact truly work together.

After that experience, Linley understood even more the relationship between a person and his divine artifact.

“After reaching the Deity-level, understanding the Laws is one aspect. But how to properly apply those Laws and bring out greater power from the Laws is another important aspect.” Linley understood that actually, compared to three years ago, his understanding of the Profound Truths of Velocity hadn’t improved that much.

But in terms of attack power...

When Bloodviolet itself was matched with Linley’s dramatically strengthened spiritual energy, the attack that he had developed was already far more powerful than the Dimensional Decapitator attack he had previously used.

“Only, executing that attack uses up far too much of my spiritual energy. Unless it is absolutely necessary, I can’t use it. I hope this Beaumont knows what is good for him.” Linley, in his heart, still felt extremely confident.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 38, Smiling Meekly

The Great Botha Levee stretched all the way from the banks of the Yulan river, all the way to the center.

Right. The Great Botha Levee was extremely strange. It was like a massive dock or wharf. Logically speaking, for it to have stretched all the way to the center, the thousands of years of pounding by the waves of the Yulan river should have been able to even grind a mountain down.

However, the Great Botha Levee had existed for ten thousand plus years without being damaged at all.

This was indeed quite strange.

Precisely because it was so strange, the Great Botha Levee was famous throughout the Yulan continent.

Yulan calendar, year 10044, January 16th. At the Yulan River's intersection between the Rohault Empire and the Yulan Empire. The Great Botha Levee. Normally, this was an extremely rowdy place, but today, there wasn't a single person who could draw near the Great Botha Levee.

Because...

Over ten Saints were currently guarding this place, maintaining an iron order, not permitting anyone to draw near it.

On the banks of the river, many people were gathered there, watching.

"Over ten Saints. I've never seen so many Saints in my entire life." A powerful, muscular middle aged man was so excited, his eyes were shining. He kept on staring towards the distant Great Botha Levee. "What is going on today? What is going to happen?"

"Hey, are those Saints? No way." The onlookers grew more and more numerous. The latecomers didn't believe it.

"What do you know? I personally watched those many Saints descend from the skies and force everyone back, not permitting anyone to enter the Great Botha Levee." Someone had arrived very early at the Great Botha Levee, and had watched the Saints fly down.

"So many Saints. What are they up to? Also, who is that bald guy sitting atop the Great Botha Levee?"

The watchers grew more and more numerous. Everyone's gaze was directed towards the Great Botha Levee. The only person seated there on a chair was...a tall, muscular bald man, dressed in a black robe. He didn't cover up his face. In front of this tall, bald man was a round table, with a flask of fine wine on top.

"Yet another Saint has arrived." The crowd let out a murmur of surprise.

The many onlookers watched as three figures flew over from the north. These three figures slowed down as they neared the Great Botha Levee, finally landing atop it. Shoulder to shoulder, the three walked towards the tall bald man. In a few moments, they arrived at the round table.

“I didn’t realize there would be three of you. Ah, my apologies.” The tall bald man dressed in a black robe had a face filled with tight flesh, but he still squeezed out a smile. “I only prepared two chairs.”

Immediately, the bald man glanced to the side. Clearly, he had sent a mental message. Instantly, a Saint produced a seat from somewhere, immediately flying over and respectfully setting it down, before respectfully retreating yet again.

“That is not your fault, Mr. Beaumont.” Desri said with a calm laugh.

Linley, Desri, and Olivier all sat down. Originally, Linley had only instructed Bloom to say that there were two Deities. Beaumont was also rather surprised that three had shown up. Only, Beaumont didn’t care at all.

“It seems that the person who became a Deity a few days ago belonged to their side.” Beaumont secretly said to himself. “Just became a Deity? Hrmph, those new early stage Demigods, I can fight them ten at a time.”

Beaumont swept his gaze towards Linley. Of the three, the only one he was slightly concerned about was Linley. After all, three years ago, Linley had killed the Grand Warlock. “This Linley could not only kill the Grand Warlock, he was able to survive the Grand Warlock’s ultimate attack.”

Linley, Desri, and Olivier only looked at Beaumont.

“Haha...” Beaumont let out a carefree laugh. “Mr. Linley, since you wanted to meet with me, naturally I wouldn’t dare to refuse. I don’t know why you three have come, Mr. Linley? Is there something you need of Beaumont? If there is, please feel free to tell me. I, Beaumont, am a very easygoing fellow.”

Beaumont’s voice was very loud.

But, the distant onlookers didn’t hear it, because Beaumont had already utilized his Godrealm.

This Godrealm was formed from a simple form of control over Beaumont’s elemental energy. Linley, Desri, and Olivier were all Deities. Naturally, they wouldn’t care about such a simple use of a Godrealm. Even if Beaumont had used his Godrealm at full force, it wouldn’t be much of a threat.

The Godrealm was actually what made the difference between a Deity and a Saint, but upon becoming a Deity, it no longer had much of an impact on you.

“Mr. Beaumont, you should know why we have come.” Linley stared at him.

Beaumont was slightly surprised, but then he laughed loudly. “Mr. Linley, you must be jesting. If you don’t tell me, how should I know?”

The nearby Olivier said coldly, “A hundred million people died in the Rohault Empire. A hundred million. Beaumont, you really are ruthless. What do you take our Yulan continent to be? You think you can kill as many as you wish?”

“Mr. Beaumont, we all know what’s going on. No need to play dumb.” Linley said as well.

Beaumont let out an awkward chuckle. “The people who died in the Rohault Empire, well...fine, I admit it. I was the one who arranged for those hundred million people to be killed. What of it? Linley, the three of you have already become Deities. You still care about those commoners?” Beaumont had a very surprised look on his face.

“Are you joking?” Linley’s face couldn’t help but sink.

Desri spoke now as well. "Beaumont, the Yulan continent is our homeland. If we allow you to keep killing as you please, the people in our homeland will all be dead. The three of us would be ashamed to keep living after that. Beaumont, go ahead and speak. How should we resolve this?"

How to resolve this?

Hearing these words, Beaumont secretly laughed. "Indeed. They don't want to fight with me. Then this will be easy to handle."

Olivier let out a cold snort from the side.

"This, well, I'm really sorry about this." Beaumont sighed. "How about this. You are worried that everyone in your homeland will die, right? Then I promise, after killing another hundred million, I'll stop. How about that? Another hundred million, to the Yulan continent, is nothing at all."

Kill another hundred million?

Linley, Desri, and Olivier's hearts instantly filled with rage, and their faces turned cold.

Seeing the situation, Beaumont couldn't help but laugh. "Haha, just kidding, just kidding. Linley, you people really can't take a joke. I won't kill any more. I guarantee that I won't kill any more of the citizens of your Yulan continent. Good enough, right?"

Olivier's face was as cold as ice. Desri's face was rather ugly to behold as well.

Linley's face was cold. "Beaumont, we won't waste words. Agree to two requirements, and this will be done with."

"Speak." The fierce looking face of Beaumont was still covered with smiles.

"First, from today onwards, you are not permitted to kill a single member of the Yulan continent. In addition, the souls of the citizens of the Yulan continent that you collected, whether refined or not, must all be handed to us." Linley said coldly.

Beaumont's smile instantly disappeared.

"The second requirement is, once we are finished, you must leave the Yulan Plane. Our Yulan Plane does not welcome you here." Linley finished.

Beaumont's face sank down.

"Leave the Yulan Plane?" Beaumont said. "This...isn't out of the question. But you can't be in a rush. You need to give me some time."

Desri spoke as well. "Beaumont, you have collected the souls of the citizens of the Yulan Plane. You'd best hand them over quickly. No matter if they are refined into soul essences or not, all of them need to be handed over! Hand them over. You aren't qualified to use them."

"Don't have'm. The souls have gone to the Netherworld." Beaumont said bluntly. "I'm not able to refine souls. Why would I want them?"

Beaumont's heart was starting to fill with rage as well.

Even Muba and the Grand Warlock wouldn't dare to act so presumptuously before him. When he ordered the Grand Warlock to refine a Gold Soul-Pearl, the Grand Warlock didn't dare to openly refuse him. If it

wasn't for the fact that he knew a few things about Linley, how would he, Beaumont, have already lowered himself this much?

When the Grand Warlock had died, Beaumont had been very shocked, and so he immediately went to investigate Linley.

Afterwards, when he captured a disciple of the War God's College, he had learned that Linley had some sort of a relationship with Beirut. This was the reason why, all these years, Beaumont had never gone to Linley to get his revenge.

He didn't want to make Linley his enemy.

Beaumont, to his dying day, would never forget how terrifying Beirut was.

"Gone to the Netherworld? What a joke!!!" Olivier immediately stood up.

"Beaumont, you are lying." Linley and Desri both stood up as well. They were both angry now. This Beaumont had actually slaughtered a hundred million people, then acted like nothing was amiss. He just wanted to say, 'Fine, I won't do it anymore'? He was neither willing to return the souls, nor leave the Yulan Plane.

With things having come to this stage, there was nothing to discuss.

"Lying? How am I lying?" Beaumont stood up as well.

"We already know that you are collecting souls. Do you think we don't know what you ordered those Saints to do?" Desri said coldly.

Beaumont suddenly turned and stared furiously at the distant Bloom. "Bloom..."

Bloom instantly knelt down in terror, but his body was already lifted up by the power of the Godrealm. He was utterly incapable of movement now.

"Die." Beaumont waved his hand, and a ray of grey divine power flew straight into Bloom's body. Bloom watched in terror as that Death-type divine power flew towards him, but he couldn't move at all. The Death-type divine power wrapped around his body, instantly transforming him into a heap of dust.

Linley, Olivier, and Desri all watched carefully, prepared to act at any moment.

Turning his head, Beaumont stared at Linley and the others. "Linley, I, Beaumont, will make things clear to you today. I'll give you face and no longer kill the people of your Yulan Plane! You give me face as well. This matter will be at an end. If you aren't willing...then I don't mind teaching you a lesson on behalf of Lord Beirut."

"What type of talk is this?" Linley laughed coldly. "Beaumont, you killed a hundred million people. A hundred million!!! Now, you are just going to say you won't kill anymore, without accepting any punishment at all, and just have this matter be at an end? And you say this is giving me face?"

Linley felt this was absolutely laughable.

This Beaumont was absolutely too domineering.

"Oh, it seems you don't want to give me face." Beaumont's face sank.

He had already made up his mind. “This Linley and Lord Beirut has some sort of connection. I can’t kill him for now. But I still have to teach him a lesson. As for the other two next to him...I’ll kill them. This will serve to frighten Linley as well. Don’t think I’m as weak as that Warlock!”

“It isn’t that we aren’t willing to give you face. It’s that you are simply too arrogant and demanding.” Linley’s heart began to fill with a killing intent as well.

Olivier and Desri’s bodies were slowly beginning to be surrounded with divine power as well.

“You really motherf*cking...I, Beaumont, have been smiling meekly all day today and giving you face, Linley. Who the hell do you think I, Beaumont, am? Since when have I ever smiled so meekly? I give you face, but you don’t want to take it.” Beaumont slapped the table viciously. With a ‘boom’, the table disintegrated into countless pieces, and Beaumont’s furious, fierce faced was trembling. “Fine. Then this isn’t my fault. Lord Beirut, today, I will teach Linley a lesson on your behalf.” A deep blue warblade suddenly appeared within Beaumont’s hands.

“Swoosh!” “Swoosh!” “Swoosh!”

Linley, Desri, and Olivier both retreated into the air at the same time. In Linley’s hands appeared the devilish Bloodviolet. In Desri’s hands, a slender sword. As for Olivier, in his hands appeared the mystic icesword.

“Beaumont, you call this smiling meekly?”

Linley was so furious, he began to laugh. “You call this giving me face? You killed a hundred million people of my Yulan Plane but aren’t willing to pay any price at all, and you call that giving me face? And that you are going to teach me a lesson on behalf of Lord Beirut? What type of a thing are you? On what basis can you do anything on behalf of Lord Beirut?”

“And what’s more, you think you have the power to discipline me?” Linley’s wind-style divine power filled Bloodviolet.

This time, Bloodviolet didn’t make any sound at all.

“This fellow really is a bastard.” Desri was also angered to the point of laughing. Desri, the most even-tempered of the three, had also been utterly enraged by Beaumont.

Beaumont, the long, deep blue blade in his hands, quirked his lips, his face fierce.

“Die!!!” Beaumont roared with brutal rage. His voice was still echoing in the air, but he had already charged towards Olivier. Beaumont had already made his decision that first he would kill Desri and Olivier, and only then would he teach Linley his lesson.

Book 12, The Descent of the Gods – Chapter 39, Creating a Catastrophe!

The Saints that had been maintaining order all immediately retreated to the riverbanks. As for the increasingly large number of watchers, all of them stared with wide eyes in shock. Just then, Bloom's sudden death had already caused great shock to these commoners. Because they had seen Bloom fly in the sky.

Bloom was a Saint, but he had died without being able to fight back at all.

To these ordinary people, that was simply inconceivable.

That was a Saint

At this moment...

The fierce-faced Beaumont was howling through the air, charging towards Olivier, that deep blue warblade in his hands chopping viciously down towards Olivier. But what welcomed him was...Olivier's dazzling sword!

Darkness and light coinciding!

“Bang!”

The warblade and the mystic icesword collided, and the terrifying force of the collision blasted forth towards ground. The Great Botha Levee's entire surface layer cracked with a ‘boom’ sound, and then transformed into dust. A layer of the Great Botha Levee that was fully a meter deep was blown away, revealing that pitch black rocky material within it.

The reason why the Great Botha Levee was able to remain undamaged for ten thousand plus years was because of this strange material.

The shockwave continued down, causing a massive depression within the waters of the Yulan River, then exploded out, casting countless waves in every direction. Drops of water shot out like arrows, and wherever they landed, people cried out in agony, with blood splatting everywhere.

Instantly, the many citizens watching at the riverbanks grew terrified, quickly retreating backwards nonstop.

“Rumble...” A strange surge of white light rippled forth from Desri's chest. This surge of strange, rippling white light was simply too fast, instantly reaching Beaumont's body. Beaumont, feeling some pain, let out a single growl.

“These bastards.” Beaumont stared at the distant Desri and Olivier.

He had miscalculated!

He had thought that as Desri and Olivier had just become Deities, they should have very ordinary levels of strength. Dealing with them shouldn't be difficult. But who would have imagined...that just then, Olivier's attack had actually been slightly more powerful than his own warblade's attack. As for Desri, he had that strange soul-attack.

“You want to kill us? In your dreams.” Olivier’s face was ice cold.

At this moment, Linley glanced at Desri, secretly sighing, “Desri trains in the Elemental Laws of Light, focusing on the soul. Indeed, upon becoming a Deity, soul-based attacks are extremely hard to defend against. Even Beaumont suffered somewhat.”

Desri was most proficient at matters pertaining to the soul!

“Linley, I can deal with this Beaumont by myself.” Olivier transmitted mentally. Olivier was completely confident in himself, and he immediately transformed into a ray of light, instantly piercing through the sky and arriving in front of Beaumont.

“Bang!”

Beaumont’s body instantly began to emit a rippling gray energy aura which instantly covered an area of ten meters around him.

“Swoosh.” Olivier instantly flew backwards and retreated.

Olivier’s face was ashen. While flying back, he immediately transmitted mentally, “Careful, that gray divine power covering his body has a very strange force. When I drew near it, I felt my entire body become weak. It was very bizarre.” Olivier took a deep breath, and his face slowly began look a bit better.

Desri and Linley were both secretly shocked.

Linley knew that, having been at the Demigod level for so long, this Beaumont definitely had some powerful attacks.

“Haha...” Beaumont let out a wild laugh, then stared at Linley and the other two with a murder in his eyes. “It seems I underestimated you. If I don’t use a bit of my real power, it really will be hard to kill you. Then...prepare to die.”

After finishing speaking, Beaumont charged forward, his entire body surrounded by that roiling gray aura. His target was still Olivier and Desri!

Olivier and Desri’s faces were very solemn.

“Rumble...” Desri’s chest once again emitted that strange, rippling white light which streaked towards Beaumont.

But this time, Beaumont seemed to be unaffected, while at the same time he struck out with his warblade, covered with gray light, in a lightning fast chopping blow towards Olivier.

“Haaaargh!” Olivier let out an angry sound, and the darkness and light divine power around his body formed into a protective armor. Instantly, a black and white sword flash appeared, and space itself ripped apart. When that black-white sword flash and that blue warblade collided, the only thing that could be heard was repeated collision sounds...

“Not good!” Linley knew that the situation was dire.

Suddenly, a faint green figure charged straight in.

Countless devilish violet sword flashes appeared, creating countless tears in space. This was the Rippling Wind – Dimensional Decapitator attack! Countless violet flashes of light, each of which contained a

Dimensional Decapitator, stabbed out. The countless sword shadows' appearance and attacks caused even Beaumont, despite his power, to only be able to respond sluggishly.

"How bizarre." Linley's heart trembled.

He could sense that Beaumont's warblade seemed to have transformed into layers of waves, crashing down upon him, while he himself was nothing more than a small boat within the waves that could be capsized at any moment. In addition, the 'warblade waves' contained within them a strange, deathly aura which was constantly affecting his soul. If his soul was weak, he might have become dizzy from that deathly aura alone and become unable to fight back.

"Retreat." Linley, after stabbing out with his 'Rippling Wind' technique, immediately grabbed Olivier and flew backwards.

Olivier's face was ashen. His soul wasn't as strong as Linley's, and the impact of that deathly aura on him was very great. Desri, in turn was shocked; his attack had no effect at all.

In the air above the Great Botha Levee of the Yulan River, Linley, Desri, and Olivier stood shoulder to shoulder. They all felt that the situation was not good.

"There's nothing I can do against him." Desri said mentally to Linley and Olivier.

Linley didn't say anything. Desri was only skilled in soul-attacks, but his foe was able to easily block it. Then what else could Desri do? Linley looked at Olivier, transmitting to him mentally, "Olivier, do you have any methods you can use to deal with this Beaumont?"

Olivier narrowed his eyes, transmitting back, "I have a powerful attack, but after using it, my spiritual energy will be utterly consumed, and my soul will become weak as well. I won't be able to attack after that."

Linley nodded secretly.

"You still want to kill me?" Beaumont laughed wildly. "You there, soul-attacking fellow. Your soul-attack isn't bad, but I, Beaumont, wasn't even afraid of the Grand Warlock. How could I be afraid of your soul-attack? Your ability, compared to that of the Grand Warlock's, is far off!!!"

Linley thought back to the Grand Warlock's attack as well.

If it hadn't been for his damaged Sovereign artifact, and for that azure water drop, he truly wouldn't have been able to hold off against the Grand Warlock's final, desperate attack.

"As for you, the one with the white and black hair." Beaumont felt that victory was assured. "You are able to simultaneously use light divine power and darkness divine power. This really is quite unique. But...a simple sword blow like that? If I, Beaumont, couldn't resist it, I would've died in the Planar Prison long ago."

"Just a simple sword? Hmph. This sword is enough to kill you." Olivier ground out.

He was prepared to go all out.

"Haha..." Beaumont, utterly enraged, let out a laugh. "Fine. You want to die? I'll grant you death." The deathly aura around Beaumont's body once more began to grow in strength, and he charged like a boundless tidal wave towards Linley, Desri, and Olivier.

Linley hardened his heart.

"Kill!"

The fierce-faced Olivier was wielding his mystic icesword, and he charged out in front of Linley. Linley, not hesitating at all, followed from straight behind. Both Linley and Olivier had decided to use their ultimate attacks!

“Haha...” Beaumont laughed wildly, while at the same time he began to brandish that deep blue warblade.

The deep blue warblade transformed into countless blade blurs, forming into a wave of blade shadows. At the same time, Beaumont’s eyes turned scarlet red, and within the blue blade waves there appeared a faint red color.

Although Linley had moved after Olivier did, Linley’s speed was faster than Olivier’s, and so he was the first to clash with Beaumont.

“I will kill that black haired kid and badly injure this Linley.” Beaumont was no longer going to hold back. But suddenly, Beaumont discovered to his astonishment that an extremely bewitching violet light suddenly flashed from Linley’s body, while at the same time, a gentle, soft sound, almost like that of a flute, could be heard.

This sound was very pleasant to listen to.

In that moment, the entire world seemed to have turned quiet. The only sound that could be heard was that of the soft, gentle flute sound.

“Clang!”

The violet flash of light collided with that wave of blade blurs, but a blood-red illusory sword shadow actually shot out from Bloodviolet, piercing directly into Beaumont’s brain. Beaumont’s soul was extremely powerful, and once he used his spiritual energy, he could form it into a powerful wall to block.

Even in the face of the ultimate attack of the Grand Warlock, Beaumont was confident that he would at least survive.

But...

That gentle flute sound had actually caused Beaumont to sink into a reverie for a moment, causing him to not control his spiritual energy to form it into a blockading wall. In that moment...Linley’s attack descended. That was the moment the blood-red illusory sword shadow shot out!

“Aaaaaah!” Only after the illusory sword shadow pierced into his sea of consciousness did Beaumont awake in shock.

But it was too late.

The blood-red illusory sword shadow pierced straight into Beaumont’s divine spark. Beaumont’s divine spark shuddered, and then that blood-red illusory sword exploded...the soul contained within that divine spark was shattered by the collision, and Beaumont’s eyes instantly turned dull.

His soul had been destroyed!

Naturally, his wave of blade-blurs stopped as well.

Profound Truths of Velocity – Hymn of the Wind!

“Die!” Linley was just a moment faster than Olivier, whose most powerful attack had also arrived. This was a battle between Deities, and Olivier was just a fraction of a moment behind Linley. Just as Beaumont died, Olivier’s sword arrived.

The mystic icesword, surrounded by a black-white color, suddenly formed a sort of translucent membrane around itself.

Outside the membrane around the longsword, there were countless tears in space.

This attack was definitely the most powerful attack Olivier was capable of after becoming a Deity.

“Slash!”

The black-white sword light sent that blue warblade flying. The white-black sword light flashed through, effortlessly splitting Beaumont’s entire body in half, from head to toes. Clearly, chopping Beaumont’s divine body in half hadn’t consumed much force, as that black-white sword light continued to chop downwards.

“Bang!”

Like an axe chopping into a tree, the black-white sword light chopped viciously against the pitch black rock of the Great Botha Levee. Olivier’s sword blow was simply too strong. His blow had actually, finally, caused this Great Botha Levee, which had been undamaged for over ten thousand years, to be chopped in half.

“That can’t be.” Olivier’s spiritual energy was already utterly used up, but he still stared in surprise at Linley.

When his attack intersected with Beaumont’s, he was able to easily slice Beaumont in half. Only then did Olivier realize...that Beaumont was already dead. Clearly, before he, Olivier, had attacked, Beaumont had already died. After all, he had spent almost no energy in chopping Beaumont in half.

“Linley, you killed him?” Olivier said in surprise.

“I was just slightly faster than you.” Linley waved his hand, snatching and storing the now-flying divine spark, divine artifact, and interspatial rings.

Desri flew over as well, his face covered in smiles. “Linley, you two...” But before he even finished the sentence...

“BANG!!!!” From below, the Great Botha Levee which Olivier had chopped into two pieces suddenly exploded, transforming into countless pieces of stone. The Great Botha Levee, which Olivier had only just barely able to break through with his full strength attack, had utterly exploded.

“Haha...after ten thousand years, I’ve finally returned!!!”

“Yulan continent. It’s been ten million years. I, Locard [Luo’ca], have returned, haha...”

“Yulan continent! I’m back!”

“I’m back!”

“I’m back!!!”

Like a horde of locusts, countless human figures charged out wildly from the Great Botha Levee, flying in every which way.

“Thanks, young fellows.” A voice rang out in the minds of Linley, Desri, and Olivier. This scene had utterly terrified and stupefied the three of them. The auras of those countless experts had already utterly shocked Linley.

“BOOM!” A black-robed figure suddenly appeared in mid-air.

Instantly, space froze.

“Lord Beirut.” Linley instantly realized that the person in mid-air was Beirut. Beirut’s face had changed dramatically. He stretched out his right hand, which transformed into an enormous black palm, slamming directly down towards the Great Botha Levee.

The endless stream of people charging out from the Great Botha Levee like a flood were suddenly caught.

“Lord Beirut.” Linley, Olivier, and Desri were utterly confused.

Beirut’s face was ashen as he stared at Linley, Olivier, and Desri. “You...have caused an utter catastrophe!!!”